

# 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