

Revenge Of The Witch

Wizzard

Durham late summer 1666
In early morning hours a procession
Escorting a condemned witch
Walked towards the pyre chanting praises for their lord
Soon the flames would purify this possessed soul

Tied up to the stake he stood
Surrounded by the chanting monks
Spitting out words of hatred, disposal, and blasphemy
Somehow surprising it was
The sharpness of his tongue
After weeks and weeks of torture, pain, and fright

The attempts to teach him about Christ
Died like fire in the rain
The water that was used to baptise him
Burnt like lost souls in Hell

Which were the sins that led me here
He asked when the torch hit the wood
He saw nothing wrong with his actions
Cursing neighbours and raping a nun
The bitch wanted it so bad so I just helped her out
The neighbours didn't die by my hand but by the power of Satan

His explanations and vindications
Died like fire in the rain
The flames got hungrier
Burning a wicked soul to Hell

Take my word for it I shall return with my revenge
Each one of you will burn a 1000 times more than me
Your beloved ones and you will face my infernal wrath
Believe me, hypocrites, you sure will soon see!

These words were to be his last
At least in his mortal days
No one was sure whether he would
Return or stay in Hell
The chanting got louder and louder
The flames higher and higher
He screamed of agony and cursed
Till he died and was sent to Hell

In the vertigo of damnation
He was spinning
To meet his Master
To be granted the powers

Oh father grant me the powers
To enable me to show thy mightiness
To the feeble worms who dare to rebel against thee
Rise my faithful servant
Rise back to the Earth as my messenger
With full authority

So the witch returned

To pay back the torment and shame
With the raging Hellfire's
Spewing forth death and pain
All the region burnt down
'Til only ashes remained
Satan's dominion
Entered the world once again