

The Lords of Salem

Rob Zombie

I speak the truth
I dare not tell a lie
One child is in fits
The other child dies
Now the yellow bird sits upon her finger
The yellow bird a specter lost to linger

God hates the lords of Salem
No can ever save them
God hates the lords of Salem
No one can destroy them

Do you think they suffered
Up on Gallows Hill
Burn me and hang me
And I always will
Tumble like a swine
A victim of the fury
Glory to the saint
Before you start to bury

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