

Doctor Butcher, Season Of The Wiche

Listen to me I'll tell you something that you may not want to hear
I know about those games you plan, I know about your fear
Live alone, better lock your door, gonna come for you, what you wanna do
I know these things that noone knows

(Chorus:)

Burn in the night, hands held to the sky
Breathing like a dog in the season of the witch
Burn in the night, hands held to the sky
Breathing like a dog in the season of the witch

I just know your souls too cold to love
I search for ways to see inside your world
Live alone, better lock your door, gonna come for you, what you wanna do
I don't give a shit anymore

(Chorus)

(Solo)

(Chorus)

Lost inside your sorrow
Lost inside your sorrow