

Under the Spell

Mercyful Fate

There is something out there waiting for me
With an evil glow
There is something out there that will
Never let me go
Twisting, turning, I'm looking out for my soul
Twisting, turning, I'm looking out for my soul
I have seen the Southern witches, in the church of God
I have seen the Southern witches, and the Holy Ghost
Dancing, blasphemous, waiting for HIM to call
Dancing, blasphemous...uniting them all
And I know this night so well
'cause I have walked from here to hell
The only thing I can never tell
Is why they put me under the spell
Under the spell...
Was it the deadly moon that gave me away
On Walpurgis Night
Was it the deadly moon that gave me away
Or the EVIL eye
Twisting, turning, I'm looking out for my soul
Twisting, turning, I'm looking out for my soul
And then HE came at last...
Suddenly the Earth was shaking
And I...I couldn't feel a thing as I saw HIM...
Standing on the altar..
HE was drinking all the wine
While the Holy Ghost and the Southern witches...
Were turning every single cross around...and upside down
I never should have been there
I never should have seen it
I never should have understood