

Don't Burn the Witch

Venom

The witches brew a pot of hate
With lizard, bat and man
With a smile they laugh their spells
And stir with wretched hand Calling demon blasphemy
And Mephistopheles
The tattered figures cackle
As their mortal victims bleed Don't burn the witch
The ways of hHell aren't wrong
Don't burn the witch
Let them brew their song The witches of the blackened arts
Are cunning, cruel and mean
Persecuted by religion
God the man unseen Beastial malevolence
Is chartered in their bones
Leave the unreal house of God
And burn in Hell at home Don't burn the witch
The ways of Hell aren't wrong
Don't burn the witch
Let them brew their song Eye of lizard
Wing of bat
Testical of man
Tongue of eagle
Brain of rat
Jesus Christ's left hand The witches make the voodoo doll
A toy taboo in Heaven
They dance around the Pentagram
In search of rape by Satan Leave the heart and blood of men
In cauldrons laced in sin
Add the arsenic, hemlock, pus
Triumph takes the wings Don't burn the witch
The ways of Hell aren't wrong
Don't burn the witch
Let them brew their song

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