

Devils Devils Everywhere!

Helrunar

Her ashes burn our eyes
Bleak lines on solemn faces
Concern'd we are by our necessary deed
Moved by the pathetic begging of the witch.

So cruel our duty, yet so joyful in the Lord!
Alas ye poor sinners there's devils everywhere!

In shades they lurk and on meadows fair.
They may obsess your neighbour, your friend, your lover
For the hearts of the weak are their favour'd lair.

Devils everywhere

In evil eyes they dwell and in women fair
As the Devill is a Spirit and Prince of the ayre
He appeares in many shapes by joyning thickened myst together

And the Devill is cunning.
By drawing out of Teats
He doth really enter the body as reall corporeall substantiall
creature and forceth that Creature to his desired ends
Useth the organs of that body to speake withall
To make his compact up
With his hideous agents
The heretic, the heathen, the witch

His genital is sore and scaly
And his semen cold as ice.
Maybe she was stirred by our painful interrogation.

For God's compassion she yell'd
And lo! How mercyful we were!
The burning flames of the stake
May slacken her torture in hell.

"There is no peace," says the Lord, "for the wicked."
We'll have no peace 'til they are all purged.
"There is no peace," says my God, "to the wicked."
We'll have no peace 'til they all burn.

The wicked are like the troubled sea
Whose waters cast up mire and dirt.
"There is no rest," says the Lord, "for the wicked."
We'll have no peace 'til they are all purged.