

Burning Of Atlanta

Whiplash

The craving to ignite, reflects a glowing light
The fire in his eyes is ibearing no disguise
Armed with an evil grin, that sparks the flame within
The pyromaniac will burn this town, ignoring all costs

Atlanta is burning down
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Thousands will die
And there's no telling why

In his psychotic mind, his twisted thoughts unmind
No motive to this deed, he's of an evil breed
A killer to his grave, now who could ever save
The striker meets the match, the flames begin to catch
And he's gone

The culprit of the crime will not escape this time
Cause what he left behind, would be the proof they'd find
A tank of gasoline was proof...the guillotine