

## Witchcraft

### "If Crimson Was Your Colour"

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within the darkest hour  
when the dragon releases it's power  
they feel the urge to meet  
to share and to intertwine

beneath the leader of the horde  
men and demons are sworn  
to kill and grant his grace  
they are reflections of the master's face

the night is young and fresh  
witch a scent of macabre on it's breath  
scattered they form a pattern  
to be seen from the sky

if crimson was your colour  
could your conscience bear your soul  
would you paint the space witch murder  
your spirit's breath so cool

they are cowards falling from their own grace  
infiltrating penetrating witch hate  
rounding up marching into the womb  
catatonic spending time in sin

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