

Hammer of the Wytches

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In the year of our Lord 1505
As an unquiet soul is stripped of its life
The thousands that fell 'neath his hammer
Need their story told.

There was fear at the heart
Of the Christian Church
Failing power, losing trust
Losing those that should worship
The One True God
What they needed was one to take hold
Of the pestilence spreading
Across the fair land
Like disease through the veins
Of a slow-dying man
Taking souls, raping souls
Showing demons the route to as all.

The hammer is faling
No pity, no stalling
It crushes with hate and with fear.

Why fear women much more
Than the men and the babes
Do they tempt you with passion
And make you their slaves
Would they lie with the devil
And change to a cat or a hare?
Would they come to your bed
In the form of your wife
Would they trick you with love
And deceive you with lies
Would they make you do things
That bring shame in the morn's early light?

The hammer is falling
No pity, no stalling
It crushes with hate and with fear

The hammer is falling
No light in the morning
It falls even though you are near

The hammer is falling
And destiny's calling
The reason it falls is not clear
The hammer is falling
A new day is dawning
Remember and now shed a tear