

# 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