

Witchfinder General, Witchfinder General

I'm coming to find you
I'm coming to get you
I'm coming to take you away
You witches are evil
You worship the devil
So listen to what I say
Come peacefully from out of your huts
Or I'll have you witches prey
I want destroy you
Must play and toy you
And watch you wither away

Who's coming to get you
I'm coming to take you away
Find you guilty witch woman
'Cos I am the Witchfinder General

The trial's begun and people come
>From many towns around
I find them guilty just to please me
And feed them to a hound
I bite their brains and cut their veins
Strike them to the ground
Insult their bodies till they're dead
Let the soil be their surround

Who's coming to get you. . .

He picks us up, he knocks us down
He says he hates our slang
He plays with us like pawns in chess
Come on let's get a gang
If your girl is tight, he'll take a bite
Say witch with evil mange
So if you've hope, let's grab a rope
And watch that bastard hang

So you think you can beat me
Hang me completely
You should know better than that
I'll take your wenches
Tie them on benches
Feed them to a rat
So if you try me
Even deny me
I'll beat you, you're a pratt

So come on folks
Don't try provoke
'Cos to me you're a fragile gnat

'Cos I'm the Witchfinder General