

Deathlike Silence, The Headsman

The morning sun beam
Finds a man in black
With a cruel face
No marks of grace
The tools of his trade
Seem scary on the back
Against the wall
He uses them all

Seeing him makes grown men weep
The eyes of him bear flesh decree
And his axe puts men to sleep
Eternal

Doomed in line
Waiting for the call
Staring at the traces of blood all around
Their lined faces
Hearing the sound of that
Man's head dropping to the floor
Falling axe
Sprays blood on the wall
Another head to the top of the mound
Quiet whining
Echoes from the walls
The last words before the blood pours

Master of his craft
Everybody's scared
To use his skill
It is the kill
In the solitude lives
Because no one dared
To be with him
His name is grim

Seeing him makes grown men weep
The eyes of him bear flesh decree
And his axe puts men to sleep
Eternal

Doomed in line
Waiting for the call
Staring at the traces of blood all around
Their lined faces
Hearing the sound of that
Man's head dropping to the floor
Falling axe
Sprays blood on the wall
Another head to the top of the mound
Quiet whining
Echoes from the walls
The last words before the blood pours