

Evil Dead "Holy Trials"

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Tied to a stake, purity through fire
A blessing from the Church,
Admit to sin,
Alchemist to the cross
they hang above your head,
Accused of witchcraft, for making metal
It's time to burn,
Hell on Earth, a second birth
An Age of pain.
Lapsing into time, gazing on an age,
Of confusion with no solutions,
Call on the Inquisitor for confessions of a witch,
A reign of horror with no tomorrow,
Informers twisting lies to inherit the estate,
Evil vices for a gain,
Bring on the torturer and his tools of the trade,
The thumbscrew speaks the truth.
Casting spells - unknown chants
with possessed burning eyes,
Demonic action-witches brew
accuser feeding lies,
On the stake to burn alive see the crowd reject your
kind,
Down below no repentance, excommunication is your
prize.

Run down, laying low, aching muscles, tension full,
Praying for death!
Broken bones, ripping flesh, you've become a bloody
mess,
When will it end?
Going slow, felling pain, wondering "Why me?"
A living nightmare!
Frustration, denomination,
it's time to meet your maker.
UNHOLY! HOLY TRAILS...
The Churches evil plot, perverted, demented sacred
grounds,
UNHOLY! HOLY TRAILS...
Cathedrals rule on fear, the weak unwillingly give their
lives.

Martyr with no cause, submission to your fate,
The magic and the spells, nothing there to gain,
The knowledge you obtained, eternal torment claimed
insane!

For sorcery and witchcraft now you pay in vain,
Your mortal body pressing death,
Judgement made, but who's insane?
Desecration in the Bishop's den

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