

The Hangman's Body Count

Volbeat

Hear his boots and see the figure passing by
Echoes of him have been heard
Spiritually he is all intact
Die upon the ravens, it's what his eyes don't see
Hear him drag the rope that goes up to the hangman's tree
The wind calls your name, get out of your bed
Go on out to the hills, the wind will lead
Just when we prevail, the hangman is here
I welcome the rain and as you walk the final top
They will start to dark my past, nothing counting in this world
See the valley turn to darkness on your way
The only friend you have is dangling at the gallows end
The wind calls your name, get out of your bed
Go on out to the hills, the wind will lead
Just when we prevail, the hangman is here
So put on your robe, you knew the day was coming
Say your prayer once more
You're part of the hangman's body count
Hear his boots and see the figure passing by
Echoes of him have been heard
Spiritually he is all intact
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