

Sodom "Hanging Judge"

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This is the hour of the savage guns
Beyond the pale and beyond the sun
Ganged up with Jesse by the mating call of gold
Side by side fighting not changing the course

The code of law in the hand of the one
Who drags you to the hanging tree
Bloodhounds in the hands of those
Who will have to bleed

Hanging judge
He is the law
Hanging judge
You are in his claws
Hanging judge
The trapdoor will fall
Hanging judge

Bullets for breakfast and dust to breathe
To be on the point to strike down all the wimps
Killing the riders of the whistling pine
By each wardrum beat someone will die

The wild bunch riding wings of hawks
Red painted deserts where you broke the law
Your facedown life ain't so much of a pity
Against the fools and against the glory

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