

## **Rob Zombie**

# **"Hands of Death"**

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Sadistic wicked ones  
Still the mortal sting  
I am the only one  
A dark and dreary thing

And the blood washes  
Across the crucified  
Yeah, so few are chosen  
And they do not die

I am the whore of fire  
I see through sulfur eyes  
I'm burning in denial  
I chill myself alive

And the blood washes  
Across the crucified  
Yeah, so few are chosen  
And they 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  
In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn

I creep and crawl inside  
Into the heart of cold  
So dead and paralyzed  
A virgin of the soul

And the blood washes  
Across the crucified  
Yeah, so few are chosen  
And they do not die

In the hands of death  
Burn baby burn

In the hands of death  
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