

# Tristania, Heretique

Let us be the ones  
to put the thorn in thy eye  
...let us be the ones  
Squalid the weak stumbles  
through all of life's obscurities  
Lost in sacrilege  
Revere the name  
Accept the modesty  
Falter through speres of the pain  
Exhausted hours...Exhausted hours  
Nothing from thy world will remain thine  
except the very privilage to die  
Squalid the weak stumbles...  
Orgasmic Mass Hysteria!  
You're creeping for a charlatan god  
Awake...