

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