

## **Ceremonial Castings**

# **"The Crucible And The Cross"**

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(Salve, mortis, salve)

All rise ye who stand accused  
For practice of the witches craft  
Silent tongues that speak no truth  
Continuing down the devil's path

Are ye guilty folk, inflected I'll  
Riding dead air unto the tomb?  
Speak not, hear not as ye be  
With one who cradles an abundant womb

Those who suffer, shall suffer no more  
And the town shall be ridden of all witches lore

Hereby guilty and sentenced  
To hang by noose  
Amongst faith now  
It be your lives you will loose  
Pronounced excommunicate  
To die with morning next  
But unnoticed upon the judge  
This night brings a wicked hex

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