Witch Hunt

Kittie

A reign of terror on us
The persecution begins
Hold tight the circle
Working woe at ever chance
This is the end of innocence
Just one against the crowd
One torch to light the way there
One torch to burn it down
Through fire and trial
Confess your sins
The lady burns
And no one wins T
he lady is for burning now
Hold her down
Against her will, against her word
Hold her down
And hope no more
Hold her down
Bring back the heads of sinners
Such witches don't wear crowns
A spectre hides among us
Converge and watch them drown
Through fire and trial
Confess your sins
The lady burns
And no one wins

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