

# Rob Zombie, The Lords Of Salem

([Crowd Chants:] Zombie! Zombie! Zombie! Zombie!)

I speak the truth,  
I dare not tell a lie,  
One child is in fits,  
The other child dies,  
Now the yellow bird sits upon her finger,  
The yellow bird a specter lost to linger,

God Hates - The Lords of Salem,  
No can ever save them,  
God Hates - The Lords of Salem,  
No one can destroy them,

Do you think they suffered,  
Up on Gallows Hill?  
Burn me and hang me,  
And I always will,  
Tumble like a swine,  
A victim of the fury,  
Glory to the saint,  
Before you start to bury,

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