

# The Witching Hour

Danzig

And the clock strikes one  
A date with the gun  
Yeah the witching hour comes upon  
All the waiting ones

And the hand strikes six  
On the river Styx  
And the witching hour long past dead  
Raise a solemn drink

And the clock strikes eighteen  
And it's nothing like you've ever seen  
'Cause the witching hour's drawing near  
Oh, your darkest fear

And the clock strikes one  
A date with the gun  
Yeah the witching hour comes upon  
All the waiting ones

Morning star light my way  
Blackest light keep me straight  
Candle burn light the skies  
Hear my name, no more hide