

Blue coffin on their hands, mark of loyalty  
To a king without crown  
With terror and fear they rule  
Hunters with a plan  
Buried deep in the ground

Puppet of the crimson king  
Banished from his land  
Seeking for his revenge  
Painful memories

Scourged by his own father  
Marked for life in flash and soul  
Taken the long way to West, he rode

A past that comes back  
Like a never ending curse  
Gnaw his destiny  
It's time to put an end to this  
Feeling of disgrace and claw back the honor

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You followed the train of exiled  
Deserving to be a gunslinger  
Only a skilful mercenary man

You have made a deal with the witch  
The dazed pink globe have to protect  
In this blindfolding castle's game  
There will be no win  
Just a pillar of flames that burns  
Beneath the demon's moon