

## Centinex

### "Better Off Burning"

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I am the rack  
On which my saviour bleeds and cries  
With nails through hands and feet  
Those bitter tears received with greed

Not to speak of the Blood  
To be seen in streams on his head  
From under a crown of thorns  
The sinful human to drown

Bleed on me  
Bleed me sore  
The seed is sowed to Hell with the creed

The shame of deepest guilt  
On which the whorehouse is built  
No glory before paying the whore  
No glory until her lust is stilled

Better Off Burning  
Better Off Burning

Land of the saviour  
By souls bestowed  
Forgiveness shall dwell  
In the heart of good behaviour

In time  
Our future meets the past  
No more time to climb the heavens  
This century shall be the last

In time  
Salvation will let go of me  
No longer shall mankind avoid the fire  
In eternal prayer ro retire

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