

At times I do have visions of the past  
Some might last but most die fast  
Like one Egyptian woman's dire fate  
It's easy to destroy hard to create

Cinaron consuming her mangled severed limbs  
Cyril is assuming that from now on he's at ease

Drag her off her lofty throne  
Take her to Caesareum church  
Blind should always lead the blind  
And the brave will walk alone

(It's time to burn her blood  
The witch will soon be dead)

Savagely butchered skinned to please a god  
Brutally mangled it's time to burn her blood  
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Brutally mangled it's time to burn her blood  
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Serapeum on fire  
Idolatry must end  
One last symbol remaining  
The witch will soon be dead