

## **Deathlike Silence "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  
Their lined faces  
Hearing the sound of the  
Man's head dropping to the floor  
Falling axe  
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