The Legend

Muskee Gang

As I gaze from my tower, I can see him
Lurking, watching
Flickering in the gloom-light of funeral pyresImmortal spectre, waiting in the shadows
For his time to emerge and close my eyes forever
Who is this figure, shrouded in the veil of death?
Why does he seek me
To inflict his curse upon my head?From beyond the realm of man
He speaks with words like thunder
Casting condemnation upon my wounded soul
No more to breathe the air, to feel the warmth of summer
As I start to slip away
I know my time has come

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