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 vengence,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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