

Under the Guillotine

Sinister

Night is over
Now it's dawn
Your final day
Has begun
Hear the steps
On the floor
Hear the sounds
Of the opened door

Too proud to scream
Too proud to beg for mercy
You will die by the executioner's hand

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Tears are running
Down your cheeks
As you see
The axe of death
You were a prisoner
Didn't care about the rules
Now it's time
To pay for the fools

Too proud to scream
Too proud to beg for mercy
You will die by the executioner's hand

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