

Mystic Lady

Saint Vitus

Black smoke rising
From the stain of unearthly charred remains
Sweet young maiden
Blond and fair
Was a witch so we burned her there

As she burned she laughed out loud
From the sky fell a bloody shroud
As we gasped and gazed
With astonished eyes
Mystic Lady began to rise

Nothing grows here anymore
We painted crucifixes on our doors
Mystic Lady's spirit lives
We took her life so ours we give