

The Master's Voice

Pagan's Mind

A silent whisper calls
Through the cold wind
The path that's on your way
Interference

He who chooses the enter this

Silence, whispers go
Hear my master
Evil witches dance
Creeping fire

I am scorn from my master
You got it made
Into the fire

In fire we shall walk
Through the deadlands
From ashes rise again
Be forever

Creatures of another world
Far beyond the edge

Silence, whispers go
Hear my master
Evil witches dance
Creeping fire
Burn!

I am scorn from my master
You got it made
Into the fire

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