

Well they found the body down on Brecon Beacons
There were tiny tears on the cheeks of witches
Well the jury's all still out
About the sad and strange account
And now the fear grows in the minds of people
As the fires burn in the darkest reaches
Well the jury's all still out
About the sad and strange account
Of a lonely girl from the Brecon Beacons
It's retubution from the supernatural
You better watch out cos they're coming to get you, woo

Well she took her last gasp as the town was sleeping
While the finger pointed to a local policeman
Well the jury's all still out
About the sad and strange account
Of a lonely girl from the Brecon Beacons
It's retubution from the supernatural
You better watch out cos they're coming to get you
When the stars are out there's nowhere to run
You can't hide from the witches of Brecon

She's the Duchess

It's retubution of a spiritual nature
You'd better watch out cos they're coming to get you, woo