

Death Of The Swine

Feed the Rhino

Death of the swine

His death came fast, in the winter of last,
Where the bells rang strong, with the Miller's song
Hated by so many, yet known by so few,
It was a mix of life and fiction,
He had a name that you once knew
He called out, called out, called out, sons!

No one will mourn, no one will cry,
Now that the icon has died
No one will mourn, no one will cry,
At the death of the swine

Hated by so many, yet known by so few,
It was a mix of life and fiction,
He had a name that you once knew
He was the worst in all of us
We met a rotting soul, at best,
Laid his words in gold,
Now we lay his name to rest!
Lay his name to rest!

The swine!

Made from the fragments of kings!