

Cradle of Filth, For Those Who Died (Return To T

You stand before this court, accused of heresy and witch craft. How do you plead?

"Good duo!"

"Guilty!"

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 through the crimes we cannot name
Innocent or guilty proved, we'll burn you just the same"

Burning, into the fire
Burning, a funeral pyre
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Burning, a funeral pyre

This self-righteous inquisition is a plague upon our land
As false as the confessions they force from shattered hands

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Abused my broken body is cleansed by righteous flame,
Their God a 'God of Mercy' yet in whose name I 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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