

# Josh Woodward, Gallows Hill

The streets of Salem were a terrifying sight  
The witches dancing with the demons in the night  
Their evil minions watch the town as it's in bed  
They wish 'em dead, with 'em dead, wish 'em dead  
Old Rev. Parris knew that something was amiss  
He felt the evil from a spiritual abyss  
He knew the time had come to purify the town  
Hunt 'em down, hunt 'em down, hunt 'em down  
No time was wasted in assembling a squad  
This pitchfork army on a mission sent from God  
No witch was safe from Rev. Parris' brigade  
Their crusade, their crusade, their crusade  
"Call the magistrate and don't you wait another minute cuz this  
Town is going to hell we don't put away the sinnin' and..  
We got no time to let a jury have their turn  
Let 'em burn, let 'em burn, let 'em burn"  
The damned were crammed into a carriage in the square  
Their faces battered and their bodies all were bare  
The Reverend brought 'em to an isolated hill  
Time to kill, time to kill, time to kill  
One by one their necks were snapped beneath the cedar tree  
The spirits vanished and the demons all were freed  
They dug a hole to hold their devilish remains  
They were slain, they were slain, they were slain  
The town was safe from all these wicked dissidents  
They could continue with their life of innocence  
Dispensing justice from a higher power..  
They built a church atop the spirits and the bones  
Their moans were heard as they were laying down the stones  
The witches got revenge beneath that steeple bell  
They cast a spell, sent the Reverend to hell