

# Altered Aeon, Patriots Of Sin (Aeturnum Essentia)

Given a gift of darkness, our coven embraces the heritage  
Practising forgotten arts, bloodline is the rite of passage  
Burning can not erase our kin  
Blessed be the patriots of sin  
Terrorized, victimized  
The taking of our mortal lives  
Changes nothing  
Touched by devilish desire, demonized by authority  
The flesh may burn but our spirits are marked by eternity  
Our essence is beyond the ashen skin  
Blessed be the patriots of sin  
Forbidden knowledge runs in our veins  
Risking the stake, mentally or physically  
We are the unknown, the chaos breed  
Shattering the false, spitting at stagnation  
(so be it, patriots we are, patriots of sin)  
At night we speak to the dead, we sing praise to the moon  
Burning candles and herbs  
Mixing oak, ash and thorn, forming the sign of the horns  
As it is and must be  
Among the masses we walk, revealed only by our eyes  
Burning fiercer, stronger than the common man`s  
Nothing is stronger than the flames within  
Blessed be the patriots of sin  
Blessed be the patriots of sin  
Blessed be.