

## Into Purgatory

Witchery

Chased by the hellhounds, the scavengers of death  
This ain't no nightmare, it's the afterlife unblessed  
The winds of the winds of redemption, blow hard of the plains  
Hells burning landscape, lays vast, in flames  
Engulfed in reeking pain, repent  
The bottomless pit of hells domain  
A swarming mass of bodies slain  
I feel the flames so near  
I welcome the pain that rages here  
I have nothing to fear  
Steaming red hot pistons, hells machine at work  
Rusted iron sceptres, impaled the thousands burn  
Dark and dead but glowing, the army of the damned  
Torment the fallen mortals, from this day to the end  
Engulfed in reeking pain, repent  
The bottomless pit of hells domain  
Chased by the hellhounds, hells machine at work  
this ain't no nightmare, impaled the thousands burn  
the winds of redemption, the army of the damned  
hells burning landscape, from this day to the end