

# Tristania, Libre

Encapsulate the night!  
wrap up the truth in candy-striped paper  
and throw us a blood-sodden  
torn and holey  
rotten through the core  
party

I stand with you now, my friend  
My razor tongue is licking your rosy cheeks and battered ears  
I whisper sordid secrets that are neither true nor false  
I hold your hand in defiance  
Amplify your feeble voice against evil  
I hold your spine and shake most violently

The silver light is overthrown  
Rejoice with me  
for we have denominated the devil  
(And I shall get to fulfil my own)

When I die, I slay a hundred  
When I die, I raise a thousand

Rejoice with me  
for we have denominated the devil  
(And I shall get to fulfil my own)

Every bullet hole in our holy town  
is an orifice for me to rape  
every woman slain is my whore  
and every precious child crying  
a golden orb of fire

I stand with you now, my friend  
I nibble at your earlobes  
till they bleed the truth divine  
Smear my name in their fearful faces  
I hold your hand in vengeance  
Your muffled words are a horrid  
choir across the sea  
This licking pyre cannot be douted by  
their tears