

Holy Grove, Huntress

For a woman she's got the damndest needs
In you she'll confide
Her laundry list of evil deeds
The more than happy to abide

For her disease is burning straight through you
A hole so black it'll take your soul
And never give it back

The type of lady's got some dangerous charm
She's always looking for the kill
She makes time stop with a twist of her arm
She'll make you bend to her will

For her disease is burning straight through you
What huntress sees it's not meant for you
With your broken love and sunken eyes
It won't take you long to realize

Meet her at the altar in you desperate state
Meet her at the altar and seal your fate
Beg her to open up those wicked gates
Kneel down at the altar and commiserate