

Call of the Wicked

Stormwitch

Out in the cold, ahead in the dark
A lamp is flickering bright
Hungry and tired you're wandering around
Lonely through the night
Greedy looks cling to your body
Fever's rising in your blood
Call of the Wicked, facing the evil eye
Secret desires, the dreams of the past
Are promised to come true
The touch of the sin is tasting so sweet
Hear it calling you
If you like to play with fire
Never ever get too close
Call of the Wicked . . .

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