

Seven Witches "Witching Hour"

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Born on the darkest night of evil scenery
Torn from the womb of a bitch of blackened witchery
Bottled souls will smash to bits in this magic
celebration
Cauldrons boil with the stench of flesh in this evil
night's
creation

And you shall take my hand
I'll lead your through the land
Soon it shall come to be
You'll be one with me

Into the dark abyss I'll lead your timid soul

You will be shown the way into our wicked home
The darkened woods are alive with chants as
you join the celebration
Join hands with the coven now and begin evisceration

Fear the Witching Hour - The 13th Hour!
Fear the Witching Hour - the darkest hour!

When you look in my eyes - what do you see?
Can you dispel the lies, it will set you free

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