

# Eluveitie, The Dance Of Victory

The most heinous con  
refuge of evil  
cloven tongues that speak of truth  
With false, specious words  
they sold what can't be bought  
Acherontic saints of holy sales.

Damn bloody lies  
Burn me alive

Silence! Those mouths are stuffed by truth  
Hark! At the ruins of the vile I will dance  
... in victory!

They don't heed the eternal  
I can see the fruits  
of a spirit putrescent

The ogre burning heretics  
the cleansing stake  
I'm not daunted by distress  
for all lie in inanity.  
but some stretched out their hands  
and touched the awen.