Hadlock

Knights Of The Abyss

Your lifeless body hangs above the gallows
Above the greatest fire your life hangs in the balance
Your audience waits anxiously as the noose tears away at your neck
Your spilled blood is measured in gallons as the masses pierce you with hatred
I will not give you mercy
Your exhausted muscles give way to my knife which stands as great marker of justice
Your dismembered limbs and mangled remains hang before you
You will have no proper burial
Your life will be erased
Your pain excites the crowd as your motionless flesh falls to your bloodied feet
As death comes over your helpless body you begin to protest and I halt your speech
I am your executioner
I am your executioner and you will kneel before me

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