

Montségur

Iron Maiden

I stand alone in this desolate space
In death they are truly alive
Massacred innocence, evil took place
The angels were burning inside

Centuries later I wonder why
What secret that they took to their grave
Still burning heretics under our skies
Religion's still burning inside

At the gates and the walls of Montségur
Blood on the stones of the citadel
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As we kill them all so god will know his own
The innocents died for the pope on his throne
Catholic greed and its paranoid zeal
Curse of the grail and the blood of the cross

Templar believers with blood on their hands
Joined in the choruse to kill on demand
Burned at the stake for their soul's liberty
To stand with the cathars to die and be free

The book of old testament crippled and black
Satan his weapon is lust
As for the knowleadge of god they had claimed
Religion's still burning inside

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As we kill them all so god know his own
Laugh at the darkness and in god we trust
The eye of the triangle smiling with sin
No passover feast for the cursed within

Facing the sun as they went to their grave
Burn like a dog or you live like a slave
Death is the price for your soul's liberty
To stand with the cathars and to die and be free

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