

Suffer the Heretic to Burn

Metal Inquisitor

A face inside a mirror, features of hate to see
Looking closer 'n closer, realize it fun could be
Again they'll run for shelter, information may arise
A kind of morbid anger, what a pack of lies

No pain, no gain - pressure relief
Stand by for funeral urn
Sound of retreat, hard to believe, suffer the heretic to burn -
let them burn

Yeah, let them burn, now, let them burn

At the solemn hour, hallowed wooden place
Start a giant fire, a shadow of a scared grace
Last time when they're screaming, try to catch this sound
After final judgement, they are underground

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Yeah, let them burn, now, let them burn