

# Falconer, Carnival Of Disgust

Behind the veil of destiny  
the path might turn in sudden twists of irony.  
Night turns to day, dark turns to light.  
End to beginning on the other side of right.

Wielder of steel, tier of ropes.  
The hooded slayer without shame and without hope.  
Sentenced to death but slipped away  
to live the role of a hangman at display.

Come see the play of wicked irony.  
Join the crowd of hunger  
for the joy of the carnival of disgust.

Lonley he walks, outcast of shame.  
Fearful and spat on yet respected for his name.  
Marked by the blade to be known by sight  
as a walking dead man for a crime pitch black as night.