

## Heresy

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Like the holy scripture said  
Satan fled from his prison  
He twisted the minds  
In the garment of the holy church  
Every fairy-tale has a wiff of truth  
Our scaffold is build on this

I for one, a wife, the original sin sentenced me  
Depressed by a dogma, without a will  
In a land of cold, a princess of drearyness  
Flames are licking on my flesh, but I chill

With their flesh so strong  
And a mind so weak  
A crusade for their god  
With a fond full of blood

A silent enigma's still untouched  
The gleam inside fades more and more  
Don't fear the darkness, nor the scythe  
Then reason comes to fore

Only darkness beared the light  
Incredulity bears the truth

Sacerdotium murder of calm