

Deathless

"The Headsman"

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The morning sun beam
Finds a man in black
With a cruel face
No marks of grace
The tools of his trade
Seem scary on the back
Against the wall
He uses them all

Seeing him makes grown men weep
The eyes of him their flesh to creep
And his axe puts them to sleep eternal

Doomed in line
Waiting for the call
Staring at the traces of blood all around
Their lined faces
Hearing the sound of the
Man's head dropping to the floor

Falling axe
Sprays blood on the wall
Another head to the top of the mound
Quiet whining echoes from the walls
The last words before the blood pours

Master of his craft
Everybody scare
His gloomy skill
It is to kill

In solitude lives he
Because no one dare
To be with him
His name is grim

Seeing him makes grown men weep
The eyes of him their flesh to creep
And his axe puts them to sleep eternal

Doomed in line

Waiting for the call
Staring at the traces of blood all around
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