

Dead King

Espers

Take this scarred body
Anoint his heirs
Take a dollar for the crossing
From coins in his meal
souls slight of coin
Slight of name
Then I'll meet you at the back gate
And greet you just the same
take to my side
And we'll walk on
To where the frost of the dead king
Weigh heavy on the vine
long it's been said
That the worlds
Of a man be his woman
And his lands have retainers