To the Gallows

Kalmah

Waken by the scream of a buzzard
Sending cold shivers down his backNow across the barren desert gallops a horse
The only thing alive maintaining hope
soon the steps will slow and horse ends up dead
The rider's hope now gone too tired to resistThe bonfires behind his back
The chasers wait for their last attack
The long arm of law has reached him
This time he cannot fight backNow walking in procession hands around his back
Surrounded by the people who only want him dead
In his eyes the look reminds he's not ready to tap
Yesterday a hero now a victim of combat
In Judge's eyes the look - you're mineTo the gallows
Says the voice through the white hood
To the rope
Shouts the crowd around the dark hillNow 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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