

High Noon

Testament

High noon, death soon

High noon, death soon
Drinking his whiskey in a dirty saloon
Last breath, a duel to the death
See who is faster, the ultimate test

He swings open the door
Another challenge unfolds
One more notch on his gun
The life that a gunslinger lives

Night heat, blood on the street
Another poor victim who reached for his piece
Death toll, sound of the bell
Pulling the trigger
The tower strikes twelve

He swings open the door
Another challenge unfolds
One more notch on his gun
The life that a gunslinger lives

Thoughts of a funeral pyre

Bullets ring, let them fly
Bullets ring
Bullets ring, people die
Bullets ring

How much more can he take
He gets drunk as he wallows
Wallows
Will he ever succumb to his fate
The next gunslinger's faster
Faster
Who is faster
Faster
Faster than me
There is always one faster
Faster
The one he can't beat

East, west, they challenge the best
The bounty gets paid with a pound of their flesh
Night falls, the vultures, they call
Waiting for supper as the next outlaw falls

He swings open the door
Another challenge unfolds
One more notch on his gun
The life that a gunslinger lives
As the blood hits the floor
One more walks through the door
As the trigger gets pulled
The life of the gunslinger ends

Bullets ring, let them fly
Bullets ring
Bullets ring, people die
Bullets ring