

## Well Fed

Omen

He holds court for the loyal subjects who pay taxes just to  
Work the land. By his side slaves serve in soul like he had a  
Crown of thorns upon his head.

And still they read with sorrow mother earth she  
Yields no bread and still the king he remains well fed.  
Winds blow and he speaks of thunder. He rules on high with  
An iron fist. He takes the fruit from the virgin's hand and he  
Steals the innocence from her lips.

And still they read with sorrow mother earth she  
Yields no bread and still the king he remains well fed.  
Winds blow and he speaks of thunder. He rules on high with  
An iron fist. He takes the fruit from the virgins hand and he  
Steals the innocence from her lips.

All below gonna feel his wrath none above or so he says  
And all the while the serpent coils around him because he's  
The king of the dead.

And still they read with sorrow mother earth she  
Yields no bread and still the king he remains well fed.  
Winds blow and he speaks of thunder. He rules on high with  
An iron fist. He takes the fruit from the virgin's hand and he  
Steals the innocence from her lips.