

1642 Imprisonment

King Diamond

Sacrifice, holy rites, secrecy and alter wine
Black candles burning low; to the meetings again they go
Picard can't wait to take away another soul
Oh, it's a shame, Picard was so insane
In the year of 1642, it came to an end
In 1642, imprisonment
Sacrifice, holy rites, secrecy and alter wine
Black death come this way, Father Picard will soon be going
He's ill, so sick, now his meetings are forever over
Oh it's a shame, they went along with his game
In the year of 1642, it came to an end
In 1642, imprisonment
Sacrifice, holy rites, secrecy and alter wine
The nuns can't take her blame
One after one they suffer a breakdown
Confession, confession, they confess to diabolic possession
Oh it's shame, even Madeleine has gone insane
In the year of 1642, Madeline was leaving hell in 1642
She found freedom in her prison cell

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