

The King Is Dead

Kent

Thin december air is like the dry ice smoke
You will come to your senses or inhale and choke
My IQ allows me to brush you aside
You are zeros and ones, you're wrong when I'm right

Now the tyrant is dead and his lady is free
I am going ahead with the reinvention of me
Now the king lies here dead, now the king lies here dead

It's not as wet as the rain or as cold as the snow
It drives him hard to the sane and the simple soul
I take a charge at my chance, you know how it is
Let go of my hand, you know how it is

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And my IQ allows me to brush you aside

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