

## The witchwood

Alcatrazz

Underneath the winter moon  
There is a fire burning  
Waitin' for the prince to come  
They stand alone  
Love could burning them warm out in the cold  
This love why do they wait, we'll never know  
Idle black and mystic night  
After the moon's dying  
Dancing in a wheel of fire  
Until the sunrise  
Sweet virginal child  
Naked and cold  
This love cuts like a knife  
That takes his blood  
Ride his heart, child of the night  
Take his hand, to be born, this devil's love  
Sweet virgin this child  
Standing alone  
This sweet wine drink as it bleeds  
Right out the cut  
Ride his star, child of the night  
Take his hand, to be done, this devil's blood  
Ride this star, child of the night  
Take his hand, to be born, this devil's hand