

## Last Rites

Morgana Lefay

He lies awake  
With his eyes closed  
As he thinks of eternity

The last meal served on silver plates  
Left a taste of cold steel

His memories haunts him  
Though what's past  
Is so far away

He's drowning in fear of death  
But does anyone give a damned

First light of the morning  
Will witness his fall  
At the end of a rope he'll hang  
Feeding the crows

As he walks to the gallows pole  
The priest reads his last rites  
Twelve feet to the ground  
There's just six more to go

First light of the morning  
Will witness his fall  
At the end of a rope he'll hang  
Feeding the crows

From the end of the gallow  
To the land of the dead  
He's joined with the hallowed  
In the land of the dead