

# 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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Burn, Satan, burn

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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