

Brutal Existence

Witchfinder General

The night is long my heart beats slow,
the daunting faces dare not show,
this darkened life that I must lead,
but no one thinks I can succeed.
A ghostly feeling takes control,
is it the reaper on patrol?
This smothered feeling numb inside,
that feasts upon respect and pride,
I see no way to fight no more,
along life's brutal corridor.
A ghostly feeling takes control,
is it the reaper on patrol?
This tortured bleeding soul of mine,
that cuts along the veins of time,
the silence is broken by a deadly cry,
my blood runs cold, why must I die?
There's no more time, not long to go,
the reaper hunts me high and low,
with no escape, nowhere to hide,
shake hands with the devil it's my time to ride.
A ghostly feeling takes control,
is it the reaper on patrol?