

Rosae Crucis

"The Witch"

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Ancient is she, like the stone you embrace
Called "Atla the Witch"
Mistress or woman, the were-woman stands
Pretending the love of a King....

Lives in the moor, the dark dagon's moor
Protected by enchants and runes
Atla The Witch knows something that you need
The way to the ruins of hell

[chorus]
The Witch, The Witch, The Witch, The Witch
Follow The Witch..

The Witch, The Witch, The Witch, The Witch
In to the circle...

Beyond her eyes knowledge and truth
Atla the Witch
She seems a savage , savager than you
For the clothes and the black hair she got
From the red lips, comes out a sneer
Illusion of human appear
Two Bared teeth reveal her essence
Beast or woman, the were-woman stands

Falling in the darkness
Through the rottenness
Feel my anger
Deeper than thy Hell

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