

Meden Agan, Cleanse Their Sins

IGNIS FLAMMA FUMUS VIS
VIDES CRUOR CULPA MORS
SACRUM BELLUM CLADIS FONS

FURVUS MALUS CAEDES MORS

Out of darkness
A beacon of hope rises
Restless minds in pursuit
Of reason and truth

Dark times still haunting
Every breath
Every attempt to differ
To progress

Should we let them question
Our truth that we so long
Guard by spreading fear
Denying, lying...

A heretic's words that's all this is
Show them the god's will through flames
We'll cleanse their sins
Forever burn the witch

Pillars of religion
A senseless addiction
The need for conviction
A strange contradiction

When faith turns to violence
What's left to believe (in)
Any last hope
For inner peace is gone

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