

# The Heretic

## Bioweapon

Inevitably it's starting to bleed  
And couldn't be stopped, that's justice  
Incredible luck, to lift and be struck  
What curious thingsA moment to think before we will sing  
The beauties aligned so sweetly  
And don't be afraid, don't be afraid  
Don't be afraidDoes this look like that?  
(My bumpkin boy)  
How cruel you get  
I've started again  
(My bumpkin boy)  
To miss your handsWhat carnage you've left  
(My bumpkin boy)  
And you were dead  
Remember your flesh  
(My bumpkin boy)  
To see us breakOur souls are unrest  
What kind of pride is this? Dry your, dry your eyes  
They'll salt his wounds  
If burning the flesh means finding the oneDoes this look like that?  
(My bumpkin boy)  
How cruel you get  
I've started again  
(My bumpkin boy)  
To miss your handsWhat carnage you've left  
(My bumpkin boy)  
And you were dead  
Remember your flesh  
(My bumpkin boy)  
To see us breakFlesh is heretic, my body is a witch  
I am burning it  
Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch  
I am burning itFlesh is heretic, my body is a witch  
I am burning it  
Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch  
I am burning itFlesh is heretic, my body is a witch  
I am burning it  
Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch  
I am burning itMy bumpkin boy

My bumpkin boy

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