

# Rick Wakeman, The Prisoner

The shadow of the noose grew long  
A sun dial of the time  
The prisoner had left to live  
A self inflicted crime  
To pay with death for pain he gave  
To those he soon will meet  
The rope hung loosely round his neck  
The Devil at his feet

"You shall hang," said the judge,  
For your presence here on earth,  
is no use for those who wish to live in peace.  
Your evil is forever.

"You shall hang", said the judge.  
"You shall hang,  
You shall hang,  
You shall hang."

The hangman checked the rope  
Aware the prisoner was afraid  
The preacher softly praying  
To Our Lord his soul to save  
The blindfold placed around his eyes  
An unlit funeral pyre  
The hangman pulled the lever  
He heard an astral choir

One man's life has cost another  
You shall not lie in sacred ground  
The time has come to meet your Maker  
Down on earth, they heard no sound

Your evil is for ever,  
"You shall hang," said the judge.  
All earthly life in you has ceased.

He tried to call out to the Maker  
On no earthly soil he fell  
The Maker motioned all around  
He felt his soul dragged down to Hell  
He saw the man that he had murdered  
People he had pained on earth  
Of reincarnate souls returning  
No hope for his rebirth

"You shall hang", said the Maker,  
For your presence on our planes,  
Is no use for those who wish to rest in peace.

Your evil is for ever,  
"You shall hang", said the Maker  
"You shall hang.  
You shall hang.  
You shall hang."

"You shall hang", said the Maker,  
For your presence on our planes,  
Is no use for those who wish to rest in peace.

Your evil is for ever,  
"You shall hang", said the Maker  
"You shall hang.  
You shall hang.  
You shall hang."

