

# Walpurgis Night

Stormwitch

The time has come, the witches are ready tonight  
on the hill, black sabbath, evil rite  
they are descending on magical broomsticks  
riding on he-goats through the night

Come nearer, come nearer  
you can't resist their might  
at walpurgis night

All around you can smell a nasty, strange scent  
they are making oils from the bodies of murdered infants  
they're dancing 'round a hot, flickering fire  
mixing poison, singing cursed songs

Come nearer, come nearer  
you can't resist their might  
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Warted feed are trembling the ground like an earthquake  
they are making love, with broomsticks with rats and with snakes  
holding crazy orgies with the devil  
praying to the master of hell

Come nearer, come nearer  
you can't resist their might  
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