

Buzzards (Acoustic)

The Sword

He is a deadly and desperate man.

On the run with gun in hand.

Fleeing from a hangmans noose.

An outlaw with nothing to lose. A pack of wolves surrounds its prey.

A mighty beast is brought to bay.

The smell of blood is in the air.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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