

# The Executioner's Song

[Racer X](#)

[Jeff Martin, Paul Gilbert, Scott Travis] Reads a note lying on his desk  
But the words already smear the morning press  
Tell him that he's got a job to do  
A lethal dose that he'll be giving you  
Should have run when you heard the screams  
Now it's all one big bad dream  
Hang your head sadly, do his job gladly  
Sing out, here comes the preacher  
And a tune to greet ya  
The executioner's song Gotta judgment seat awaitin' here  
Life is flashin' cold and crystal clear  
Metal halo custom made for you  
A bolt a power to your maker  
You'll be pushed on through A sweet and sickly distant melody  
There ain't a whole lot of time to be Going down badly, slowly and medly  
Sing out, here comes the preacher  
And a tune to greet ya  
The executioner's song  
Cry out, your maker gonna meet ya  
He'll be there to seat ya  
The executioner's song rolls on A sweet and sickly distant melody  
There ain't a whole lot of time to be  
Dead man walk sadly  
Boldly and madly Your time has come  
Your shadow runs into another  
Dark silhouetted  
Feels no regret, yeah Sing out here comes the preacher  
And a tune to greet ya  
The executioner's song  
Cry out your make gonna greet ya  
He'll be their to seat ya  
The executioner's song rolls on

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