

# Onslaught, Witch Hunt

The sound of horses riding by  
The riders fists raised to the sky  
Burning torches the flames of death  
The suspects being put to the test

In a different time religion's the same  
The witch hunt is on as God's evil reigns

A pretty maid destined to die  
Lord's servants death in disguise  
The evil spirit must be cleansed  
In the name of God they're claiming revenge

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The morning skies they turn to night  
The maiden she's lost her fight  
Chilling screams as she burns alive  
The christians ride home satisfied

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Many years have now gone by  
The slayers, the christian pride  
The bible remains to cleanse the land  
But Satan still has the upper hand

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