

Venke Knutson

"Witching Hour"

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Come hear the moon is calling,
The witching hour draws near,
Come hear the bell is tolling,
Mortals run in fear,
Hold fast the sacrifice,
Prepare the altar now and hear the virgin cry,
All hell breaks loose,
For now it's the time to die,

Unveil the pentagram,
Hell's breaking loose.
Come watch the holy men,
And feel the heat of satan's breath,
And feel the demons lust,
Come taste blood,
Who look on in disgust,
Look in the sky's and see,
The warriors of death,
All hell breaks loose,

Hell's breaking loose,
Our work is now complete,
Witching hour.
The blood runs fast and free,
And satan takes his bride,
And cry's of blasphemy,
All hell rejoices at the child,
That she will bear,
And satans only son,
Shall be the worlds despair,
All hell breaks loose,
Hell's breaking loose,
Witching hour

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