

# Burn the Witch

## Stone Gods

Holding hands, skipping like a stone  
On our way, to see what we have done  
The first to speak, is the first to lie  
The children cross their hearts and hope to die  
    Bite your tongue  
    Swear to keep your mouth shut  
    Ask yourself, will I burn in Hell  
Then write it down and cast it in the well  
There they are the mob it cries for blood  
    To twist the tale into fire wood  
    Fan the flames with a little lie

Then turn your cheek until the fire dies  
The skin it peels, like the truth away  
What it was, well, I would never say  
    Bite your tongue  
    Swear to keep, keep your mouth shut  
    Make up something  
    Make up something good  
Holding hands, skipping like a stone  
Burn the witch, burn to ash and bone  
Burn the witch, burn to ash and bone  
Burn the witch, burn to ash and bone

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