

The Jester

Sum 41

A jester of sorts you stand holding your courts
Over minions on Capitol Hill
In a bath full of blood I'm alone standing still
Under God you can fire at will

When the devil's angels come
To take your life and lead you
To the flames beneath
Your headstone reads now
Here lies the dead who was
Hung by his head beneath us
They're laying in their graves
Damnation free for all

A prodigal son can't undo what he's done
A figurehead of capitol crime
With a light shining down
As you fall to your knees
To repent would be nothing but lies

When the devil's angels come
To take your life and lead you
To the flames beneath
Your headstone reads now
Here lies the dead who was
Hung by his head beneath us
They're laying in their graves
Damnation free for all

Dead beat six feet dead underground
An eye for an eye only leaves us all blind
Going once twice there goes your life

When the devil's angels come
To take your life and lead you
To the flames beneath
Your headstone reads now
Here lies the dead who was
Hung by his head beneath us
They're laying in their graves
Damnation free for all