

Burning Times

Inkubus Sukkubus

Forget not the days of old
And recall the stories told
Of the burnings and the screams
Do they ever haunt your dreams?

There was a time when freedom died
It was an age of genocide
The Inquisition at the door
The Church of Rome in a holy war

They broke children on the wheel
In the madness of their zeal
In the shadow of their wake
The innocent burning at the stake

[chorus]

Children resist a return to the burning times
People be wise to the power of their lies
Be not fooled as those who were fooled before
Children, oh children, be free, be wild

They came to bring the 'good news'
To burn witches, pagans, Jews
Said they were the Shepherd's sheep
Whipped old women through the streets

Then the turning of the tide
From the truth they could not hide
Now the darkest age has passed
The Goddess has returned at last!