

Loose Change for the Boatman

King Charles

You say your love for me has waned from the storm
Your passions have fallen from the flames of old
If ever you loved me
If ever at all
Our souls are tied forever more

Well, I got stuck to Terminal 4 the other day
They said I looked like a terrorist at play
I told them to believe it. I'm here to cause seizures
Staring at the demons in the darkest and the deepest

Well, I'm a lion in the haze and the lamb in the lightning
Oh these spears and chains of flames around my neck are tightening
So line up your armies, burn down my home please
Take the part that's in my lungs, and the song I'm singing

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Of course there is another place where my heart will learn again to beat.
Another land, another king where I will need to sing.
'Cause my soul can't be yours. Can't be bought by gold.
Or the lovers in the land or the wise men from the fools.

'Cause there ain't no soul in this empty scene.
Competition for the darkness to be the kings and queens.
This darkness is found as an absence of light
You believe there is no devil 'cause he's roped you in so tight
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All I want is on my mind, and all you had was some of my time.
I didn't know what it is to be alive.