

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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