

Necrodeath

"Witch Hunt"

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Beneath a grim silence of the night and the flames of a
fire
Skyclad rituals of divination for a perverse blasphemy
The witches coveted under the cloak of a blood soaked
moon
Collecting themselves woefully around the stone
coffins

Destined from birth to pit
Set on the wretched path
Cavorting with the devil
Chanting your epitaph

Recipients of the mark
All concubines of hell
Await the trials, you will
In deepest dungeons dwell

In league and now possessed
You're tied from neck to feet
Still refusing to confess
You suffer as you bleed

Cast out the voice of demon
Your spoken tongue be silenced

Infernal powers, blood from a flask
Dark communion, sin is unmasked
Signed your name in red book of death
Your dark faith now put to the test

Burning, contorting, twisting, suffering, suffocate,
smolder, die!
Above the box of cats you'll burn in the wake of Hell!
Conjurer, enchanter, magician, occultist, sorceress,
pythoness, die!
Buried, forgotten, cursed, in a nameless unmarked
grave!

Wicked plans
Wicked deeds

Now you beg upon your knees
Final curtain
Last mistake
Watch you burn upon the stake
Witch hunt Witch hunt

Nevermore
Evoking spell
Brought by cart to Gallows hill
Hangman's noose
Ends your days
Forgot beneath the rocks you lay
Witch hunt
Bitch cunt
Witch hunt
Bitch cunt

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