

# Kittie, Witch Hunt

A reign of terror on us  
The persecution begins  
Hold tight the circle  
Working woe at ever chance  
This is the end of innocence  
Just one against the crowd  
One torch to light the way there  
One torch to burn it down  
Through fire and trial  
Confess your sins  
The lady burns  
And no one wins  
The lady is for burning now  
Hold her down  
Against her will, against her word  
Hold her down  
And hope no more  
Hold her down  
Bring back the heads of sinners  
Such witches don't wear crowns  
A spectre hides among us  
Converge and watch them drown  
Through fire and trial  
Confess your sins  
The lady burns  
And no one wins