Death Row

Shakhan

A gap in iron bars lets a beam of light hit the ground.
Hes in prison in this dusty out back western town.
They know he shot a man, shot him in the head.
Laying in that pool of blood stone dead.Yes he can hear a knocking as the gallows go up out side.
Tomorrow hes going to have to surely die.
The gallows silhouetted by a blazing sun.
His days on this earth are how just one.On bended knees he reaches for the mysterious G-d of love.
In the night G-d heard him calling him up above.
He wakes up on the floor by the rattle of keys.
Now the time has come and deaths at the door.Now he is lead to slaughter his hands and feet are in chains.
Yet he knows hes going to ride again on the plains.
The light fades from his eyes while the sun does rise.
Ive just seen a wise man turn to the light.

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