

Black Sabbath

Coven

They journeyed far to Brocken Mountain pinnacle.
A gathering of dread, an awesome spectacle.
Each in his hand, a candle of black.
Their faces grave, a deathlike mask.
The prince assumed the person of the goat,
reigning upon his throne distant and far remote.
The cauldrons boiled as the fires burned.
The deep'ning shadows, two figures turned.
Bubbling pots of unguents and potions,
flames revealing the obscene motions.
Old hags murmur in evil ranting!
Voices grow louder and join in the chanting.
Infants' flesh they did offer
for the prince to devour.
Covens join, all combine,
powers strong, thoughts align.
If witchcraft all the fools condemn,
it turns around and crushes them.
When good has been twisted, when good has been killed,
then love is resisted and blood will be spilled.
Accursed ye'll be!
From toes to eyes!
Accursed ye'll be!
Until ye dies!