

Bambix **"Bitchcraft"**

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You give me a lifetime so I can be saved
IÂ'd rather have some space to breathe
You hand me a whistle to draw attention
IÂ'd rather have some ointment for my scars

TheyÂ'll let me burn on the stake
Pay for the mistakes I made
But I ride a bike, and not a broom
I donÂ't cry at the moon
Still IÂ'll be damned

They repeat the pattern again and again
Raise your voice and youÂ're forgotten
Will the world grow ripe enough
To outsmart all that is rotten

I donÂ't ridicule whatÂ's Holy and good
I donÂ't put frogs in my soups
I want to be my own judge
And if thatÂ's not enough
Then IÂ'll be damned

DonÂ't want to feel as if IÂ'm down in a burrow
IÂ'll live my life as if thereÂ's no tomorrow
DonÂ't pull the leash which you tied around my neck
IÂ'll still be the captain even if I clean the deck

Give me a lecture so I can learn
Give me a book to read
But donÂ't hand me a knife to draw attention
To what canÂ't be said with words

My fellow-sinners are all around
They wonÂ't destroy your holy ground
I donÂ't like to eat ripped-out hearts
And I donÂ't have warts
Still IÂ'll be damned

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