

Circle of Witches

Grave Digger

The foul smell of evil hangs over the moores
Where in a lonely hut witches dwell.
Repelling creatures ageless feared and fitted
With powers from the depths of hell.
Once a noble man a baron brother of the king himself
Visited the witches on a daark dark night.
He asked assist to gain the throne
He sold his soul to win a fight.
The days getting short and nights getting colder
winter has come, the sun is too weak
The forcees of night are now growing stronger
Searching for souuls for men blind with greed
Three witchees stand in a circle of evil
Tongues speaking words old and unknown
Call for a demon to serve in their daark spell
Fulfill what they owe to get what men own
I'll be king, I want the power, I will change my fate
Magic's on my side foreveer, so the witches say
Time is right to gane the throne, I'll take my brother down
I'll be king to rule the land, yes I'll take the crown

I've lost my soul
I've lost control
To the circle of witches
My life is black
There's no way back
From the circle of witches
circle of witches
circle of witches
circle of witches - never again

Lie in wait, prepared to fight, soon the king must come
Allied with the darkest powers, murder will be done
Loyal soldiers, stand for battle, bliinded are their eyes
Witchcraft takes away their sight, as we take their lives
I look at myself, a mirror of darkness
My mind it is drowned, a dark flood of hate
I owe too much to the powerrrs of evil
I know I'm damned, sealed is my fate
For the gloom og gold and glory, I have sold my soul
Blackened aree the sunny days, the dark side takes control
Hell awaits as nightmares haunt me, demons in my head
Satan waits with patient joy, he'll greet me when I'm dead.