To the Gallows

Kalmah

Waken by the scream of a buzzard
Sending cold shivers down his back

Now across the barren desert gallops a horse
The only thing alive maintaining hope
soon the steps will slow and horse ends up dead
The riderÂ´s hope now gone too tired to resist

The bonfires behind his back
The chasers wait for their last attack
The long arm of law has reached him
This time he cannot fight back

Now walking in procession hands around his back
Surrounded by the people who only want him dead
In his eyes the look reminds heÂ´s not ready to tap
Yesterday a hero now a victim of combat
In JudgeÂ´s eyes the look - youÂ´re mine

To the gallows
Says the voice through the white hood
To the rope
Shouts the crowd around the dark hill

Now climbing the stairs with distress
Cannot feel hunger or fear of death
Defiance in his face he is standing
In front of the law he resisted

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