

Heretic

Soundgarden

Heretic, burn at the stake
Witch, float like a log

Wine from the blade on the night, night of the full moon
Voices that call spirits in waiting
Sharing the drink of the bond
A broth of roots and charms
Spells under the twisted tree

Heretic, burn at the cross
Witch, float like a log

Flask over fire amongst cobwebs of cellars
Mixture that turns metal into gold
Bring life to the dying
Secret till the last words are told

Accused and convicted
For nothing I suffer your fear
Nailed to a burning cross
Heretic, heretic

From life to death
You've been good
As for the past
Time will tell