

Mystic Prophecy

"Hangman's Noose"

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Open the gates of the graveyard.
Where corpses rest like layers.
In glorious flying thunder comes the courier of death.
Moor his black horse's tail.
Around my thin neck.
Let me fly beneath his wings.
I am dead.

Hangman's noose is not a prophecy.
Hangman's noose is the laughter of death.
Life is abundant in fantasy.
Giving birth to death.
Ending one's secret life.
Ending one's mortal existence.

Have no fear.
Heaven and Hell are here.
Let my few hairs blow in the burning wind.
Don't keep up one's appearance.
Oldness and youth are just a game.
Send a letter to the mortals saying as pleasant is the
grave.

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Mortal reason to abandon this life.
Full of horror at first sight.
Nobody escapes from this deathlike fate.
Till again I hear the wind through the gates.

Nameless graves rest emptiness.
Living beings dislike this vast sadness.
Dramatic vision of the procession of the dead.
It's rather sad we can't rise from the dead.

