

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