

## Fictional

# "Hangman"

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You will hang on the big black tree  
Said the hangman right to me  
At the crossing of the two dark ways  
So you better enjoy your last days

The moon shines through the clouds  
See the black bird on a tree  
His voice is loud, and clear  
I think he is laughing at me

I am writing a last letter  
While I wait for my end  
And I am still wondering  
How did I come into this land

You will hang on the big black tree  
Said the hangman right to me  
At the crossing of the two dark ways  
So you better enjoy your last days

They even can say I'm a witch  
I never even touched this stuff  
They always ask me to confess  
Now I see I'm not so tough

I'm afraid of the torture  
So I sit in agony  
Don't know what I should do  
I would confess to get free

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