

Council of Ten

Reverend Bizarre

Through the darkness witches fly
although I think I see no broom
Spreading plaque across the sky
their mist is drawing down the moon Council gathers in the hall
to pray before their first trial.
Can you hear the church bell toll?
Or will you cover your ears? Staring with their empty eyes
from the circle witches rise.
Now they learn to live in fear
Flesh will burn
and evil spells are broken again. Everywhere I look it's the same old story
Devil has his cunning ways to lure you
Always choose the right hand turn and honour
Nail the sinners down with your boot on their face Right! Our time will come at the end of the days
We hold the iron cross above the Goat of Mendes
Vision must be served in the old-fashioned way
Brotherhood in red, won't you ride with me?

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