Against a Crooked Sky

Ghoultown

nightfall hit us hard and the darkness complete
we were ridin through the valley of death
we were three men strong from the town of Abilene
the smell of whiskey on our breath

the first man was a con who had cheated all his life
the second was a fiend of no repent
the third man was I who would murder for a price
a trio you could bet was devil sent

chorus:
we were bound for somewhere new
to steal more lives
riding on the midnight wind
against a crooked sky

as we rode on through, the moonlight crept above
nocturnal eyes watched all around
we never rested once, we had no time to waste
on the wings of greed we were bound

we laughed as we went, all the hell that we'd wrought
on all those who got in our way
not one hour before, we snuffed another life
the blood still fresh upon our blades

the wind came from the west, it whipped from side to side
a cloud of dust erupted to stop us in our tracks
for a moment we were blind from the grit in our eyes
but slowly it cleared as laughter filled the sky

and there before us stood a posse bathed in black
their steeds nothing more than rotted bone
their gaze was all afire and razor whips they cracked
to shred the skin upon our backs

one of them spoke with the gravel in his voice
[your reign of evil is done]
[you may ride a crooked sky but death does too]
[the blood on your hands is your own]

we were bound for somewhere new, condemned to ride
forever in the afterlife against a crooked sky