

Jesse James

Spellblast

A nation set on fire
A war that has been lost
Months spent with bushwhackers,
Had forged your skills

From Confederate fighter
To heroic outlaw
The speed of the thunder
The eyes of the hawk

Icon of the rebels' grudge,
Punisher of the Union
Your peacemaker deal death
To those who stand against you

Like a modern Robin Hood
Crusader without bless
Heal with your bullets
The wounded heart of the South

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The ecstasy of gold
Runs through your veins
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Your legend has been carved
In gold and blood.

While the whip was painting
Scars of hate on your skin
The tears of your mother
Were falling harsh

Chased by the Union army,
Threatened by the Pinkertons
Your run had found an end
From a cheap shot

Icon of the rebels' grudge
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Striking like a storm
A thunder in the rain
Gazes of marvel follow
Your fleeting shadow

Hunted by the best ones
On barren lands you sleep
Gunshots in the distance
Then ride into the sunset
Ride!

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