

# Seven Witches, Witching Hour

Born on the darkest night of evil scenery  
Torn from the womb of a bitch of blackened witchery  
Bottled souls will smash to bits in this magic celebration  
Cauldrons boil with the stench of flesh in this evil night's  
creation

And you shall take my hand  
I'll lead your through the land  
Soon it shall come to be  
You'll be one with me

Into the dark abyss I'll lead your timid soul  
You will be shown the way into our wicked home  
The darkened woods are alive with chants as  
you join the celebration  
Join hands with the coven now and begin evisceration

Fear the Witching Hour - The 13th Hour!  
Fear the Witching Hour - the darkest hour!

When you look in my eyes - what do you see?  
Can you dispel the lies, it will set you free