Hang Him Higher (First Instrumental)

:Wumpscut:

The breed is dead our children
They were our last resort
To keep the tribe alive with
At least just a final tort
With all his evil anger
He came to take their souls
Some hang on gallows bleeding
Some lie in burning holesWe want we want we want him
We came to hang him higherWe know who he was
We know where he lives
We know how to treat him
Our folk never forgivesHere we stand
And found him resting
Out of danger at least he thinks
And he will pay his debt now
Grim Reaper already winksWe came to hang him higher
We want we want we want himWe came to hang him higher
We want to see him payFor all the things he did
We want to see him hang
Right here in our midWe came to see him dead

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