

## Lavey-athan

### Witchery

Freeze in the stare of the cold, full moon  
And burn in the glare of the judging sun  
Spill the blood down the serpent's stairs  
You'll never be free until you break away

No streets of gold with the Lavey-athan  
No pearly gates with the Lavey-athan

Slit the throat of the offering lamb  
And hang the thralls from the holy branch  
Congregate in the circle of stone  
But you're just a piece of shit seen from the holy throne

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Bow to your genetic needs  
Revel in the comfort of a prophecy  
Surrender reason for dependency  
Nurse at the bosom of divinity

Shrouded in the clouds or in the heavens above  
Dwelling in the deep or on a mountain top  
Ambiguous writings lead the thousands by the hand  
Get your sense of purpose from the clergy man

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