

The Sorceress

Fates Warning

I search alone, dark the night, deep the
blackest forest, and down to devil's hopyard
on my way from Salem I lit a fire
Magical brimstone sparks ashes from the hazel wood
Dancing with the banshee, fire rose up to the sky.

The dead of night parts the sky, the Salem witch
hunting eyes Malifica spells
She flies the ocean shore of Kildare
Over tombs of the harpy fields
Lonely girls ride the great beast
Virginal goddess of Hunt Diana

Through the Bröcken Spectre rose a luring Angel
Sister of Morgana, forever dressed in black
We journey through the witch trials learned of lore
And wives tales
We fathomed the deepest oceans o her darkest mind

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Searching lands of giants and dragons
sail the oceans of serpents and krakens
Under ages of dark the Salem witch
Burned beneath mindless tortures of men
through the castles of demons and wizards
To your fate Moerea the sisters
Two hundred fifty thousand the Salem witch

Down in the bog of the Witch Meadow run
Malifica revenge plague have begun
Burned alive for a crime never done

Children of the darkness dance on the coven of the lost
In a blazing pyre suspended in air she demands holocaust
Well she can exercise with the whites of her eyes
She'll devour your children, in a wink of
an eye, as she descend from the sky to the
cauldron of the damned.

In her burning lips he earned the infamous kiss
She took me by the hand
In a wink of an eye she ascended the sky
She unveiled my talisman I'm the
witch finder general.

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