

# Scarlet Vow

Aviators

Scared off all the townsmen with a question as to why  
We must avoid the night and say a prayer before we die  
"There's structure in tradition" cried the minister with rage  
While burning every book that carries magic on the page  
Said you'd set her right with god and tried to teach her how  
Told her be a good girl well she's stronger than you now  
Casting off the shackles to reject her given name  
The one who burns the witches always ends up in the flame

Lock your doors  
She's coming back to even out the score  
Vengeful spirits do her dark commands  
In the devil's hands  
Now the fire's in her breath  
Scarlet vow  
Taken by the girl who you cast out  
You're not the only one with chants to sing  
Or a prayer to bring  
But her patron saint is death

In the night there's howling but there's silence from the pack  
The cold wind carries something that alludes to an attack  
She's here to light the matches with a new enchanted form  
Taking her own action so the victim is reborn  
Holding out their crosses at the edges of the town  
Believed your faith protected but she's here to burn you down  
Pray your final whispers and reflect upon your guilt  
The monster you created will end everything you've built

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Fire high above her head  
Red magic back again  
When she swore herself to crimson  
It granted righteous scorn  
Wrapped loose in blasphemy  
A tight noose upon your tree  
The blood is spilled as justice  
And a scarlet reign is born

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