

Witching Hour

Mayhem

Come hear the moon is calling,
The witching hour draws near,
Come hear the bell is tolling,
Prepare the altar now and hear the virgin cry,
Mortals run in fear,
For now it's the time to die,
All hell breaks loose,
Hold fast the sacrifice, Hell's breaking loose.
Unveil the pentagram,
And feel the demons lust,
Come watch the holy men,
Who look on in disgust,
Look in the sky's and see,
Come taste blood,
And feel the heat of satan's breath,
All hell breaks loose,
Hell's breaking loose,
The warriors of death,
Witching hour. The blood runs fast and free,
Our work is now complete,
And cry's of blasphemy,
And satan takes his bride,
All hell rejoices at the child,
That she will bear,
And satans only son,
Shall be the worlds despair,
All hell breaks loose,
Witching hour. Hell's breaking loose,

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