

# Price Of The Kings Ticket

## One Minute Silence

Early morning sits with me and her words are kind  
Nothing seems to lift the soul like time  
Some wake up in dreams that we can't buy  
And we're holding on for somewhere better

Early morning sits with me and her words just blind  
Nothing seems to move the air like time  
Some wake up in hell and their whole world dies  
And we're holding on for somewhere better

Grass is always greener, are you blind?  
Bet you're always first in line for nothing  
Happy ever after, stand in line  
Have your pain, I don't want it

Read between the bloody lies  
Tell me you can hear them laughing  
Ours is not to reason but to die  
Fuck our noble men and masters

Ever get the feeling you've been had  
Suffer little children, that's it  
Not that dream you dreamt when you were bad  
The picture isn't perfect is it?

I have seen enough to know I know  
The screaming never stops, just listen  
Tell the king and all his spineless whores  
They will know of our existence

Jesus I'm in love with nothing  
Save yourselves you fucking clones  
Insignificant my nothing  
Save your breath, you're nothing more  
Climb your prison walls until you're  
High enough to know your nothing new  
Insignificant little shit  
I hate your fucking, hate your fucking  
Nothing

All is getting better are you blind?  
Bet your son is not a soldier is he?  
Stand behind your master and his line  
See it, see it, never witness

Ours is not to reason but to die  
I can't hear no words of wisdom  
Still the buried sons of war  
Turning underneath the kingdom

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