Tristania, Shining Path

Don't care if I choke.... Sacrifice me for my sins For my beliefs Spit at me Die...with me When I'm gone Death will come to you Death will come... The flames went high to lick the skin on her chin The words she said For those words she would die The crowd circles around her Praising their merciful god Her screams got weaker Heathen, heathen The mass was shouting The children that once were loving Now their small hands were full of rocks They found her bleeding The dark night came creeping

Was she one of the devil's own kind?

Beyond belief

Beyond the pain And grief I lay low And crawl deep Choosing the narrow path Fear your thoughts and let the father judge them Walk the shining path and guide the weakling along The crowd circles around her Praising their merciful god Their screams grew higher Heathen, heathen The mass was shouting Hunt down the profane And put them to the torch Burn me on the fire Call me liar Shout at me Cry for me When I'm gone Death will come to me Death will come... Burn me on the fire...