

Angel Taylor

"The Fortune"

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Empty are the castle grounds when dusk arrives,
Silence echoes loudly, for three lives here.
Seagull, flying high above the open sky,
Flying high and free, past each wistful eye.

I brush my arms and legs,
I smash my withered face,
To show them I'm with no disgrace.
Deep in a padded cell,
They've locked me in this hell,
'Till dawn will ring the hangman's bell.

Burning are the hours left for me to share,
A cold and icy stare is all I bare.
Marching to my death, they'll hang me till I die.
Still I know I'll find where my fortune lies.

Chorus:
Voices in the air,
Leave me with a dream.
Crying of despair,
Can't you hear me scream?
Soon I'll say no more,
Only one last sigh,
As they pull the door,
There my fortune lies.

Solo

Repeat Chorus (2x)

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