

Witchfinder General

"Heavy Drinker"

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Satanic drink, brothers of hell
An intense night we wish to live
Our throats are dry, our hearts are stopped
We need this liquid in our veins
Don't want to rest, don't want to sleep
My body is needed for hard drink
Satan's blood is run and beer
Whisky and wine the spit of death

Into the cauldron the brew is ready
To make you lose your mind
The witching poison is burning red in your eyes
Don't try to keep you away of the bottle
Of the venom that whispers your name
In the night the bottom's up!
Don't leave let's go on the drink.

Heavy drinker.

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