

## Tristania "Shining Path"

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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...

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