

# The Burning Of Atlanta

Whiplash

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