

Burning Times

Omen

In the year of our lord, 1844
They came with their picks, and their clubs,
And their axes, and swords
Pointing their fingers and casting their stones
Wanting sins of the wicked atoned
In league with the devil accused of their crimes
Persecution in the Burning Times

The darkest days in all of history
Tried before council and forced
To renounce their beliefs
Claims of malice and blamed of heresy
Then tortured, then maimed, some burned, and
Some hung from a tree
The rise of the inquisitors' self-righteousness
To make all the witches confess
The Malleus Maleficarum recited
In the age known as the Burning Times

Seek them out... Hunt them down...
Burn them all, to the ground
Kill the witch... Kill' em all...
This genocide to watch them fall
This is the signs of the Burning times
The flames they rise in these Burning Times

In the year of our lord, 1844
They came with their picks, and their clubs,
And their axes, and swords
The hammer of witches... the shipwreck of souls
Their ashes to ashes... Their flesh in the coals...
The death bell tolls
The darkest days in all of history
Tried before council and forced
To renounce their beliefs
The rise of inquisitors' self righteousnes
To make all the witches confess
In league with the devil accused of the crimes
In the age known as the Burning Times

The Burning Times...