

# Wumpscut, Hang Him Higher

The breed is dead our children  
They were our last resort  
To keep the tribe alive with  
At least just a final tort  
With all his evil anger  
He came to take their souls  
Some hang on gallows bleeding  
Some lie in burning holes

We came we came we came  
We came to hang him higher

We know who he was  
We know where he lives  
We know how to treat him  
Our folk never forgives

Here we stand  
And found him resting  
Out of danger at least he thinks  
And he will pay his debt now  
Grim Reaper already winks

We came to hang him higher  
We came we came we came

We came to hang him higher  
We want to see him pay

For all the things he did  
We want to see him hang  
Right here in our midst

We came to see him dead