

Caught in the Witches Eye

The Riot

In the land of the long forgotten
Where the rivers of tears
Washes the troubled souls clean
Lives a gypsy with a wandering spirit
And the blackest eyes
This world has ever seen

She stands at the ready
With the wolves by her side
She knows to wait long enough
For my resistance to subside

Caught in the witches eye
And I'm running out of time
Hard luck is coming my way
Cause I'm caught in the witches eye

Now and then she creeps out of the shadows
When the moon hangs low
And the harvest is ripe
There to comfort the weak and downtrodden
With promises of triumph
Over every gripe

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