

Herman Brood, Burn

Out of the basement
comes the artist in crime
down to the bone
he drinks the violent wine
touch of evil
he's got twisted kicks
ain't gonna talk
'bout the price of fish

BURN
(gotta be certain)
before you fade
(gotta be certain)

I gotta find out
I gotta be certain
this obsession
ain't the final curtain
& all these numbers
reduced to zero
those who die young
are all my heroes

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(gotta be certain)
before you fade
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