At Dawn

Galt Aureus

Madame, take leave, retire straight away,
For monsieur has begged a word with fate,
where I'll take aim, and he'll fire late,
And I will oblige this fervent wish of his to die.

At dawn, let honor be our law,
At dawn, you'll find I have no need for words at all,
At dawn, on the outskirts of town,
At dawn, where two have met, one remains in ground-
At dawn.

His glove is thrown, so I'll sheath in him a bullet home,
Fetch my pistols now, then leave us quite alone,
The carriage is ready, monsieur, to take us to the site,
Where I will release you from the burdens of this life.

I'll take aim, shoot straight,
And take your breath away: at dawn.

Lyrics submitted by Cadi.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/