

W.A.S.P., Widowmaker

A thousand years I've roamed the plains
And waved the hand of doom
I've seen the tears that fall like rain from the waste and all the ruin
A shadow's cast that falls from me on you
A time to claim
All that's mine
My wrath is blind
The balance is where you hang

I'm the WidowMaker
I'm the Lord of the Wings
I'm the WidowMaker

The cries of sadness never heard
Fall deaf upon my ears
The stench of madness, raging wars
I've seen a million years
The smell of sorrow fills the fields
And lingers in the sky
The littered ground will swallow down
The souls that fill my eyes

I'm the WidowMaker
I'm the Lord of the Wings
I'm the WidowMaker