

Knights Of The Abyss, Hadlock

Your lifeless body hangs above the gallows.
Above the greatest fire your life hangs in the balance.
Your audience waits anxiously as the noose tears away at your neck.
Your spilled blood is measured in gallons as the masses pierce you with hatred.
I will not give you mercy.
Your exhausted muscles give way to my knife which stands as great marker of justice.
Your dismembered limbs and mangled remains hang before you.
You will have no proper burial.
Your life will be erased.
Your pain excites the crowd as your motionless flesh falls to your bloodied feet.
As death comes over your helpless body you begin to protest and I halt your speech.
I am your executioner.
I am your executioner and you will kneel before me.