

## Senile King

Anvil

Times are changing and you'll soon have the power  
The weak before the strong will break down and cower  
Decrepit choices made for you and me  
Archaic ploys with no future there to see

Selling arms to support the contras  
Runs the world just like the Costra Nostra  
Times are changing  
Rearranging

Senile king  
Senile king

And when you disagree and rally in protest  
Who will win this death-defying contest?  
Tables turning  
Bridges burning

Senile king  
Senile king  
Will destroy

The more I think about it, less sense of it I make  
They'll never pay for deeds made in aged haste  
No, instead they'll die high up in ivory towers  
But just how old will you be in your finest hour?  
Tides are shifting  
Sands are sifting