

Set My Face Like Flint

Fallstar

The standard will not be met with election
Our King is not their king
I met the man, I saw the face
I moved erratic, evasive, evasive
We're the dreaded backdraft of the arsonist King
We're the dreaded backdraft of the arsonist King

Long live the King

Come, come will you go?
Let's go! Go, go, go
Turn back and you'll never know
What it feels to burn like sun spot fire storms
Slaves to golden fumes
Come, come will you go?
Let's go! Go, go, go
Turn back and you'll never know
How it feels to have your voice like a glock snap, click back
Clearing out the room
The standard will not be met with a capitalist
Our King is not their king
I offered up my back
To those who beat me and spit in my face
I will not hide my face from you
I will not hide my face from you
I will not be put to shame
I will not be put to shame
Therefore I will set my face like flint
I will not be disgraced

I will not be put to shame
I will not be put to shame
Therefore I will set my face like flint
I will not be disgraced
I set my face like flint
Set my face like flint
I set my face

He pulled me out of the streets
He slammed my veins with kerosene
Bulimic fingers found the Ghost
And now I can't stop heaving
I have been leaking on the floor
You could call it bleeding
No time to stitch me up
This dead man walks

Bury me
Death couldn't hold my King
Bury me
And it cannot hold me

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