

Ceremonial Castings

"Where The Witches Waltz"

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The noon next still these children sleep
Yet they bear no fever, nor wound
Under hex how far have they fallen
Fathomed be the priest and his secret to consume

Is it just they are lost in dream
Eyes speak dead yet here they breath
To the touch skin fouls a sour cold
And on their lips shine the shade of a stolen soul

The priest will pace upon the comatose
Lifeless girls and one being of his own
A heathen dance from nights past arose
Nothing for a child any father would condone

Is it just they are lost in dream
Eyes speak dead yet here they breath
To the touch skin fouls a sour cold
And on their lips shine the shade of stolen soul

Behind the eyes falling deeper in dream
The girls still dance where none can see
Deep in the wooded black of nights past flee
Where they witches waltz is where they be

In the grasp of the anxious sire
The seed of his will now open her eyes
Still incoherent before her father she lay
Unable to speak nor hear his cries

Behind the eyes falling deeper in dream
The girls still dance where none can see
Deep in the wooded black of nights past flee
Where the witches waltz is where they be

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