

## Wizzard

# "Sundown Over Lavenham"

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An old crow sat there greeting the looming dawn  
That was undressing the atrocity darkness had  
adorned  
By the growls of the hound of god the gallows had  
been  
Built  
Three bodies hanging as ugly fruit of unholy guilt

Nobody could forebode  
What they would concede  
The Witchfinder General  
The serum of god to make you speak

And the sun set over Lavenham  
(Burn, burn, burn)  
Pyres fed the righteous desires  
Sundown over Lavenham  
(Burn, burn, burn)  
Witches burnt in a holy fire

Little did he know about the powers  
That were present yet unseen  
The bells of his funeral were already chiming  
But blinded was he by his greed  
Satan did not abandon his disciples  
That for long had sworn to his might  
The iron fist of evil was squeezing the town  
The legions of Hell would rule the night  
Crawl, hound of god, crawl!

The old crow sat there watching the descending night  
Witches dragged the wailing General to die  
Stultifying the erodicated divine power  
The menace to their nocturnal rites was over

He couldn't forebode  
Witchcraft was reality  
The Witchfinder General  
The hound of god down on his knees

And the sun set over Lavenham  
(Burn, burn, burn)

Only embers remained from the pyres  
Sundown over Lavenham  
(Burn, burn, burn)  
Hopkins burning in Hellfire

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