

The Fortune

Angel

Empty are the castle grounds when dusk arrives,
Silence echoes loudly, for three lives here.
Seagull, flying high above the open sky,
Flying high and free, past each wistful eye.

I brush my arms and legs,
I smash my withered face,
To show them I'm with no disgrace.
Deep in a padded cell,
They've locked me in this hell,
'Till dawn will ring the hangman's bell.

Burning are the hours left for me to share,
A cold and icy stare is all I bare.
Marching to my death, they'll hang me till I die.
Still I know I'll find where my fortune lies.

Voices in the air,
Leave me with a dream.
Crying of despair,
Can't you hear me scream?
Soon I'll say no more,
Only one last sigh,
As they pull the door,
There my fortune lies.

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