Fury Whip

High on Fire

Slit throat holocaust, dark is the day of Pentecost
Waiting for the ships to turn the tide
Black fiend, treachery, the numbers fall, you wear thirteen
Pray, the demons cannot kill the lightKilled dead, splitting head, making sure the lion's fed
Hanging by a thread that holds your life
Pain king, suffering, walk on through the acid ring
Imprisoned but your hands are still untiedThe fool's religion
Unprophet's truth
Live self destruction
Bad luck's your nooseThe fool's religion
Unprophet's truth
Live self destruction
Bad luck's your nooseSin, sex, bad intent, making sure the money's spent
Watching as your dollars turn to dimes
Death tax, broken backs, time has come to wield the axe
Paying for the check and all your crimeThe fool's religion
Unprophet's truth
Live self destruction
Bad luck's your nooseThe fool's religion
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