

Whiplash "Stirring The Cauldron"

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The moon is full one dark evil night
A blood curdling chill perilous fight
The fog is thick the clouds set in
A twist of fate a night of sin
The howl of the wolf a dark evil power
Creeps down your spine it's the witching hour

The minute you fall to the hands of the flame
Evil will take its course, it's all over

The wicked witch's mission is through
Once the bubbling brew has tasted you
The eye of newt and fang of bat
A pinch of this a pinch of that
An odor lurks from burning skin
The spice of life the cauldron will win
The chanting is done devour your stew
Just don't turn your eyes or it'll devour you

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