

The Hangman's Hatch

Vulture Industries

Nine coffins lined against the wall
Nine black suits lay ready for all
Nine future widows wearing jet-black shawls
Nine men waiting for the hangman's call
Sobs and prayers sounded through the hall
Some glorious flag waved proud and tall
Paying homage to the justice about to befall
Those men waiting for the hangman's call

The trail they followed, heads bent low
Nine condemned men, a downtrodden foe
From door to scaffold so that all shall know
Where instigators and their likes eventually go
Hatches opened one by one
Ropes sprung tight as all nine swung along
The flock cheered in unison song
In gracious sympathy for all the nine had wronged

Big, small, short and tall
All men equal at the hangman's call
Who, why, where, from whence you fall
It's all indifferent when the hangman calls

Hatches opened one by one
Ropes sprung tight as all nine swung along
The flock cheered in unison song
In gracious sympathy for all the nine had wronged

Young and old, feint or bold
Just or vile, wrong or right
Big and small, short or tall
All men are equal to the hangman's call

Big, small, short and tall
All men equal at the hangman's call
Just or vile, wrong or right
It's all relative to when the noose draws tight

Colours change, the new hang higher
Radiant like the ideas they represent
red, blue, black, whatever pleases
It all turns to grey when the hangman's hatch descends

A new day and a new standard hung high
For nine other men the end is pretty nigh
Doomed for paying homage to what befell
Those men who perished at the hangman's spell
Hatches opened one by one
Ropes sprung tight as all nine swung along
The flock cheered in unison song
In gracious sympathy for all the nine had wronged