

# Free Country

Witchcraft

It's a free country  
Oh, you are free to roam  
If you believe in nothing  
Then nowhere is your home

I'm alone in this prison  
Hey, no one has the key  
The snow so stark it glistens  
On the Sunday trees

By now you're probably tired  
Of listening to my requiem  
But sadness has a way  
To give way to happiness