

# Wyatt Earp

## Spellblast

It was the second half  
Of the nineteenth century  
The old West story was written  
With pickaxe and guns.  
Three brothers born under  
The star of the law, a shiny one

Scene of this battle  
Was a town named Tombstone  
Silver and lead were pulled  
Out with profusion  
The first came from veins,  
While the other one from corpses

Upright into the gunfights  
Gunpowder fills the air  
Bold and without mercy  
The deadly arm of the law

The sun was shining high  
In the sky that afternoon  
Dressed in black  
Four men walked down the road  
Not a single sound came from the streets,  
The calm before the storm

Thirty gunshots  
Shook down the Ok Corral  
Thirty seconds  
To reap their sinner's souls  
The scum from Arizona  
Has been swept out  
From Cochise county

Upright into the gunfights

The doctor at his side  
A brother to avenge  
The last charge  
Of Wyatt's Immortals

With fire in their eyes  
And thunder in their hands  
The last charge  
Of Wyatt's Immortals