

Heretic Hunt

Thyrane

Hear and listen!
You who sermon on purity
But stand a spectrum away from it
Your trees of false knowledge
Strike root in hearts no more

From analogies you drew religion
From paradoxes you derived truth
Dilapidated are your hierarchies
A halo of filth is upon you

Only you possess the arrogance
To think such would go unnoticed

The centuries of your dominance
Have sharpened our fangs and claws
Like chameleons we have walked
Among these Jahve's little whores

If the lord is thy shepherd
That makes you his sheep
And what a wolf is bound to do
Is to prey upon such breed

When salamanders dance in your temples
And midday breaks black as oil
We have finally commenced our strike
And set foot upon your soil