

The Chant of Furies

Mandragora Scream

There's no sacred place
Where you'll be free from danger
There's no special, safe space where you can escape
And there's no secret land where you can hide your soul

For all those senseless and endless evil crimes
For that red, blameless blood you caused to flow
You have slaughtered purity and innocents with your inquisition
s
With all your crusades

Healers, witches, black cats, pagans and herectics
You've killed them in the name of your god

It's time to face the truth

Now, it's time for revenge

Coniurant furiae crinitaque sontibus
Hydris tesiphone quaten infausto lumine pinum
Armato ad cartra vocant pallentia Manes

Tisifone
Megera
Aletto