

Inquisicion "Holy Fire"

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Oaken doors silence cries of mercy
At the inquisitor's fiendishness
Souls now broken lie in his clutch
The state of grace no longer lasts

All who denies the truth revealed
Whether he be king or commoner
Is robbed of wealth, sanity and life
While angels guard these pious duties

[chorus]
Red rivers flow out of sinful bodies
Senescent is the heretic's strength
Celestial whips shall purgate all disbelieve
The Inquisition, with God, reigns

[solo]
[chorus]

Burned in sacred ceremony cause
They could not see the living light
Holiness has made them martyrs
Beneath the Bergamot they lie

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