Hellfire

Peyton Parrish

Beata Maria
You know I am a righteous man
Of my virtue I am justly proud
(Et tibi Pater)

Beata Maria
You know I'm so much purer than
The common, vulgar, weak, licentious crowd
(Quia peccavi nimis)

Then tell me, Maria
Why I see her dancing there
Why her smoldering eyes still scorch my soul
(Cogitatione)

I feel her, I see her
The sun caught in her raven hair
Is blazing in me out of all control
(Verbo et opere)

Like fire
Hellfire
This fire in my skin
This burning
Desire
Is turning me to sin

It's not my fault
(Mea culpa)
I'm not to blame
(Mea culpa)
It is the gypsy girl, the witch who sent this flame
(Mea maxima culpa)
It's not my fault
(Mea culpa)
If in God's plan
(Mea culpa)
He made the devil so much stronger than a man

Protect me, Maria
Don't let this siren cast her spell
Don't let her fire sear my flesh and bone
Destroy Esmeralda
And let her taste the fires of hell
Or else let her be mine and mine alone

Hellfire
Dark fire
Now gypsy, it's your turn
Choose me or
Your pyre
Be mine or you will burn!

God have mercy on her
God have mercy on me
But she will be mine
Or she

Will
Burn!

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