

# The King of Metal

Blaze Bayley

They  
Trample the weak  
Run from the strong  
Smile as they laugh at my song

Sociopathic thieves no sentiment or conscience  
It isn't personal it's business with a vengeance  
Describing my life as inferior a tax loss  
And they are stealing everything you try to give me

But  
You are the King

They  
Have no respect  
Condescending  
Bastards that don't know a thing

They want me looking like a model that's a smack head  
Not really caring O.D. vomit or shotgun  
It's a fact that sales always increase after death  
For parasitical self righteous business rodents

But  
You are the King  
Of Metal