

Witches Sabbath

Nasty Savage

The mist will clear
the witches draw near
for he has come to the sabbath
its a ritual of fright
the candles burn bright
a coven of sin
the witches are dancing
and satan laughs
the orgy begins
take it and reveal, reveal

Sin oh the witches cry
lust
she is cold as ice
sacrifice, the virgin
thrive the jackle reaps
rotten flesh
is there to feast on
they would boast
of their sins

Black masses
at the witches sabbath
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