

# 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!  
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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!  
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