

# Haggard, Charity Absurd

The murmur grows - until they rage  
It is not a scenery  
At this market-place in middle-ages  
Somebody - in the crowd -  
Speaks a prayer  
Hundred burning torches rise  
In their light appears the silhouette  
Of a mighty FUNeral pile

Headling with some unknown herbs  
- Rising suspicion -  
&quot;Death&quot; - they say -  
&quot;is what she deserves!&quot;  
- An innocent victim -  
&quot;Instruments of torture  
will tell us the truth!&quot;  
And it feels like  
Oooohhh...

&quot;I'm representing the church  
Somebody said, in you might lurk  
Things - still not seen by human eyes  
Is is dark magic, you are practicing?&quot;

After there are no tears left  
And they thought, they'd feaced the fact  
&quot;Nothing is as it should be  
You're accused of witchery!&quot;

&quot;If there is a creator  
If there is a god...  
You will pay for all the dead  
There's punishment above!  
And somebody outside  
this chamber of horror

Knows my fear, knows my sorrow  
YOU preach, how could I learn?  
'cause in this faith is  
CHARITY ABSURD!&quot;

After this words wer spoken  
The cowd wants to see her die  
The way to the confessor  
Will it be the last one in her life?

The murmur grows - until they rage  
And somebody speaks a prayer  
A prayer...