

Venom, Suffer Not The Children

Gather round o young ones
Listen to the night
Loud as Hell and black as death
Only men take fright
Sit around my flame bright
Warm your bones and hear
Virgins die and demons cry
Throw away your fears

Suffer not the children

Sleep tight our fathers
Guard our mothers well
Vampires and werewolves
Erupt your dreams our spell
The evening sabbat song
A Longing to be free
Lost children wander waiting
Barefoot in the sea

Suffer not the children

Suffer not the children
Or be deemed a damned disgrace
Blessed be the wench
To which delivers in his grace

Gather around my young ones
We can go away
I'll guide you in the night
Follow me

Tonight we'll find a path
The Hell born sinners trail
Beware! None shall stop us
Innocence guards our way
The amulets of kings
Our voodoo games
We know but never tell
Of our infernal names

Suffer not the children