

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