

The Hanging Tree

Fire Assassins

Passing through the arms of satan
Reaching for the hands of god
Robbing every mind for wisdom
Running so he won't get caught
He's outlawed by majority
Been branded all his life
Some say that he's a sinner man
As he rides from day to nightHe's a bad man, so they say
Living for his love and living free
Riding swift and secretly
So he'll miss the hanging tree
Wounded spirit on the wind
Riding to his dream and destinyHe's laughing at the wanted posters
Calling for his friends to see
Laughing aloud as he rides away
Kicking up the dust with speed
Time hands him down a pathway
And freedom is a horse he rides
Glory is a dream he's after
And fortune is his heart's delightRiding swift and secretly
So he'll miss the hanging tree
Wounded spirit on the wind
Riding to his dream and destiny

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