

Ceremonial Castings

"Stones Upon The Warlock"

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A dreadful wizard he be
Set to hang upon high
Thoughts of hanging noose and tree
To threats of these he will not shy

Confessions he will not make
His soul will not plea

Before the magistrates he did stand
But the treat was made of stone
To lay upon his chest by hand
A slow death by crushed brawn and bone

Confessions he will not make
His soul will not plea

More and more and more he cried
"Lay upon me with your stones"
More and more and more he cried
"I will never damn my soul"

More and more and more he cried
"More and more until I die"
More and more and more he cried
"I soon to heaven will fly"

... fly...

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