

Vainglory "The Executioner"

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He stares, with eyes, that come from the bowels of hell
He sees, through you, part of his deadly spell
He smiles, he laughs, he checks his tools of death
He asks, "last words?" like it was a gruesome test

Fear the executioner
Damn the executioner

He moves, with grace, like an artist on showcase
He knows, his trade, there is no time to waste

He feels, no guilt, as another life he takes
He shows, no shame, he's a devil face to face

Fear the executioner
Damn the executioner

His blood, runs cold, like ice from the arctic north
His touch, it burns, with a very intense scorch
His mind, is closed, it might as well be dead
His life, was set, for execution he was bred

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