

Priestess

Audience

Bathed in moonlight, devil worshippers chanting
Throughout the night music grew ever haunting
High on her throne, Satan seated beside her
Face cold as stone, Prince of Darkness to guide her

Priestess, priestess
Priestess, priestess
Merciless, Merciless
Murderess, Murderess

Poor helpless child brought unto Devil's daughter
Crowd's eyes went wild, eager to see the torture
Laid at her feet, stretched across marble altar
Ritual complete, drew her sword for the slaughter

The night was plagued by storms
People came in swarms
Trying to keep warm
All to the house of the Overlord

Through the night they came
Came for food and game
The poor, weak, the lame
All to the house of the Overlord

All through the year they would work and they'd sweat
And wait for the time of the year
Wait for the time when the man from the mansion
Would open his house and appear

Wealthy and regal, inviting the people
To sit at the tables and dine
Drinking their health he would serve them himself
With his music, his food and his wine