Heretique

Tristania

Let us be the ones to put the thorn in thy eye
...let us be the onesSqualid the weak stumbles
Through all of life's obscurities
Lost in sacriliege
Revere the name
Accept the modestyFalter through speres of the pain
Exhausted hours... Exhausted hoursNothing from thy world will remain thine
Except the very priviliege to die
Squalid the weak stumbles...
Orgasmic Mass Hysteria!
You're creeping for a charlatan god
Awake...

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