

Mistweaver

"Sol Obscurabitor"

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There was a time
A dark age fell in disgrace
When many innocent died
Just for envy, rage and lies

The inquisition
An excuse to punish in the name of God
Was spreading as a plague along all Europe

Women, children and men
Were tortured 'till confess facts they never committed

So let me tell you a story
You might believe it or not
About a woman called Waser "the Banner"
Who was accused of being a witch

Sol Obscurabitor

Running in the night
To the clearing of the forest
Where the sabbat was prepared
She was surprised

Dressed in a black cloak
Her face painted in black
As black as the night
As black as her soul

The gathering was awaiting
The fire shined from far
The fullmoon in the night
Was dyed in blood

Satan never arrived
All was just a lie
But the inquisitors
Trapped all the band

Tortured- They confessed just for fear
Threatened- With the eternal flames of hell
Waser- Was the banner of their lives

You'll die- To purify your souls

So the fire was the deliverance to their agony
And death the only way for their tortured souls
Witches, wizards they all burned at the stake
Now I remember and deny your God

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