

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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