

## The Gunslingers' Fate

Dragonsfire

I do not aim with my hand, he who aims with his  
Hand has forgotten the face of his father  
I aim with my eye  
I do not shoot with my hand, he who shoots with his  
Hand has forgotten the face of his father  
I shoot with my mind  
I do not kill with my gun, he who kills with his gun  
Has forgotten the face of his father  
I kill with my heart

The gunslinger is walking, chasing the man in black  
So much his eyes see, so much death is on his way  
Wastelands and mad trains, dark cities and disease  
Draw three and walk on, to the center of all worlds

The dead boy's returning, hold the keys  
Go then, there are other worlds than these

Dark is the Gunslinger's fate  
When the tower's calling, a long way to go  
Years were passing by so fast  
Since the tower's calling, to the end of time

He is the last one, no doubt, never stop  
Struggled for ages, almost lost on the shore  
Climbs up the stairway, to the room at the top  
What will he find when he opens up that door?

The crimson king is trapped inside its walls  
In the center of all worlds the tower calls  
The world will end soon after it falls  
For now the beams are safe, he's standing tall

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