

## Cousteau

### "Coven In Charing Cross"

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Thirteen cultists  
Held a secret meeting,  
Bringing powers of the darkness  
Upon those who opposed them.  
The cheif of the circle,  
Known as Malchius  
Drank the blood of a young baby  
Offered unto him.  
They danced ecstatically,  
The orgied frantically.  
The demon had arisen  
From the circle on the floor.  
The chanting was much louder  
And more piercing than before.  
They are seven.  
They are seven.  
Seven are they.  
Out of the abyss they rise,  
When day sinks into darkness.  
Seven are they.  
Coven in charing cross...  
Coven in charing cross...  
Soon, a certain family  
Living in the village,  
Would die one by one by  
The curse of the cult.  
The head of the family,  
A witchhunter named Mead,  
Had burned their leadser at the stake;  
Soon he'd regret his deed.  
Pain from Devil's we evoke!  
Thirst and suffer til he'd choked.  
The magic did take over  
And the soul did feel the roar.  
Incantations were much louder  
And more piercing than before.  
Born in the bowels of the hills  
Evil ones, sources of ill.  
Setters of unseen snares,  
Death to all pity, all prayers.  
Male they are not.

Female they are not.  
No wives have they known.  
No children begot.  
The fiends they are seven,  
Disturbers of heaven.  
They are seven.  
They are seven.  
Seven they are.  
Coven in charing cross...  
Coven in charing cross...

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