The Prisoner

Rick Wakeman

The shadow of the noose grew long A sundial of the time The prisoner had left to live A self-inflicted crime To pay with death for pain he gave To those he soon will meet The rope hung loosely 'round his neck The devil at his feet

You shall hang, said the judge For your presence here on earth Is no use to those who want to live in peace Your evil is forever You shall hang, said the judge You shall hang You shall hang You shall hang

The hangman checked the rope Aware the prisoner was afraid The preacher softly praying To our Lord his soul to save The blindfold placed around his eyes An unlit funeral pyre The hangman pulled the lever He heard an astral choir

One man's life has cost another You shall not lie in sacred ground The time has come to meet your maker Down on earth they heard no sound

Your evil is forever You shall hang, said the judge All earthy life in you has ceased

He tried to call out to the maker On no earthly soil he fell The maker motioned all around He felt his soul dragged down to hell He saw the man that he had murdered People he had pained on earth Of souls returning reincarnate No hope for his rebirth

You shall hang, said the maker For your presence on our planes Is no use for those who wish to rest in peace

Your evil is forever You shall hang, said the maker You shall hang You shall hang You shall hang