

Darkwoods My Betrothed "The Witch-Hunts Trilogy"

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[Part One: "THE PREACHER CAME TO TOWN"]

A peaceful town down by the lake
A cradle of goodness and righteousness it was said
Quite prosperous one might add
Rye fields, cattle, and the riches of the lake
Fallacious was their dormancy of shelter
Blindfolded had they themselves with the shadow of
the cross

This dormancy lasted until a dusk in August
A preacher came, handsome enough to wet any lady
He was greeted with warmth and friendliness
Though a bit of jealousy showed on the looks of the
men

Nobody wondered why he spoke no words of god
And his eyes were glued to women's bodies

Nobody simply paid any attention to it
Especially the women enchanted by his attractiveness
Until one day the paint on the church walls began to
crumble
The crop festered and the cattle began to die
The wives disappeared just before midnight
Only return before the first rays of sunrise

It began to show at the end of the month
The crop and the cattle dead, ground frozen, famine
awaited

Vanished was the atmosphere of honesty and good will
People became wary of each other for anybody could
have
Evoked this curse upon them

[Part Two: "BURN, WITCHES, BURN"]

"He must be the root of all this misery
The ladies, whores, a Satan's tool to send us to eternity
Ring, brothers, ring the bells and bring the torches
Let us tie them up to the stake - burn, witches, burn"

Finally the men of the town could point the guilt to
someone
Of course it had to be the stranger
Following their wives at night they had found the orgies
Rituals to bring forth the powers of Hell

"How could you our beloved wives
Grant your bodies to be used to do evil
On him we know no mercy, nor can we give you any
Follow us to the hills - burn, witches, burn"

First they surrounded the guest house where the
preacher
Was sleeping off the exertions of the night
A cross-shaped pole they drove through his black heart
Sending him to join his master in the pits of Hell

The few women still considered faithful
Were told to stay at home
While the others were being marched to the hills
These women gathered...
The guilty women of the town were taken to the hills
Where huge bonfires were standing
Tied up to the stakes they were - naked to face the god
In tears they cried: "We were possessed!"

"In the name of the holy trinity
Be purified by these flames
We pray for your souls on your way to damnation
For all the evil you have done - burn, witches, burn"

[Part Three: "WITCH HUNTERS"]

Twenty years had passed, happiness had come back
Only the painful memories were acting as reminders
There was a new phenomenon that made rumours
spread
Something was going on in the deep dark woods

A cult curtailed in secrecy...or evil spirits of the night?
The nature of these mysterious creatures...and their
origin were unknown

A cult of witch hunters
The offspring of the preacher and his whores

In the jet-black night of Samhain
The peace and happiness were broken
The demonic hordes from the woods
Stormed through the town setting it ablaze

"We have come to avenge the death of our mothers
Now you can also get a taste of the Inferno"

The witch hunters marched into every house
Impaling the burners and their kin
The church was burned by their infernal hatred
Womens raped by their infernal lust

The men who judged the mothers to be burned
Were treated like the mothers had been treated
After the horrifying hours of torture
They were tied and burned at the stake

After the task was completed the earth started to shake
The remains of the houses collapsed to the ground
The jaws of Hell opened right where peace once
prevailed
Victorious had the witch-hunt been where the hunter
became the hunted

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