

## Philharmonics

Agnes Obel

Guess who died, last night  
In grey stockings, in all might  
It was no loss  
The only God of mine

He fell down, just to drown  
In a sea of delight  
To tame champagne  
And creatures of the night

As the water took him over  
Filled his lungs inside out  
I sold his gold  
For flowers and rice

Speaking fire, he would hire  
Pawns and peasants just like me  
To feed upon the conquered ones  
But now we are free