

Last Rites

Morgana Lefay

He lies awake
With his eyes closed
As he thinks of eternity

The last meal served on silver plates
Left a taste of cold steel

His memories haunts him
Though what's past
Is so far away

He's drowning in fear of death
But does anyone give a damned

First light of the morning
Will witness his fall
At the end of a rope he'll hang
Feeding the crows

As he walks to the gallows pole
The priest reads his last rites
Twelve feet to the ground
There's just six more to go

First light of the morning
Will witness his fall
At the end of a rope he'll hang
Feeding the crows

From the end of the gallow
To the land of the dead
He's joined with the hallowed
In the land of the dead