

Tyburn Field

Brodequin

A voice of foul festivity hangs in the air devouring the squire
s of mercy
Trembling near the gibbet gathering in the shadow of the gallow
s a stifling
Silence overcomes the crowd as the deadman makes his first appe
arance on the scene

Roars of support for the king demanding revenge on the traitor
death is what
They need to satisfy their hunger noose placed slowly around th
e throat a final
Gaze moves across the crowd

Forty thousand strong all anxious for the drop rows of corpses
fill the elm
Trees where they will remain for months