

Rob Zombie, Hands Of Death

? 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
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? horrified
And seat yourself a ride
Get out of your 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