

Vengeance Rising, Burn

(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
They don't know you've made them slaves
For them I will not sin in ceasing to pray
But I'll be glad when your damned, time won't delay

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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

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