

It's Your Omen

Crystal Viper

World was slowly drowning
In the heretic's blood, and tears of the witches.
Centuries of terror brought horrible crimes,
Times of shambles...
No chances for people who had rational explanations.
No mercy for those who dared to speak out loud
They meet torturers!

Oh... It's your omen!
Oh... It's your omen!

Before she was born
Her destiny was told and predicted:
To follow a black mark,
And to find a child in the fire!
One day he was a son
Of a brutal and cruel inquisitor,
Now he's a foster-child of the witch
And he will stop the slaughter.

Oh... It's your omen!
Oh... It's your omen!

She devotes her whole life
To teach him the rules of the witchcraft,
How to lead his life in a honorable way of existence.
Torturers, tormentors were kept far from them,
No fear, no dread:
She used her connections to make him a judge,
Right, and fair!

Oh... It's your omen!
Oh... It's your omen!