

Heretique

Tristania

Let us be the ones to put the thorn in thy eye
...let us be the ones
Squalid the weak stumbles
Through all of life's obscurities
Lost in sacrilege
Revere the name
Accept the modesty
Falter through spheres of the pain
Exhausted hours... Exhausted hours
Nothing from thy world will remain thine
Except the very privilege to die
Squalid the weak stumbles...
Orgasmic Mass Hysteria!
You're creeping for a charlatan god
Awake...