

## Holy Fire

### Inquisicion

Oaken doors silence cries of mercy  
At the inquisitor's fiendlishness  
Souls now broken lie in his clutch  
The state of grace no longer lasts  
All who denies the truth revealed  
Whether he be king or commoner  
Is robbed of wealth, sanity and life  
While angels guard these pious duties  
[chorus]

Red rivers flow out of sinful bodies  
Senescent is the heretic's strength  
Celestial whips shall purgate all disbelieve  
The Inquisition, with God, reigns  
[solo]

[chorus]  
Burned in sacred ceremony cause  
They could not see the living light  
Holiness has made them martyrs  
Beneath the Bergamot they lie