

Num Skull "Friday's Child"

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The night was dark/moon was full/fog was thick/the air
was cool

The sense was set without regret, all that come shall
not forget

They gathered here and all did follow

To greet the child of no tomorrow

To see the speed of life and death

To feel the strength of Satan's breath

It happens every hundred years

When mortals choose their strength in fear

They'll sacrifice a newborn child

Bred to die all the while

Friday's child will die at birth, a test of faith to prove

their worth

They conjure Satan to bring him higher

The infant screams while bathing in fire

The Mass of Hoods that make the crows close to Death

Chants get loud....

The Witch is cast into labor....

She pleads but nothing can save her

Sound of birth - hear it cry

Soaked in blood - ready to die

Altar of Fire burning hot

This is Hell, heaven is naugh

Feel the fire, hear the call

The sickness of Satan fills them all

Watch the saviour take his final fall!

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