## **Ashes of the Wicked**

## The Claymore

This is a story of unholy witchcraft Superstition was wasting my life I was born in the year of the black crow When the witches were haunting the land

Take them to the point of no return Bleeding out their lives in no man's land

Hear the calling out
Hear the screaming
Alone in the darkness
Awaiting for the end
Hear them calling God
Hear them screaming
Witches are dying
The funeral curse

See the crowd on the foot of the ghost hell Seven women were caught by the law Inquisition was raging in darkness Eye to eye with the nature of death In the light of the moon A celebration of unholy madness See the pain in their eyes I'm a witness of torture and lies

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