

# Flesh Field, Heretic

The eyes of the night see everything.  
All my dirty deeds.  
The moon up above, a god to me,  
Fulfilling all of my needs.

Shelter me from capture.  
Hide me from the storm outside.  
I will keep you company.  
You will keep me warm inside.

They told me I would never be  
As good as anyone.  
They forced the word of God on me,  
The word that burned my tongue.

Hide me from  
Your wicked eyes,  
And tell me some sinful lies.  
Take me down, underneath.  
Let me drown.  
Let me bleed.

I can't forget what they did to me.  
My wounds have yet to heal.  
And I don't regret what I do believe,  
And what I think is real.