

Witchfinder General

"Priests Of Sin"

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We're born from hell and powerful guitars
The priests are here to preach the Satan's might
Our words confuse your sweet and weak laws
Because they are within your mind and body now
We are obsessed to free you from your way
Don't try to escape from our metal blade
We chant with hate our lives of doom
In the name of evil we spread the rules

Are you listening what we tell you?
You know what it's, believe in us
Spread our name like the swing of the blade
And in the church of sin you'll have a place

We're priests of evil, we preach to free
We fight for freedom and the power of steel
We're priests of metal, we preach to kill
We fight for Satan 'cause we're priests of sin.

A magic touch of blasting rock & roll
Is the feeling of three metal maniacs souls
From evil lair we teach our revel acts
So we expect you to join us to the top
We break the god's fucking lies of love
You will be free with our metal sound
As Bon Scott used to think
Hell ain't no bad place to be free

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