

Medieval Fire

Kat

You'll never abate
medieval fire
you'll never abate
the eternal pain

Your iron gates
guarded by liars
yeah, yeah, yeah
guarded by liars

Treasures of greed
grow bigger and higher
even your bread
is thin like a leaf

Your iron gates
guarded by liars
yeah, yeah, yeah
guarded by liars

And the cult
of the fault
and the fear
and the sin
and the grief
and the hell

You always made
and fed the fire
needed the blaze
and you needed
the haze

Millions of minds
guarded by liars
yeah, yeah, yeah
well guarded by liars

And the cult
of the fault
and the fear
and the sin
and the grief
and the hell