

Cradle of Filth, For Those Who Died (Japanese B

Our tongues they could not silence with their malicious lies
Their unforgotten violence, remember those who died

And as my flesh is put to fire I hear their voices still
Their unjust accusations demanding that I am killed

We shall show no mercy to heathen such as thee
Who stand accused and have refused the Church's clemency
Your wicked acts are endless though the crimes we cannot name
Innocent or guilty proved, we'll burn you just the same

Burning, into the fire
Burning, a funeral pyre
Burning, into the fire
Burning, a funeral pyre

This self-righteous inquisition is a plague upon our land
As false as the confessions they force from shattered hands

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Abused my broken body is cleansed by righteous flame
Their God a God of Mercy yet in whose name I slain

My innocence the victim of their superstitious fears
Religious persecution for the past three hundred years
Preaching peace and mercy 'neath the shadow of the knife
A papal reign of terror, slaughter in the name of Christ

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