

BEGGING FOR MERCY, I'M DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS
ROPE ON MY HANDS, CHAINS ON MY FEET
THE SHACKLES THAT BIND ME CUT INTO MY SKIN
I FACE MY ACCUSERS, MY TRIAL BEGINS

IN ALL THEIR GLORY, THEY STAND BEFORE ME
AND CRY "THE SINNER MUST DIE!"

I CAST A FEW SPELLS AND I MADE A FEW CHARMS
I DID THEM NO EVIL, I MEANT THEM NO HARM
AND NOW THEY ACCUSE ME, THE WHOLE OF THE TOWN
A CURSE BE UPON THEM AND STRIKE THEM ALL DOWN!

IN ALL THEIR GLORY, THEY STAND BEFORE ME
AND CRY "THE SINNER MUST DIE!"

SAY WHAT YOU WILL, I'M IN FOR THE KILL, I'M THE SINNER
YOU'RE MAKING MY DAY, NOW KNEEL DOWN AND PRAY FOR THE SINNER