Onslaught, Witch Hunt

The sound of horses riding by The riders fists raised to the sky Burning torches the flames of death The suspects being put to the test

In a different time religion's the same The witch hunt is on as God's evil reigns

A pretty maid destined to die Lord's servants death in disguise The evil spirit must be cleansed In the name of God they're claiming revenge

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The morning skies they turn to night The maiden she's lost her fight Chilling screams as she burns alive The christians ride home satisfied

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Many years have now gone by The slayers, the christian pride The bible remains to cleanse the land But Satan still has the upper hand

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