

Buzzards

The Sword

He is a deadly and desperate man
On the run with gun in hand
Fleeing from the hangman's noose
An outlaw with nothing to lose
A pack of wolves surrounds its prey
The mighty beast is brought to bay
The smell of blood is in the air
And soon the buzzards will claim their share
They gather round the gallows
They circle overhead
Stalking the wounded beast
Until it's dead
Clouds pass before the moon
Eyes surround him in the gloom
A single bullet left in his gun
The buzzards wait till the morning comes