

Altered

"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.

