

Talamasca

Without Face

[XXV. The origin of the Mayfair Witches][By the letters of Petyr Van A., 1638]From that crazy night

I never forget my love

Before he pile of logs,

She stood like unconscious ghost

A last scream from the stake

Her mother was burnt, she heard

The crowd...I took her far away, over the seas,

Far from the fears I thought

But the demon followed

Lover of the witches and their soulsAnd now I had to see her there

On the place she's always feared

The flames waited for her blood

'Cause of her demon's fault..."I've never hurt you, I've never been

The witch you want to burn,

The witch you kill!

Oh, Lasher come,

Show me your love

Give me a vengeance,a great last fight

Show me your power,

To show them mine

Destroy these liars, my untrue sons,

The killer crowd..."

And the storm came, the wind blew blood

Walls fell down on human's flood

Souls got burnt in the flashes of anger

My witch stepped in the tower of the templeThrough her eyes, a world of sorrow

Told me a

Tale of fears and horror

In their hearts, she saw all lies:

Her suffer made the demon awake...I saw her falling, I saw her blood

Flowing out of her scarlet mouth

The storm stopped, the priests stood up

To take her body on the fameing logs

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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