

# 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 . . .

Lyrics provided by  
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