

The Consort

Rufus Wainwright

Prepare your things
Dissolve your mind
'Cause I'm your consort beautiful queen
of seventeen

a blood red moon has spared our bed
But not your rivals
beautiful queen
prepare to reign
no more to hide with I your faithful consort
by your side

Let streamers fly
and cannons roar
on your arrival beautiful queen
tomorrow night
prepare to walk
on anyone her highness ever wants

Entrust in me
you're not alone
together we'll wreak havoc on the throne

Entrust in me
you're not alone
even though my throne's slightly smaller than yours
beautiful queen
together we'll wreak havoc you and me
together we'll wreak havoc you and me
together we'll wreak havoc you

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