

# Caught in the Witches Eye

The Riot

In the land of the long forgotten  
Where the rivers of tears  
Washes the troubled souls clean  
Lives a gypsy with a wandering spirit  
And the blackest eyes  
This world has ever seen

She stands at the ready  
With the wolves by her side  
She knows to wait long enough  
For my resistance to subside

Caught in the witches eye  
And I'm running out of time  
Hard luck is coming my way  
Cause I'm caught in the witches eye

Now and then she creeps out of the shadows  
When the moon hangs low  
And the harvest is ripe  
There to comfort the weak and downtrodden  
With promises of triumph  
Over every gripe

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