

# The Seller of Souls

Van Canto

I am the hangman's son.  
I'm trading in souls and their bereavements.  
When all your life is gone  
I'm weighing your sins and your achievements.  
Oh - I'm the seller of souls.  
I'm heading for whom the bell tolls.  
Oh - I'm the seller of souls.  
In league with the devil himself.  
We came to sell our souls among.  
We're here to sing with you along.  
This is the soul collector's song,  
(so) sing and spare your life!  
Come sing with me your final song.  
We're here to sing it all night long.  
This is the soul collector's song -  
(so) sing to spare your life!  
A real life is paved with sin.  
I won't cleanse their soul from all their features.  
'Cause it's human stain therein.  
So precious to have as human creatures.  
Oh - I'm the seller of souls.  
I'm heading for whom the bell tolls.  
Oh - I'm the seller of souls.  
Give the devil his due when he comes for you.  
[Refrain (3x)]