

Age of Kings

The Mountain Goats

Halls of the stone tower in the foothills
Why should we hide from anyone?
Held you in my arms for the first time that day
Felt like God's anointed when you didn't push me away

Gold light shining on so many things
In the age of kings
Gold light shining on so many things
In the age of kings

Lean on the concrete walls in shadow
Why should we wait to throw the switch?
Felt your name burning like a tattoo into my skin
Rain on the clay tiles all night, your head nestled beneath my chin

Gold light shining on so many things
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In the lost age
Where the jewels hide
And the sword sticks
In the waiting stone
Still warm

Small chambers shrinking 'till they vanish
Wolves in the hallway gaining ground
Reach down to the moment when I should have said something true
Shadows and their sources now stealing away with you

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