

The Witch Perished in Flames

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She blacks out
When that question is asked
By this vile animal
Nearly suffocating on her vomit
in front of the gloating cannibal.

She awakes in the cage.
Something has changed.
Instead of fear her heart is filled with rage.
Her existence now balancing
On the edge of a knife.
As long as the voice keeps whispering
She will stay alive.
She is seriously considering suicide.

There is no doubt
To kill herself is the only way out.
"I will be butchered and buried like my brother.
I'd rather cut my wrist just like my mother."

Powered by a hatred
She has never experienced before,
She consumes fear and despair
Until she cares for suicide no more.

And so the embittered girl starts thinking
Of ways to shove this witch into the oven.
"I will not die as his slave
I'd rather die fighting, scared but brave."

All the doors and windows
In this satanic abattoir are barricaded.
But hey! There is one way!
A damn small chance to escape.

The front door can be unlocked with a key
Which is attached to the black baton
That the killer carries constantly...
To beat up his slave repeatedly.

One night, when dinner time arrives...
As always the killer puts the baton on the table.
Sitting comfortably
Devouring his meal voraciously.
He speaks:
"Come here, have no fear.
Pour me some wine.
You'll be just fine."

That's when she thinks:
This moment is mine!
Nervously walking toward him,
Holding the fork behind her back.
And whilst pouring the wine

She uses all her strength
To stab that fork deep into his neck.

She smashes the bottle on his head.
Yet before she can grab the key,
He pulls everything off the table,
Right before he hits the floor.

A broken kerosene lantern
Leaking fuel causes a fire
That quickly spreads through the room.
She picks up the key from the floor,
Rushes the front door.
The killer drags himself forward,
Gargling on his own blood.

"Come back you fucking whore!"
She smiles and locks the door.
She's running through the woods.
Finally free,
But distracted by the screams of the burning witch.
She runs fast, straight into a tree!