

# Witches of Black Magic

## Timeless Miracle

Season of the witches they have gathered on the hill  
For the kill, for the kill for the rite of sacrifice  
In their minds they are right the blood must flow tonight  
They believe they'll receive the gift of life itself

Flames are burning high

All are they are servants of the fallen one  
He who turned away turned away from light

They are witches, witches of the magic  
Witches of black magic

In the darkness there's presence it's a calling and a sign  
He is here fell the fear hanging in the air  
And the flesh feed the flame so unholy yet divine  
And the fire in their eyes slowly fade and die

Flames are burning high

All are here they are servants of the fallen one  
He who turned away turned away from light

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The flames are rising higher up this pagan rite of sacrifice  
Makes your blood turn to ice  
Their naked body's bathe in blood illuminated by the moon  
They know he will come soon

Have you seen the witches dance?  
In the night by an open fire  
And their bodies move to the fiddle's tune  
For a single night each year

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He who turned away turned away from light

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