

[XXV. The origin of the Mayfair Witches]

[By the letters of Petyr Van A., 1638]

From that crazy night  
I never forget my love  
Before he pile of logs,  
She stood like unconscious ghost  
A last scream from the stake  
Her mother was burnt, she heard  
The crowd...

I took her far away, over the seas,  
Far from the fears I thought  
But the demon followed  
Lover of the witches and their souls

And now I had to see her there  
On the place she's always feared  
The flames waited for her blood  
'Cause of her demon's fault...

"I've never hurt you, I've never been  
The witch you want to burn,  
The witch you kill!  
Oh, Lasher come,  
Show me your love  
Give me a vengeance, a great last fight  
Show me your power,  
To show them mine  
Destroy these liars, my untrue sons,  
The killer crowd..."  
And the storm came, the wind blew blood  
Walls fell down on human's flood  
Souls got burnt in the flashes of anger  
My witch stepped in the tower of the temple

Through her eyes, a world of sorrow  
Told me a  
Tale of fears and horror  
In their hearts, she saw all lies:  
Her suffer made the demon awake...

I saw her falling, I saw her blood  
Flowing out of her scarlet mouth  
The storm stopped, the priests stood up  
To take her body on the fameing logs