

In the year of our lord, 1844  
They came with their picks, and their clubs,  
And their axes, and swords  
Pointing their fingers and casting their stones  
Wanting sins of the wicked atoned  
In league with the devil accused of their crimes  
Persecution in the Burning Times

The darkest days in all of history  
Tried before council and forced  
To renounce their beliefs  
Claims of malice and blamed of heresy  
Then tortured, then maimed, some burned, and  
Some hung from a tree  
The rise of the inquisitors' self-righteousness  
To make all the witches confess  
The Malleus Maleficarum recited  
In the age known as the Burning Times

Seek them out... Hunt them down...  
Burn them all, to the ground  
Kill the witch... Kill' em all...  
This genocide to watch them fall  
This is the signs of the Burning times  
The flames they rise in these Burning Times

In the year of our lord, 1844  
They came with their picks, and their clubs,  
And their axes, and swords  
The hammer of witches... the shipwreck of souls  
Their ashes to ashes... Their flesh in the coals...  
The death bell tolls  
The darkest days in all of history  
Tried before council and forced  
To renounce their beliefs  
The rise of inquisitors' self righteousnes  
To make all the witches confess  
In league with the devil accused of the crimes  
In the age known as the Burning Times

The Burning Times...