

The Heretic

The Sound of Animals Fighting

Inevitably
It's starting to bleed
And couldn't be stopped, that's justice
Incredible luck, to lift and be struck
What curious things. A moment to think, before we will sing
The beauties alined, so sweetly
And don't be afraid, don't be afraid
Don't be afraid...
Does this look like that?
(My bumpkin boy)
How cruel you get
I've started again
(My bumpkin boy)
To miss your hands
What carnage you've left
(My bumpkin boy)
And you were dead
Remember your flesh
(My bumpkin boy)
To see us break Our souls are unrest
What kind of pride is this?
Dry your, dry your eyes
The salt is warmed
If burning the flesh means finding the one
Does this look like that?
(My bumpkin boy)
How cruel you get
I've started again
(My bumpkin boy)
To miss your hands
What carnage you've left
(My bumpkin boy)
And you were dead
Remember your flesh
(My bumpkin boy)
To see us break (Flesh is heretic
My body is a witch
I am burning it) My bumpkin boy
How cruel you get
I've started again
My bumpkin boy

To miss your hand...

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