

## Her Sisters They Were Weak

Witchcraft

here once was a king  
Who lived a palace uphill  
He had three wonderful daughters  
They had no free will

The king sold his soul  
To the devil yes indeed  
In return he was promised  
Wealth and life eternally

The devil came riding one day  
Upon his blackened horse  
The princesses was his aim  
They were destined to run his course

One of the girls were tall  
More beautiful than blue skies  
Her hair was colored bright  
And she had white marble eyes

She will die

Sung backwards:  
(Her sisters they were weak  
They fell for the devil's charms  
Mesmerizing eyes  
They went right into his arms  
Afraid to look around  
The bright girl ran away  
One last glance  
And she saw her sisters pray.)

The king he sat alone  
And listened to the sound  
He rest upon his throne  
While the palace sank underground