

# Santa Mira

## Cauldron

Gripping the mask with fear  
A secret you must to share  
Fear that the end is near  
Restless as you dare  
Follow the darkened path  
A lesser travelled way  
Towards eternal wrath  
Desire which they praise(...)Smothering behind the mask  
Choking as you breath  
Turning to a pile of ash  
Certain you can't leave  
Suffocating mask around  
A smothered twisted face  
No escape, forever bound  
To never leave this place  
Santa Mira drowning nearer  
The sign in the mirror  
The face getting clearer  
On Hallows Eve, gather roundGlowing screen which you're bound  
Santa Mira your children are hereLocked in the tracing screen  
The children gather 'round  
Semiconscious structured state  
Which they're forever bound  
Mechanized suits in sight  
Won't let you far tonight  
Someone's got you running  
They won't let this empire fall(Solo)  
An ancient coven dynasty  
The season of the witch is free  
Try to make a run but not too far  
Who would ever want to try  
Or understand the reason why  
They will never let this empire fall(...)Santa Mira drowning nearer  
The sign in the mirror  
The face getting clearer  
On Hallows Eve, gather roundGlowing screen which you're bound  
Santa Mira your children are here  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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