

The King is Dead

Audrey Horne

Down on your knees, beggin' them please
But there's no getting round them
Puttin' you down, grinning a frown
Still you welcome them in

Oh, twistin' and turnin', your head is on fire
You're burnin'
Over the edge, tell me where does it end
No one can save you
You're out on a bend

The best of our years have faded away
Her Majesty's lost her senses
The King is dead, bring me his head
She will burry us all

This is the end of all days
This is the edge of the night
Black waters, red rivers
Raining fire

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