## Inquisition

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