

Doctor Butcher

"Season Of The Wiche"

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Listen to me I'll tell you something that you may not
want to hear
I know about those games you plan, I know about your
fear
Live alone, better lock your door, gonna come for you,
what you wanna do
I know these things that noone knows

[Chorus:]

Burn in the night, hands held to the sky
Breathing like a dog in the season of the witch
Burn in the night, hands held to the sky
Breathing like a dog in the season of the witch

I just know your souls too cold to love
I search for ways to see inside your world
Live alone, better lock your door, gonna come for you,
what you wanna do
I don't give a shit anymore

[Chorus]

[Solo]

[Chorus]

Lost inside your sorrow
Lost inside your sorrow

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