The Witch Of Berkeley

Inkubus Sukkubus

A woman liked by all who ever knew her
A hedonist who lived life for the day
She fed her soul on feasting and with riches
And feared the day that she would have to payHer raven came, one evening to her table
And warned her soon she'd pay out for her sins
She cried alound, 'My merry days are over'
'For now's the time my troubles shall begin'You can't cheat your day of reckoning
For fate chatches up with you
For this is your day of reckoning nowThe days that came were filled with many sorrows
And soon our witch was taken to her bed
Her children came, a monk and nun to see her
And as she died, they reeled at what she'd saidWithin her tomb, her body wrapped in deer hide
And triple chains to guard her mortal soul
Then demons came and smashed two chains asunder
The third of iron, Old Nick destroyed alone

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