

# King Of The Gutters, Prince Of The Dogs

Murder by Death

I traveled so long  
Traveled so long  
Til I was cold  
Cold as stone  
My whiskers are grey  
They reach to the ground  
My bird's bones  
Make a hollow sound

I been lost somewhere  
In the fabric of a world that's goin' threadbare  
I been down in the gutters without a care

I been hunted maligned  
Since before your time  
I been stoned  
I been thrown  
To the wolves  
To the wolves  
I been starved down  
To skin and bone

I been lost somewhere  
In the fabric of a world that's goin' threadbare  
I been down in the gutters without a care

Throw me a bone, feed me a line  
Pour a hard drink for harder times  
I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
One or the other, a ship lost in the fog

No pupils to see  
Ours eyes to the ground  
Our feet pound loud  
But there's no one around  
The shout of the night  
The room fills with light  
The sky makes a deafening sound

Throw me a bone, feed me a line  
Pour a hard drink for harder times  
I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
One or the other, a ship lost in the fog

Nothing can touch me  
Nothing can touch me  
No force  
No sound  
Nothing can touch me  
Nothing can touch me  
No force  
No sound

I'm the king of the gutters, the prince of the dogs  
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