

Wyatt Earp

Spellblast

It was the second half
Of the nineteenth century
The old West story was written
With pickaxe and guns.
Three brothers born under
The star of the law, a shiny one

Scene of this battle
Was a town named Tombstone
Silver and lead were pulled
Out with profusion
The first came from veins,
While the other one from corpses

Upright into the gunfights
Gunpowder fills the air
Bold and without mercy
The deadly arm of the law

The sun was shining high
In the sky that afternoon
Dressed in black
Four men walked down the road
Not a single sound came from the streets,
The calm before the storm

Thirty gunshots
Shook down the Ok Corral
Thirty seconds
To reap their sinner's souls
The scum from Arizona
Has been swept out
From Cochise county

Upright into the gunfights

The doctor at his side
A brother to avenge
The last charge
Of Wyatt's Immortals

With fire in their eyes
And thunder in their hands
The last charge
Of Wyatt's Immortals