

I Hung My Heart On Harrow Square

Vulture Industries

The cart carrying the damned came rolling at a steady pace
On it a sorry, defeated lot, carried through the morning haze
Three men and two women, en route to their doom
To die by my hands, before the clock struck noon

I hung my heart on Harrow square
Laid that noose around her neck and strung her up there

With a steady gracious stride, she climbed the scaffold stairs
Begged me to be quick and clean, then shed one single tear
This god-like, glorious thing served to an ungodly end
Foreordained at our only meet, a lot for which I'll spend...

...hours tormented through ages repent
My one true loss of that lover I sent
To fire and brimstone to torment and flame
To face the beyond without knowing her name

Forgive me my dear your devout murderer
A broken down pauper in grave disrepair
Forgive me oh dearest I solemnly swear
That time's long gone when I last stood here...

... with that awful plight on Harrow square
To lay that noose around your neck and string you up there
I hung my heart on Harrow square
Lay that noose around her neck and strung her up there