

# Charity Absurd

## Haggard

The murmur grows - until they rage  
It is not a scenery  
At this market-place in middle-ages  
Somebody - in the crowd -  
Speaks a prayer  
Hundred burning torches rise  
In their light appears the silhouette  
Of a mighty Funeral pile  
Headling with some unknown herbs  
- Rising suspicion -  
"Death" - they say -  
"is what she deserves!"  
- An innocent victim -  
"Instruments of torture  
will tell us the truth!"  
And it feels like  
Oooohhh...  
"I'm representing the church  
Somebody said, in you might lurk  
Things - still not seen by human eyes  
Is is dark magic, you are practicing?"  
After there are no tears left  
And they thought, they'd feaced the fact  
"Nothing is as it should be  
You're accused of witchery!"  
"If there is a creator  
If there is a god..  
You will pay for all the dead  
There's punishment above!  
And somebody outside  
this chamber of horror  
Knows my fear, knows my sorrow  
YOU preach, how could I learn?  
'cause in this faith is  
CHARITY ABSURD!"  
After this words wer spoken  
The cowl wants to see her die  
The way to the confessor  
Will it be the last one in her life?

The murmur grows - until they rage  
And somebody speaks a prayer  
A prayer...

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