

## Venke Knutson

### "Suffer Not The Children"

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Gather round o young ones  
Listen to the night  
Loud as Hell and black as death  
Only men take fright  
Sit around my flame bright  
Warm your bones and hear  
Virgins die and demons cry  
Throw away your fears  
Suffer not the children  
Sleep tight our fathers  
Guard our mothers well  
Vampires and werewolves  
Erupt your dreams our spell  
The evening sabbat song  
A Longing to be free  
Lost children wander waiting  
Barefoot in the sea  
Suffer not the children  
Suffer not the children  
Or be deemed a damned disgrace  
Blessed be the wench  
To which delivers in his grace  
Gather around my young ones  
We can go away  
I'll guide you in the night  
Follow me  
Tonight we'll find a path  
The Hell born sinners trail  
Beware! None shall stop us  
Innocence guards our way  
The amulets of kings  
Our voodoo games  
We know but never tell  
Of our infernal names  
Suffer not the children

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