Last Rites

Morgana Lefay

He lies awake with his eyes closed
As he thinks of eternity
The last meal served on silver plates
Left a taste of cold steel
His memories haunt him
Though what's past is so far away
He's drowning in fear of death
But does anyone give a damned
First light of the morning
Will witness his fall
At the end of a rope he'll hang
Feeding the crows
As he walks to the gallows pole
The priest reads his last rites
Twelve feet to the ground
Then there's just six more to god
First light of the morning
Will witness his fall
At the end of a rope he'll hang
Feeding the crows
From the end of the gallow
To the land of the dead
He has joined with the hallowed
In the land of the dead
From the end of the gallow
To the land of the dead
He has joined with the hallowed
In the land of the dead
From the end of the gallow
To the land of the dead
He has joined with the hallowed
In the land of the dead

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