

## The Reaping

Spellblast

We're waiting concealed in bad grass  
Wind filled with sand is blowing strong  
Afraid but not scared of what will be  
They're coming towards us

I see forty cowboys riding fast  
Following a path that leads to death  
I hold my slingshot in one's grasp  
With clear mind and heart let's "Reaping come"

A shout rose from the plains  
"Hile, Hile take no prisoners"  
His voice broke through the air  
Leave them no way to escape  
Spitfires in our hands  
One roar that brings the end  
Whiz of bullets over my head  
But mine will drop them down dead

Astonishment 'cross their fading eyes  
Red flowers bloom on dusty clothes  
Dance one last song while falling down  
Your soul rests forever on West ground

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The hunter drew the gun  
A bullet hole through his hand  
Screaming vengeance now in vain  
Bloody rage wipes out the pain  
One last shot has reached his head  
Before the fall he caught the bag  
We're now standing side by side  
But a spark of pink light has taken his mind