

# Rob Zombie, Hands Of Death (Burn Baby Burn)

Sometimes the wicked ones  
????????? the mortal sting  
I am the only one  
?Across the dreary plane?  
?I am watching?  
Across the crucified  
So few are chosen  
I do not die  
I am the whore of fire  
I see through sulfur eyes  
I'm burning in denial  
A genius of the night  
And I am watching  
Across the crucified  
So few are chosen  
I do not die  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn  
They creep and crawl inside  
Into the heart of cold  
So dead and paralyzed  
Perversion of the soul  
I am watching  
Across the crucified  
So few are chosen  
I do not die  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn