

## Reverend & The Makers

### "Council Of Ten"

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Through the darkness witches fly  
Although I think I see no broom  
Spreading plaque across the sky  
Their mist is drawing down the moon

Council gathers in the hall  
To pray before their first trial.  
Can you hear the church bell toll?  
Or will you cover your ears?

Staring with their empty eyes  
From the circle witches rise.  
Now they learn to live in fear  
Flesh will burn  
And evil spells are broken again.

Everywhere I look it's the same old story  
Devil has his cunning ways to lure you  
Always choose the right hand turn and honour  
Nail the sinners down with your boot on their face

Right!

Our time will come at the end of the days  
We hold the iron cross above the Goat of Mendes  
Vision must be served in the old-fashioned way  
Brotherhood in red, won't you ride with me?

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