

The Sorceress

Fates Warning

I search alone, dark the night, deep the
Blackest forest, down the devil's hopyard
On my way from Salem I lit a fire
Magical brimstone sparks ashes from the
Hazel wood
Dancing with the banshee, fire rose up
To the sky.
The dead of night parts the sky, the Salem
Witch
Hunting eyes Malefica spells
She soars the ocean shore of Kildare
Over tombs of the harpy fields
Ride the great beast abandoned girls
Lonely girls ride the great beast
Virginal goddess of Hunt Diana
Through the Brocken Spectre rose a lureing
Angel
Sister of Morgana, forever dressed in black
Journey through the witch trials learned
Of lore
And wives tales
We fathomed the deepest oceans o her
Darkest mind
Searching lands of giants and dragons
Sail the oceans of serpents and krakens
Under ages of dark the Salem witch
Burned beneath mindless torture of men
Through the castles of demons and wizards
Cast to their fate the Moorea the sisters
Two hundred fifty thousand the Salem witch
In the bog of the Witch Meadow run
Malifica revenge plague have begun
Burned alive for a crim never done
Children of the darkness dance on the coven
Of the lost
In blazing pyre suspended in air she
Demands holocaust
She can exorcise with the whites of her eyes
She'll devour your children, in a wink of

An eye, descend from the sky to the
Cauldren of the damned.
Her burning lips urned the infamous kiss
She took me by the hand
In a wink of your eye she ascends to the sky
She unveiled my talisman I'm the
Witch finder general.

Songwriters

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