

## 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