

## Tyburn Field

Brodequin

A voice of foul festivity hangs in the air devouring the squire  
s of mercy  
Trembling near the gibbet gathering in the shadow of the gallow  
s a stifling  
Silence overcomes the crowd as the deadman makes his first appe  
arance on the scene

Roars of support for the king demanding revenge on the traitor  
death is what  
They need to satisfy their hunger noose placed slowly around th  
e throat a final  
Gaze moves across the crowd

Forty thousand strong all anxious for the drop rows of corpses  
fill the elm  
Trees where they will remain for months