

Race The Sun

"The Executioner's Song"

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[Jeff Martin, Paul Gilbert, Scott Travis]

Reads a note lying on his desk
But the words already smear the morning press
Tell him that he's got a job to do
A lethal dose that he'll be giving you
Should have run when you heard the screams
Now it's all one big bad dream
Hang your head sadly, do his job gladly
Sing out, here comes the preacher
And a tune to greet ya
The executioner's song

Gotta judgment seat awaitin' here
Life is flashin' cold and crystal clear
Metal halo custom made for you
A bolt a power to your maker
You'll be pushed on through

A sweet and sickly distant melody
There ain't a whole lot of time to be

Going down badly, slowly and medly
Sing out, here comes the preacher
And a tune to greet ya
The executioner's song
Cry out, your maker gonna meet ya
He'll be there to seat ya
The executioner's song rolls on

A sweet and sickly distant melody
There ain't a whole lot of time to be
Dead man walk sadly
Boldly and madly

Your time has come
Your shadow runs into another
Dark silhouetted
Feels no regret, yeah

Sing out here comes the preacher

And a tune to greet ya
The executioner's song
Cry out your make gonna greet ya
He'll be their to seat ya
The executioner's song rolls on

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