

High On Fire "Fury Whip"

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Slit throat holocaust, dark is the day of Pentecost
Waiting for the ships to turn the tide
Black fiend, treachery, the numbers fall, you wear
thirteen
Pray, the demons cannot kill the light

Killed dead, splitting head, making sure the lion's fed
Hanging by a thread that holds your life
Pain king, suffering, walk on through the acid ring
Imprisoned but your hands are still untied

The fool's religion
Unprophet's truth
Live self destruction
Bad luck's your noose

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Sin, sex, bad intent, making sure the money's spent
Watching as your dollars turn to dimes
Death tax, broken backs, time has come to wield the
axe
Paying for the check and all your crime

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