And He Slayed Her

Everything you've got is mine And you won't get away with it this time I'm comin' for you with a wooden stake Nail you right through your heart and up to your gate

Ding-dong, the witch is dead Come out of your house, uncover your head Dang-dong, this crooked soul Hanged himself on rock 'n' roll

I mean, what kind of kid were you when you were a kid? What kind of man would do what you did? What kind of life did you think you were gonna live When everyone in town put a price on your head?

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The mob sang as the pitchforks rang And the torch flames swang up to light the way ahead He fled in the darkness and dread And the tower it bled till it trembled and swayed And he fell straight to Hell and there he stayed He fell straight to Hell and there he stayed

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