

## Witch-hunt

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You seek to blame  
Condemn the name  
Bewitch the masses with your own vain

Without remorse  
you seek the ones  
trespassing lines you don't understand

I am the door to the unknown  
I hear the whispering souls around  
My eyes can see your fear of me  
I am not wondering why you're here

No more pain  
Wrong again and again  
Pride will fall like sounds of misery  
In the hymns that have been heard  
Still today as before  
Write your sins to her core

My gruesome fate  
Axe, rope or flame  
Put me to death  
I'll be born again

No more pain  
Wrong again and again  
Pride will fall like sounds of misery  
In the hymns that have been heard  
Still today as before  
Write your sins to her core