

Opus Atlantica

"Witch Hunt"

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The sound of horses riding by
The riders fists raised to the sky
Burning torches the flames of death
The suspects being put to the test

In a different time religion's the same
The witch hunt is on as God's evil reigns

A pretty maid destined to die
Lord's servants death in disguise
The evil spirit must be cleansed
In the name of God they're claiming revenge

In a different time religion's the same
The witch hunt is on as God's evil reigns

The morning skies they turn to night
The maiden she's lost her fight
Chilling screams as she burns alive
The christians ride home satisfied

In a different time religion's the same
The witch hunt is on as God's evil reigns

Many years have now gone by
The slayers, the christian pride
The bible remains to cleanse the land
But Satan still has the upper hand

In a different time religion's the same
The witch hunt is on as God's evil reigns

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