

For Those Who Died

Sabbat

Our tongues they could not silence,
With their malicious lies,
Their unforgotten violence,
Remember those who died. And as my flesh is put to fire,
I hear their voices still,
Their unjust accusations,
Demanding I am killed. 'We shall show no mercy to heathen
Such as thee,
Who stand accused and have refused
The Church's clemency,
Your wicked acts are endless,
Though the crimes they cannot name,
Innocent or guilty proved,
We'll burn you just the same. 'Burning, into the fire.
Burning, a funeral pyre.
Burning, into the fire.
Burning, a funeral pyre. This self-righteous inquisition,
Is a plague upon our land,
As false as the confessions they force
From shattered hands. Abused my broken body is cleansed
By righteous flame,
Their God a 'God of Mercy'
Yet in whose name I'm slain. My innocence the victim of their
Superstitious fears,
Religious persecution for the past
Three hundred years,
Preaching peace and mercy 'neath the
Shadow of the knife,
A papal reign of terror
Slaughter in the name of Christ.

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