

Deathlike Silence "Burning Flesh"

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Bound and gagged
By her hair
She is dragged
To a fate of fame and pain.

She was just
She's done no harm,
And still we lust
To see her die in agony.

God is pleased when we kill his enemies.

The smell of burning flesh
Fills the air around us.
The heat is her defeat
She lights our hearts with hope.
Her inhuman screams
Carried on the wind
Tell all of mankind
That the evil witch is dead.

She seemed serene
In the face of it.
Through she could plainly see
That her fate was sealed with certainty.

We have made
Orphans of
Her little ones
But God will take care for them.

God is pleased when we kill his enemies.

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