

Heavy Drinker

Witchtrap

Satanic drink. Brothers of hell.
An intense night we wish to live.
Our throats are dry, our hearts are stopped.
We need this liquid in our veins.
Don't want to rest, don't want to sleep.
My body is needed for a hard drink.
Satan's blood is rum and beer,
Whisky and wine the spit of Death. Into the cauldron the brew is ready
To make you lose your mind.
The witching poison is burning red in your eyes.
Don't try to keep you away of the bottle
Of the venom that whispers your name.
In the night, the bottom's up!
Don't leave let's go on the drink. Heavy Drinker
Heavy Drinker
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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