

Heresy Act Two

Christian Death

False Christ's
And prophets rise
Woe unto them
Thus the smoke from thy dumb throat
Shall hold your tongue
Get thee behind me
Blood shall mix
With the virgins of the church
And this black amour
Our sheets drip of mortal sin
Dear god allow me
To show gratitude
Let the foreskin begin
This Is Heresy
You self righteous priests
Vomit at my feet
Take ye heed brother
Down down into the smoke
There are false teachers among Thee
Lord how long shall they reproach
Receive ye the Holy Ghost
This Is Heresy
The custom of women
Is upon me
Grasp thee by the legs
Like stems of roses in the hand
This Is Heresy
This Is Heresy
Kneeling believers
With poisoned weapons at hand
Silence reigns about the dawn
As they slit thy dumb throat
With emblazened eyes
I feel the death
With whom I'm wed
Life is my adultrress
Forever undead

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