

Heresy

SuidAkra

Like the holy scripture said
Satan fled from his prison
He twisted the minds
In the garment of the holy church
Every fairy-tale has a wiff of truth
Our scaffold is build on this

I for one, a wife, the original sin sentenced me
Depressed by a dogma, without a will
In a land of cold, a princess of drearyness
Flames are licking on my flesh, but I chill

With their flesh so strong
And a mind so weak
A crusade for their god
With a fond full of blood

A silent enigma's still untouched
The gleam inside fades more and more
Don't fear the darkness, nor the scythe
Then reason comes to fore

Only darkness beared the light
Incredulity bears the truth

Sacerdotium murder of calm