

The Jury

The Gates of Slumber

The damning eyes glaring down. Judgement rendered guilt
is found.
The jury's voice sings out clear. Execution. Your time is
near.

You were guilty as the oaths were sworn. A felon to die
upon the morn.
Limbs spread far and wide. Traitorous bastard. You've
nowhere to hide.

You're awake at the birth of the Sun. A cock cries your
end's begun.
Dragged and beaten from your cell. Your head for the law.
Your soul for Hell.