

# Tristania

## "The Shining Path"

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The Shining Path

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 cry...

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 grew 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 cry...  
Burn me on the fire...

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