

# We Are the Witches

## Antichrisis

A gathering at night  
A knock-knock on the door  
Dressed in a red cloak  
Her eyes gleaming with delight  
The moment she's been waiting for  
finally arrived  
Sister's waiting for her  
While the stars are shining brightIncubus and succubus  
The evil foe has cursed on us  
The Demons rise on Hallowmass  
Oh, this devilishness...A plague came over us again  
striking down my fellow-men  
The priest became a scatterbrain  
My word for it, Mister!The churchyard it came tumbling down  
The king of kings: A brainless clown  
The prior stuck in the eiderdown  
and I had to witness!The piper played a dancing tune  
and all came out on Harvest Moon  
Altars staying unillumed  
and women sinister!Now she's awake  
Dancing in the firelight  
The dragon's call resounds  
The serpent's kiss ignites  
The fire of love  
The dawning of a new day  
Oh, sister of the night  
You're the light of the worldSpellbound they're screaming in the street  
How could we fall? Oh, this defeat...  
The ruthless on the losing streak  
We are so wasted!So stupid that we did not see  
How all those things should really be  
The eyesore of humanity  
a flawed mastermind!What once seemed apprehensible  
has turned into dispensible  
because of being nonsensical  
We should have been basted!But now we've come to realize  
the senselessness of alibis  
and squander of self-sacrifice  
so deaf, dull and blind!We are the flow, we are the ebb

We are the weavers, we are the web  
We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the witches back from the deadSee me, I am life  
and it's your birthright  
to walk proud and strong  
Come dance with the tide  
We've been there before  
And we shall return  
for now and evermore  
now and evermore...We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the weavers, we are the web  
We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the witches back from the deadUp on the hill she peers  
down by the sea she waits  
Her sisters gathering by her side  
until disturbance dies  
It was another case of  
self-fulfilling prophecy  
Those faithful believers  
submerging in their agonyDid they really think their deeds  
justified abysmal greed  
ignoring all the human needs  
A ploy of indulgence!Insane with egomania  
vampires from Transylvania  
spiritual pyromania  
ashes to ashes...Obsessed with their morbidity  
the morons of stupidity  
caused nothing but sheer faggery  
A lack of common sense!Their madness turned to matricide  
religious sort of cyanide  
We salute your suicide:  
Your kingdom crashes!We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the weavers, we are the web  
We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the witches back from the deadWe are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the weavers, we are the web  
We are the flow, we are the ebb  
We are the witches back from the dead

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