

Witchery "Inquisition"

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Burning red of charcoal the roasting place of rest
Flames are slowly stirring in thiis hideous nest
Red hot sparkling pokers lay waiting in the heat
Blackened grid of iron stained with darkened meat

[Pre-Chorus:]

There's a place here for you
We'd like to question you too
Welcome in feel at home settle down you'll have to...

[Chorus:]

Speak your mind tell the truth don't you lie
The church has the power and a heretic we shall find
No matter what you think who you are and what you do
For we will get the answers that we want out of you!

Hooded are the masters of this holy trial
Pleaded to by many but mercy recievers denial
Silent, skillful and handy their tread they do respect
Amongst the questioned thousands the guilty they'll
detect

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