

I heard you call through our wall
Weaving your tale through our minds eye
A direct embodiment of your wanton faith
You command me as I'm unknowingly
succumbing to your ways
Disgusting, yet so intriguing, I recant my beliefs
Accepting your false idols as my own, forsaking mine
I will be reborn and pure blood will line the land
I am just a fool, masked and anonymous
The final test lies just ahead
The swordsman have chosen me
I will die
I heard you call me from over the sea
I heard you call bringing me to this place
Once meek and on a perilous path
Now guided every step of the way
Light the fire and cast me in
Knowing the meaning of sacrifice
I will be the burning heart in the chest of the wicker man
I believe in the eternal life through sacrificing myself to you
I believe in the everlasting life
Achieving the death of a martyr for you