

1689, Trial of the Witch

Gothic Knights

On mid-fall, to the north, year 1689
Lived a young, strange woman, high upon a hill
Her house, full of mirrors, candles all lit inside
Stairway down to the basement, locked and hidden from sight
But when the children got sick superstitions fly
No clue of the horror to come

Angry mob breaks her door down, smashing all inside
the preacher climbs the stairs down, cringes at what he finds
Pentagram circled by fire, human sacrifice
Caught praying to the other side

Burn the witch, tie her to the pyre, town rages on, cleanse with fire

The wind now rises, thunder cracks the sky
ghost from the fire, fury mirrored in her

The town now flees in terror, preacher is left behind
Falls into the black pit called Hell
Blinded in your dreams, lost souls for me to keep
Laughing in your sleep, can you feel my stare

I will return, one day, you'll see
As a ghost or in the flesh
I will haunt you, I will roam