

Witch-hunt

Tarja Turunen

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