

# The Hangman's Body Count

Volbeat

Hear his boots and see the figure dressed in black...  
Echoes of him have been heard, spiritually he's all intact  
Guided by the raven since his eyes don't see  
Hear him drag the rope that goes up to the hangman's tree

The wind calls your name, get out of your bed  
Go on to the rails, the raven will lead  
Judgement will prevail, the hangman is here.

You smell the rain, and as you walk the final dirt  
Pictures of the crime are past, but not forgotten in this world  
See the valley turn to darkness on your way  
The only friend you have is standing at the gallows end

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Put on the rope, you knew the day was coming  
Say your prayers once more; you're part of the hangman's body count

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