

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