

Witchcraft

"Chylde Of Fire"

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I was born past midnight
'neath the gloom of the darkest moon
my mother was a burning witch
and my father was a preacher

from that night on I lived in
the shadow of my elder's deds
I was the son of a rape
and the spawn of preacher's lost faith

chylde of fire burn the lier now

dear mother dear father
I didn't ask to be born
why did you let me live
when you didn't care at all

my life here on earth troubled already from the day of
my birth
heaven turnes to hell at the chime of the witches bell

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