

# The Child Must Die

Watain

Ageless  
Though merely a child  
Tall has grown thy shadow  
For every sun must set  
Eventually  
And every child of fire  
Must die to be free

Far beyond the grace of god  
The tiny tomb's prepared  
"LIBERATUS EST"  
The silent stone declares

Pluck now the rose, the child must die  
Pluck now the rose and leave it on my grave to dry  
In sackcloth and ash, so let us mourn  
In sackcloth and ash, sleeps the newborn  
The fear of change is the fear of Death  
That fear is the pain and the pain is the wreath  
of thorns now placed upon thy brow  
A twisted cross 'neath which burden we all must bow

For you my child, comes the cursed  
phantom carriage, alas, the hearse  
Follow I must not, this ride is only meant for you  
Ever dark lay the lands you're going to

In the belly of Moloch, the child must burn  
Into the fires, it must return  
Mind not the tears, the child must die  
Release the self, Strangle the I  
Pluck now the rose, the child must die  
Never to know, the reason why  
Mad burn the fires, so dies the child  
Bittersweet, the fumes shall rise