

# (notes From The Trial Of) La Curandera

## Clutch

Did you not grant quarter to the daemon  
Giving treatment to its wounds?  
And would you not consider it unnatural To be born outside the womb?  
We eagerly await your response  
And your best defense La Curandera is the young girl  
In a linen dress of white  
She dances on black sand in the night  
In her linen dress of white Let us vote to dunk the witch in the river  
Styx and photograph the lye  
So in the shadow of Cerebus her spirit will reside La Curandera is the young girl  
In a linen dress of white  
She dances on black sand in the night  
In her linen dress of white Bird in the fire, mouthful of sand  
King of the Briar, mouthful of sand  
The scale and feather, the lock and key  
The Lord of weather, the beast at peace

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