

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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