

Witches Sabbath

In Solitude

Silent is the graveyard
So is the temple of god
Thirteen women gathered
In sisterhood of blood

Build now a circle, of fire!
And drink from your cups
Hail high the baphomet!

They discard their clothes
And naked they dance
With ancient spirits
In unearthly trance

Build now a circle, of fire!
And drink from your cups

It's the witches sabbath!
It's the witches sabbath!
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The forces thrive
With fire in their eyes
Evoked firegods of ancient sinister might
Unseal the gateways!
To the womb of the night

It's the witches sabbath!
It's the witches sabbath!
It's the witches sabbath!
It's the witches sabbath!