

Eluveitie, The Dance Of Victory

The most heinous con
refuge of evil
cloven tongues that speak of truth
With false, specious words
they sold what can't be bought
Acherontic saints of holy sales.

Damn bloody lies
Burn me alive

Silence! Those mouths are stuffed by truth
Hark! At the ruins of the vile I will dance
... in victory!

They don't heed the eternal
I can see the fruits
of a spirit putrescent

The ogre burning heretics
the cleansing stake
I'm not daunted by distress
for all lie in inanity.
but some stretched out their hands
and touched the awen.