

## Inquisition

## Witchery

Burning red of charcoal the roasting place of rest  
Flames are slowly stirring in thiis hideous nest  
Red hot sparkling pokers lay waiting in the heat  
Blackened grid of iron stained with darkened meat

There's a place here for you  
We'd like to question you too  
Welcome in feel at home settle down you'll have to...

Speak your mind tell the truth don't you lie  
The church has the power and a heretic we shall find  
No matter what you think who you are and what you do  
For we will get the answers that we want out of you!

Hooded are the masters of this holy trial  
Pleaded to by many but mercy recievers denial  
Silent, skillful and handy their tread they do respect  
Amongst the questioned thousands the guilty they'll detect