

# Victim Of The Inquisition

Morgana Lefay

Oh, my dear beloved Anne  
I write you in blood  
From my wounded finger nails  
In my cell, in gods hell  
I'm waiting for more torture  
And a certain death - for sure

Through these wet walls of stone  
I can hear their pain-machines  
And the screams from all the dying  
Believe me - I am - innocent I swear  
It's true, but I can't take it any more  
I confess - just to get relieved

They've crushed my kneecaps,  
Fingers and my feet  
Still they drag me down the  
Stairs, so who's satanical  
Many hundred thousand goodnights my love  
Innocent I'll die -  
I'm a victim of the inquisition

Flee from town before it is too late,  
you are no longer safe  
I hope these words,  
will reach you somehow,  
goodnight, farewell my love

They've crushed my kneecaps,  
Fingers and my feet  
Still they drag me down the  
Stairs, so who's satanical?

Many hundred thousands goodnights my love  
Innocent I'll die -  
I'm a victim of the inquisition