

Chylde Of Fire

Witchcraft

I was born past midnight
'Neath the gloom of the darkest moon
My mother was a burning witch
And my father was a preacher

From that night on I lived in
The shadow of my elder's deeds
I was the son of rape
And the spawn of preacher's lost faith

Dear mother, dear father
I didn't ask to be born
Why did you let me leave
When you didn't care at all

My life here on earth troubled already from the day of my birth
Heaven turns to hell at the chime of the witches' bell