

# W.A.S.P., The Heretic

These fits of depressions are torturing me  
The lives that I seen won't breathe again  
A sad child of madness, they'll never be free  
Born again to die, the agonies begin  
And soldiers keep coming- like warriors they die  
But gangland's alive when mothers cry  
Cause hate's blind addictions, a killing machine  
And it burns on the fuel of shattered lives  
Lost child, lost child

The seeds of all evil are sown in their minds  
And harvest the sad fields of woe  
Cause dead boys are martyrs  
That live on forever  
But now it's too late for their souls  
Standing on sanities too fragile edge  
And worship the Lord Of The Flies  
And wade through the slaughter  
You've made of thy brother  
And drown in his blood then when he dies

You see in their eyes they're the lost child  
See in their eyes  
You see in their eyes they're the lost child  
See in their eyes

Don't turn out the lights  
Cause there's demons in the night  
And they prey on the fears in us all  
They hide inside and wait  
And they shun the light of day  
The screams in their dreams fill us all

Children of the night  
Such a sad tune they rhyme  
The bloody boys that sing a wicked song  
And for all of them they're just memories in the wind

Rise and see  
It's the dawn of insanity  
Keeper of the gates of fire  
And the Heretic has said  
You don't have to be afraid  
Till I- till I come to get you  
And child in time  
On the swords edge you ride  
And cast a spell of Heresy  
And die in vain  
Like a wild dog in chains  
And no one can save  
Or set you free