

# That Crown Don't Make You A Prince

## Murder by Death

All the drunks in the alleys are takin' up arms to undo their whole lives in a day  
If their hearts they don't change before long in the heart of the beast they will lay

He peels the wood from the walls to get to us  
He steals the good from this town

So wash the black from your fingertips  
And give in  
Give in  
Give in

Raise up from the cellars  
Fill the streets with his dead  
This time  
This time  
This time.