

Duél

Jinjer

In the winter's icy grip
Where the snowflakes gently slip
A duel unfolds, a code of honour they abide.
Two strangers face to face, a match of two collide.
Revenge seeks solace, to the barrier they stride

Pistols poised, a defenceless target in sight.
Conor men whisper setting point of honour right.
A banned practice, a distance of ten steps away
Where hardly ever one's aim goes astray

Barrel to barrel. Pick a side.

Pistols poised. Barrel to barrel, the luck's on the winner's side
A life-threatening dance where reputations ride.
Place your bets, place your bets!
To win or to lose is in the duels embrace.

My excuse is to define the truth
In the battle between me and you
Reconciliation seems nothing but a dream
As we step to the fore in the winter's gleam.

Pick a side, pick a side
the stakes are high, stakes are high
In the tarnished snow a dead honour will lie
The bloodier the better I say
And to the last blood I am gonna stand.

Amidst the smoke and cries of pain
A moment of doubt, a chance to reclaim.
There's no way to hide, the wounds run deep and wide
The choice to heal or let revenge reside.

No painkillers I need.
I deserved it all indeed.
Though I'm down on my knees
I have battled my old me.