

Battesimo Del Fuoco

The Dear Hunter

Believe you me, the price is clear
A child born, the mother near.
To death and life, both hand in hand,
A failed life exposed the man
Who led her off into the flame
To cast her back to hell again.

But, hear you me, the break of dawn
Will wash away the sins thereof.
Unto the lake, beyond the tree,
The child waits, alone is he.

The flame is gone, the fire remains
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