

# Witchfinder General

Saxon

Send for the General, there's witches to burn  
The day of your judgment draws nigh  
In torment and torture, the bringer of pain  
Disciples of Satan will die

And tell me your secrets, bring them to me  
Give your confession, your soul will be free  
No one is safe from the purging of fire  
You'll rue the day that you send for the Witchfinder General

Accusing the innocent, prey on the weak  
It's not just their souls that you seek  
Your friends will not help you, they stand back in fear  
Hide when the General is near

Trial is by water, no one can win  
Drowned and you're innocent, guilty you swim  
The gallows are waiting, they're lighting the fire  
There's no release from the monster's desire

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