Thirteen cultists Held a secret meeting, Bringing powers of the darkness Upon those who opposed them. The cheif of the circle, Known as Malchius Drank the blood of a young baby Offered unto him. They danced ecstatically, The orgied frantically. The demon had arisen From the circle on the floor. The chanting was much louder And more piercing than before. They are seven. They are seven. Seven are they. Out of the abyss they rise, When day sinks into darkness. Seven are they. Coven in charing cross... Coven in charing cross... Soon, a certain family Living in the village, Would die one by one by The curse of the cult. The head of the family, A witchhunter named Mead, Had burned their leadser at the stake; Soon he'd regret his deed. Pain from Devil's we evoke! Thirst and suffer til he'd choked. The magic did take over And the soul did feel the roar. Incantations were much louder And more piercing than before. Born in the bowels of the hills Evil ones, sources of ills. Setters of unseen snares, Death to all pity, all prayers. Male they are not. Female they are not. No wives have they known. No children begot. The fiends they are seven, Disturbers of heaven. They are seven. They are seven. Seven they are. Coven in charing cross... Coven in charing cross...