

Piledriver, Witch Hunt

We're hungry wolves stealing the night witchkilling keeps us alive
We're searching for her, we're hunting for her she's taking us for a ride

We're chasing her till the end we've gotta kill this deadly sin
Running through the woods, searching every house
We'll find her, she can't hide

Witch hunt, I'm going on a witch hunt

She can kill you, she can hypnotize so never look her in the eyes
She's a fearful one, she's the devil's friend you can see why she must die
She's cornered up against a wall we trap her and she tries to shout
Setting up a fire, she's been roped and tied for her there's no way out

I, the Pile Driver, High Priest of the Metal Inquisition, find you
guilty as charged for crimes of sorcery and witchcraft. I sentence you
now to be burnt at the stake. May your body and soul burn in hell and
may the devil himself crawl from the bowels of hell to claim you as his
humble servant... Burn!

We're watching that witch burn up we're roasting her on the stake
There's a foul smell and it's in the air she's gotta burn, she's gotta bake
Hunting is our way of life we've got a hungry appetite
Tie her up and burn her soul for her it's just an endless fight