

# The Hangman's Hatch

Vulture Industries

Nine coffins lined against the wall  
Nine black suits lay ready for all  
Nine future widows wearing jet-black shawls  
Nine men waiting for the hangman's call  
Sobs and prayers sounded through the hall  
Some glorious flag waved proud and tall  
Paying homage to the justice about to befall  
Those men waiting for the hangman's call

The trail they followed, heads bent low  
Nine condemned men, a downtrodden foe  
From door to scaffold so that all shall know  
Where instigators and their likes eventually go  
Hatches opened one by one  
Ropes sprung tight as all nine swung along  
The flock cheeered in unison song  
In gracious sympathy for all the nine had wronged

Big, small, short and tall  
All men equal at the hangman's call  
Who, why, where, from whence you fall  
It's all indifferent when the hangman calls

Hatches opened one by one  
Ropes sprung tight as all nine swung along  
The flock cheeered in unison song  
In gracious sympathy for all the nine had wronged

Young and old, feint or bold  
Just or vile, wrong or right  
Big and small, short or tall  
All men are equal to the hangman's call

Big, small, short and tall  
All men equal at the hangman's call  
Just or vile, wrong or right  
It's all relative to when the noose draws tight

Colours change, the new hang higher  
Radiant like the ideas they represent  
red, blue, black, whatever pleases  
It all turns to grey when the hangman's hatch descends

A new day and a new standard hung high  
For nine other men the end is pretty nigh  
Doomed for paying homage to what befell  
Those men who perished at the hangman's spell  
Hatches opened one by one  
Ropes sprung tight as all nine swung along  
The flock cheeered in unison song  
In gracious sympathy for all the nine had wronged