

## R.I.P.

### Witchfinder General

The screams and the dreams and the nightmares it seems  
Are from Hell  
Things lurk in the churchyard and rise from the soil  
Those who dwell  
They come from a cult of evil and bad  
No relent  
To search for the body they seek there that night  
Whose consent

Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers  
Messing with the sacred way  
Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers  
Searching out bodies for prey

The corpse it is taken to Satanist's Hill  
For it's fate  
Where hundreds of demons and creatures from Hell  
There do wait  
Its heart does not beat but it's body is given to Hell  
The air it is silent and all that you hear is his bell

Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers  
Lucifer drives in today  
Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers  
Leaving a hole where he lay

With many strange ways here on this earth  
I fear  
For many a soul that rests in the church  
It is clear  
Although they are dead and cannot move  
They can't rest  
For when darkness falls, the snatchers from Hell  
They do quest

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