

Ashes of the Wicked

The Claymore

This is a story of unholy witchcraft
Superstition was wasting my life
I was born in the year of the black crow
When the witches were haunting the land

Take them to the point of no return
Bleeding out their lives in no man's land

Hear the calling out
Hear the screaming
Alone in the darkness
Awaiting for the end
Hear them calling God
Hear them screaming
Witches are dying
The funeral curse

See the crowd on the foot of the ghost hell
Seven women were caught by the law
Inquisition was raging in darkness
Eye to eye with the nature of death
In the light of the moon
A celebration of unholy madness
See the pain in their eyes
I'm a witness of torture and lies

Take them to the point of no return
Bleeding out their lives in no man's land

Hear the calling out
Hear the screaming
Alone in the darkness
Awaiting for the end
Hear them calling God
Hear them screaming
Witches are dying
The funeral curse