

## **Ceremonial Castings**

### **"Onwards To Gallows Hill"**

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Onwards to gallows Hill  
March on unto the face of death  
Seek the world beyond the locust tree  
One by one to hang by neck

Onwards to gallows hill  
The unsacred ground of ruin  
Where witches hang and  
The crowd applaud  
For the sentence and  
Extermination of each druid

Herenow before all eyes  
Condemned with noose to hang  
And upon some certain bloodline  
A curse to he these witches sang  
Without remorse and without guilt  
Under the devil they feel no shame  
Rope around neck with heads on tilt  
Their eyes of fire still praise his name

One by one they are set to fall  
And the sky lets loose it's rain  
Clouds gather and bring forth storm  
The devil's magic has come to claim  
From this witch comes a voice too deep  
And a language that none can name  
Until the order comes she sleeps  
Moving on to which next will hang

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