

## **Altered Aeon "Patriots Of Sin"**

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Given a gift of darkness, our coven embraces the  
heritage  
Practising forgotten arts, bloodline is the rite of  
passage

Burning can not erase our kin  
Blessed be the patriots of sin

Terrorized, victimized  
The taking of our mortal lives  
Changes nothing

Touched by devilish desire, demonized by authority  
The flesh may burn but our spirits are marked by  
eternity

Our essence is beyond the ashen skin  
Blessed be the patriots of sin

Forbidden knowledge runs in our veins  
Risking the stake, mentally or physically  
We are the unknown, the chaos breed  
Shattering the false, spitting at stagnation  
(so be it, patriots we are, patriots of sin)

At night we speak to the dead, we sing praise to the  
moon  
Burning candles and herbs  
Mixing oak, ash and thorn, forming the sign of the  
horns  
As it is and must be

Among the masses we walk, revealed only by our eyes  
Burning fiercer, stronger than the common man's

Nothing is stronger than the flames within  
Blessed be the patriots of sin  
Blessed be the patriots of sin  
Blessed be.

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