

Return To Innocence "Paradise For Witches"

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Maybe every year veiling in the coat,
St. Master of the church,
Sinking like a witness on the chair
Of the strange murder.

Inside the mind of people, the master of inquisition
Has his position, they give even their life for his bliss
But let him go on to rule.

He will change the love of people in pain
The laugh is resounding from the darkness
This monstrosity tends towards the hell
To the executioner with him.

Stake is burning and a thick fog
Is crossed by screaming and crying
Of innocent girls at wooden stake
Must be sacrificed.

The fire became their arms and now
They have their sacrifice
They are burning witches, maybe
The paradise will be waiting for them.

The inquisitioner rubs his hands
The execution was successful
The spite is living only in his heart.

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