

Witchfinder General, R.I.P.

The screams and the dreams and the nightmares it seems
Are from Hell
Things lurk in the churchyard and rise from the soil
Those who dwell
They come from a cult of evil and bad
No relent
To search for the body they seek there that night
Whose consent

Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers
Messing with the sacred way
Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers
Searching out bodies for prey

The corpse it is taken to Satanist's Hill
For its fate
Where hundreds of demons and creatures from Hell
There do wait
Its heart does not beat but its body is given to Hell
The air it is silent and all that you hear is his bell

Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers
Lucifer drives in today
Grave snatchers, church gate-crashers
Leaving a hole where he lay

With many strange ways here on this earth
I fear
For many a soul that rests in the church
It is clear
Although they are dead and cannot move
They can't rest
For when darkness falls, the snatchers from Hell
They do quest

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