

# Turning into Red

Wolfchant

Poenam no sentio mortis, poena fuit vita, requies mihi morte parata est

Darker moon and darker night,  
Far away from every light  
Iron claws are holding me,  
The death in flames is mine

I am sitting here alone, tortured and prisoned in my cell  
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Chains binding my hands and feets, I feel I am in hell  
Chains binding my hands and feets, I feel I am in hell

I did never something wrong  
Everyday I prayed to God

Darker moon and darker night,  
Far away from every light  
Iron claws are holding me,  
The death in flames is mine

Live is dark and savage now, they blamed me as a witch  
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Years and years I healed the people, with the help of nature's power  
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I did never something wrong  
Everyday I prayed to God

I remember when I was young and the fields and the trees surrounding me  
As a maid on a farm there was nothing bad and evil for me  
All the terrible thing they said, my skin was burnt with fire  
My life is turning into red, the inquisitions desire

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I have to got to the pyre now, all my bones are broken  
They spite on me - No help no angels here - I cannot flee  
I am confined to a pile - tears of pain running from my eyes  
The flames devour me, my fate is black

My fate is black  
My fate is black

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