

The Heretic

Voodoo

Inevitably it's starting to bleed
And couldn't be stopped, that's justice
Incredible luck, to lift and be struck
What curious things A moment to think before we will sing
The beauties aligned so sweetly
And don't be afraid, don't be afraid
Don't be afraid Does this look like that?
(My bumpkin boy)
How cruel you get
I've started again
(My bumpkin boy)
To miss your hands What carnage you've left
(My bumpkin boy)
And you were dead
Remember your flesh
(My bumpkin boy)
To see us break Our 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 one Does this look like that?
(My bumpkin boy)
How cruel you get
I've started again
(My bumpkin boy)
To miss your hands What carnage you've left
(My bumpkin boy)
And you were dead
Remember your flesh
(My bumpkin boy)
To see us break Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch
I am burning it
Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch
I am burning it Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch
I am burning it
Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch
I am burning it Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch
I am burning it
Flesh is heretic, my body is a witch
I am burning it My bumpkin boy

My bumpkin boy

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