

Blood Axis, The Hangman And The Papist

The village square stands quiet
The curfew still enforced
The streets are even clear of dogs and whores
Like some evil bird-of-prey
The scaffold spreads its wings
The people build their fires and bolt their doors

The mayor is giving dinner to the officers' wives
His eldest son is learning how to fawn
The barrick block is hushed and tense
The soldiers drawing lots
Who will be the hangman in the dawn?

The lot falls on a young man
Who has served for but a year
His home is in the village close nearby
He shivers at the thought of what
He's forced to do next day
He wonders who it is who has to die?

And the full moon casts a cold light
On the gloomy prison walls
The papist walks his cell
He cannot sleep
He hears the waiting gallows creaking
Just beyond that door
He prays for he has no more tears to weep

The day begins to break
A muffled drums begins to sound
A crowd begins to gather in the square
The presence of the hangman
In his terrifying mask
Weighs heavy on the minds of all those there
The colonel reads the sentence
Which the papist knows by heart:
He has failed to show alliegence to the king
His crime is thus with God himself
And in his name he must hang
The papist, head held high
Says not a thing

The jailer binds his hands
And puts his blindfold to his eyes
He leads him through the door before the crowd
The hangman sees his victim
And the blood drains from his face:
He sees his younger brother standing proud
The hangman tries to protest
But is ordered to proceed
His trembling hands begin to take the strain
His eyes are blind with streaming tears
And he cries for all to hear:

Forgive me God we hang him in thy name!
Forgive me God we hang him in thy name!
Forgive me God we hang him in thy name!
Oh please forgive me God we hang him in thy name!
Forgive me God we hang him in thy name!