

Death is callous, strange and sudden  
A pious, indignant, drooling glutton  
Whose hands are soft, warm, inviting  
Whose desperate advances seem useless fighting  
Whose ragged tooth should rip through flesh  
Which marinates in rancid breath  
How quick one turns to a violent death  
When cowardice remains where courage left  
No guiding light to lead the way  
Just rot declining to decay

The would-be hangman hangs its head  
To find its victim not quite dead  
But rising now from beneath the gallows  
A driving force cuts through the shadows

Strike from the heart, cut to the quick  
With no remorse it's politic  
With crippling blows to the body and head  
Drip by drip until it's finally bled out

One moment defines a lifetime  
No one recalls the crawl or the climb  
Or the trembling legs that take the first two steps  
Or the moment the lungs decide to take breath

The darkness comes to life  
Underneath its cloak beat the blood red eyes  
Whose haunting stare leaves one paralyzed

This is the nightmare from which one never awakes  
Laughing at the feeble whose whole body shakes  
Who pounce upon the weakness and the past mistakes  
Whose hands grip the heart and cause the heartbreak  
So strike from the heart, cut to core  
Leave only the sinew washed up on the shore  
Sever the head of the beast with the crown  
Never back down  
(Back down)  
Never back down

And as the light breaks through the darkest night  
It finds the victor dressed in white  
Rising now from beneath the gallows  
A driving force cuts through the shadows