

Witches of Black Magic

Timeless Miracle

Season of the witches they have gathered on the hill
For the kill, for the kill for the rite of sacrifice
In their minds they are right the blood must flow tonight
They believe they'll receive the gift of life itself

Flames are burning high

All are they are servants of the fallen one
He who turned away turned away from light

They are witches, witches of the magic
Witches of black magic

In the darkness there's presence it's a calling and a sign
He is here fell the fear hanging in the air
And the flesh feed the flame so unholy yet divine
And the fire in their eyes slowly fade and die

Flames are burning high

All are here they are servants of the fallen one
He who turned away turned away from light

They are witches, witches of the magic
Witches of black magic

The flames are rising higher up this pagan rite of sacrifice
Makes your blood turn to ice
Their naked body's bathe in blood illuminated by the moon
They know he will come soon

Have you seen the witches dance?
In the night by an open fire
And their bodies move to the fiddle's tune
For a single night each year

All are here they are servants of the fallen one
He who turned away turned away from light

They are witches, witches of the magic
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