

# Wytchdance

## Katharsis

The wytches, wytches black they are  
They feast, they feast upon man's heart  
Their lorde has summoned them by spell  
To gather, in his realm to dwell

Creatures of death, creatures of night  
Conjure the endless evil force  
Who knoweth no mercy nor'll give in  
To those who seek to ban its source

The wytches dance in limping line  
The blood of holy is their wyne  
The bones of infants are their throne  
They have no fear, they won't atone

Satanickrite shall find no end  
To end all life, from hell they're sent  
His great return, the only goal  
For this, they shall reap every soul

So go! and meet the master's ram  
Girl, come to join these women  
Become his servant whilst thou canst  
Drink blood, conceive his semen

Cauldrens are boiling, mysteries red  
Of venom and spyces to wayke up the dead  
Gathering hellwhores,  
and then comes their lorde

Their dark minds shall follow,  
Their flesh is to rot  
Will rot in a dreame of his splendour and grace  
Remember the sabbath, another one waith

Embrace lustful wrayths exstasy wet and hot  
By nighte-fall they swarm out to head for the spot  
Where altars of stone, blood-stained, wayte under trees  
A place long forgotten,  
So others can't see

Far out in the woods servants vyle  
Have their shrine  
To mate with their master  
In nockturnal rite

An orgy of riches and infinite lust  
Lorde Satan is generous  
Yet obey him they must

Doe all what he sayeth, most of all,  
Bring him lives, their duty they  
Followe by grim sacrifices

New souls must be draught,  
Full of innocence and youth,  
Into their communion,

Tonight it'll be thou  
Initiation to unspeakable cults

So do what they wish, fuck the priest  
From the vault and next, take the  
Daggers and open thine veins  
Some sharp lethall cuts,  
Watch a scene so insane

The ground seems to open,  
Thy body is torne  
The knife-blade was poisoned  
and thou art reborn

Cause out of the deep lift  
The spirits of olde  
and drink from thine pale wrist  
and see what thou sold

The contract is signed,  
Now thou art one of the wytches  
A vicious black core  
In a shell dead and colde

Inside the red circle,  
A sister of lore  
A knower of wonders  
Unthinkable before  
Thou slaughterst a childe  
For it's the demonlorde's will  
Thy pleasure is sin  
and thy mission -- to kill