Heretics Fork

Power Trip

Feel it tighten around your throat
because you opened your mouth.
Corrupting minds of the masses, I have no doubt.
Taken as a hostage, your panic grows.
Its iron fingers, the last embrace you'll ever know.

Impaled in the neck, pierced through the heart
You'll never rest, the Heretic's Fork.
Impaled in the neck, pierced through the heart,
Just bow your head, the Heretic's Fork.

Histories trapped in illusion, who sees through who?
For every mindless vision of who owns the truth,
For every one who spoke out, thousands were slain.
Torture and bloodshed in the sake of some holy name.

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Just bow your head, the Heretic's Fork.

Put your faith to the test.
Smell the skin, the crackle of flesh.
Give us what we all desire
and hurl yourself right into the fire.

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