## Saxon, Witchfinder General

Send for the General, there's witches to burn The day of your judgment draws nigh In torment and torture, the bringer of pain Disciples of Satan will die

And tell me your secrets, bring them to me Give your confession - your soul will be free No one is safe from the purging of fire You'll rue the day that you.. send for the Witchfinder General!

Accusing the innocent, prey on the weak It's not just their souls that you seek Your friends will not help you, they stand back in fear Hide when the General is near

Trial is by water; no one can win Drowned and you're innocent, guilty you swim The gallows are waiting, they're lighting the fire There's no release from the monster's desire

Tell me your secrets, bring them to me Give your confession - your soul will be free There's no escape from the purging of fire You'll rue the day that you.. send for the Witchfinder General!

(Confess... Confess... Confess!)

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