

Kill II This, The Wicker Man

Swallow my fear, this land Godforsaken
Follow the cross, to this crass christless haven

On bended knee, you worship the carnal
To pleasure your gods, your sad graven idols

Burn bright
Sacrifice my life
Purify this land
The ritual plan
The wicker man

Born into your arms, in blood you baptise them
To bury your guilt, you'd bury your own children

Temptation infests, with deadly embrace
My sacred vows, forbidden to taste