

Witching Stone

The Black Heart Procession

I could hear a needle drop
I could find the perfect spot
I could see the colors and
explain them all to you
I could see the building storm
Out where the lightning falls
Out in the electric night
through the poppy fields

I can hear the sirens call
Just below the mountain top
Out in the poison fog under the moon
I can see them waiting there
Out on the witching stone
Out in the electric night
through the poppy fields

It's your turn to resist
That's just the way it is
It's your curse to the end
That's just the way it is