

# Burn

## Vengeance Rising

[G. Rodgers / R. Martinez] Burn, Satan, burn  
Burn, Satan, burn The separations coming, the sheep from the goats  
There are only two sides, no inbetweeners hope For all our friends that you've got hold  
And made them slaves they don't know  
For them I will not sin in ceasing to pray  
But I'll be glad when your damned, time will not delay Burn, Satan, burn  
Burn, Satan, burn The separations coming, the sheep from the goats  
There are only two sides, no inbetweeners hope For now we must deal with it as it is unto this day  
We wrestle not against flesh and blood, so we'll be glad to say Burn, Satan, burn  
Burn, Satan, burn

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