

# White 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

????????? 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