

# 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 treeThe 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 hereI 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 endThe 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 hereSo put on your robe, you knew the day was coming  
Say your prayer once more  
You're part of the hangman's body countHear his boots and see the figure passing by  
Echoes of him have been heard  
Spiritually he is all intactThe 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 herePut on your robe, you knew the day was coming  
Say your prayer once more  
You're part of the hangman's body count

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