

The Heretics Song

Tom Milsom

When I see my name

And it's written on the flames

I can see I don't belong

I am low, I am weak

I am virtually unique

And I won't be here for long

Cause my weakness makes me strong

And I see his face in every rose

And I feel his breath on my nose

And I feel the horns putting  
pressure on the inside of my skull  
And I know, and I know

It is in the tone

When I listen to the phone

Hiding in the frequencies

He is dark but he's here

And there's nothing that I fear

Because he is one with me

Because he is one with me.