Witchfinder General

Saxon

Send for the General, there's witches to burn
The day of your judgment draws nigh
In torment and torture, the bringer of pain
Disciples of Satan will dieAnd tell me your secrets, bring them to me
Give your confession, your soul will be free
No one is safe from the purging of fire
You'll rue the day that you send for the Witchfinder GeneralAccusing the innocent, prey on the weak
It's not just their souls that you seek
Your friends will not help you, they stand back in fear
Hide when the General is nearTrial is by water, no one can win
Drowned and you're innocent, guilty you swim
The gallows are waiting, they're lighting the fire
There's no release from the monster's desireTell me your secrets, bring them to me
Give your confession, your soul will be free
There's no escape from the purging of fire
You'll rue the day that you send for the Witchfinder General
Witchfinder GeneralSend for the General, there's witches to burn
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