

If all your fears I feed
Just let it be a part of my supremacy
This rootwork deep in me
How can I be
The hand of your enemy

Let the churches burn
Let the witches dance
Let the baby's blood
Stain our hands
When the judgement comes
They say I'll be God damned
(Haha)
Well I'll be God damned

Midnight, October 31st
'Round the bonfires we danced
As the dead join in

We shed some innocent blood
With the razor blade pressed tightly
To their skin

Let the churches burn
Let the witches dance
Let the baby's blood
Stain our hands
When the judgement comes
They say I'll be God damned
(Ha ha)
Well I'll be God damned
But we have no need of love
These empty emotions will only fade
We have no need of understanding
Gets lost in the way