Preacher

Running Wild

Friday night the 13th
At the ruins of a crow
Dark figures come together
For an awful vow
They have sworn to Satan
To celebrate a black mass
Damned rites are prepared
Black angels they blessDemon and devil, the preacher's paroleSnake blood and poison
The cauldron is boiling
To condemn the holy cross
Black rites are soiling
Witches are dancing
Around the altar
Praying to their master
To celebrate the holy warDemon and devil, the preacher's paroleSince million years religion
Keeps knowledge of the dark
The church discloses
Sacred rules to mark
They are full with ignorance
If they don't realize
There's more than they can see
Of religious seizeDemon and devil, the preacher's parole

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