

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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"Hile, Hile take no prisoners"
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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