

Katharine McPhee

"Wytchdance"

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The wytches, wytches black they are
They feast, they feast upon man's heart
Their lorde has summoned them by spell
To gather, in his realm to dwell

Creatures of death, creatures of night
Conjure the endless evil force
Who knoweth no mercy nor'll give in
To those who seek to ban it's source

The wytches dance in limping line
The blood of holy is their wyne
The bones of infants are their throne
They have no fear, they won't atone

Satanickrite shall find no end
To end all life, from hell they're sent
His great return, the only goal
For this, they shall reap every soul

So go! and meet the master's ram
Girl, come to join these women
Become his servant whilst thou canst
Drink blood, conceive his semen

Cauldrens are boiling, mysteries red
Of venom and spyces to wayke up the dead
Gathering hellwhores,
And then comes their lorde

Their dark minds shall follow,
Their flesh is to rot
Will rot in a dreame of his splendour and grace
Remember the sabbath, another one wait

Embrace lustful wrayths exstasy wet and hot
By night-fall they swarm out to head for the spot
Where altars of stone, blood-stained, wayte under
trees
A place long forgotten,
So others can't see

Far out in the woods servants vyle
Have their shrine
To mate with their master
In nocturnal rite

An orgy of riches and infinite lust
Lorde Satan is generous
Yet obey him they must

Doe all what he sayeth, most of all,
Bring him lives, their duty they
Followe by grim sacrifices

New souls must be draught,
Full of innocence and youth,
Into their communion,
Tonight it'll be thou
Initiation to unspeakable cults

So do what they wish, fuck the priest
From the vault and next, take the
Daggers and open thine veins
Some sharp lethall cuts,
Watch a scene so insane

The ground seems to open,
Thy body is torne
The knife-blade was poisoned
And thou art reborn

Cause out of the deep lift
The spirits of olde
And drink from thine pale wrist
And see what thou sold

The contract is signed,
Now thou art one of the wytches
A vicious black core
In a shell dead and colde

Inside the red circle,
A sister of lore
A knower of wonders
Unthinkable before
Thou slaughterst a childe
For it's the demonlorde's will
Thy pleasure is sin
And thy mission -- to kill

