

# Pallbearer, The Legend

As I gaze from my tower, I can see him  
Lurking, watching  
Flickering in the gloom-light of funeral pyres

Immortal spectre, waiting in the shadows  
For his time to emerge and close my eyes forever  
Who is this figure, shrouded in the veil of death?  
Why does he seek me  
To inflict his curse upon my head?

From beyond the realm of man  
He speaks with words like thunder  
Casting condemnation upon my wounded soul  
No more to breathe the air, to feel the warmth of summer  
As I start to slip away  
I know my time has come