

## Fury Whip

### High on Fire

Slit throat holocaust, Dark's the day of pentecost  
Waiting for the ships to turn the tide  
Black fiend, treachery, he 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  
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