

Rebels and Kings

Vice Squad

From Rebels and Kings.
Medieval writer can not hide
the people fighting for their pride
Northwind blowing through the skin
planet of death, sun of ruin

The king hears the drums
he can taste defeat
Flames in the sky give a cold dark heat
rhythm of revenge calms the savage beast
Outside on the street
everybody is dancing to the rebel beat

The beggars offer him their money
his hounds are too afraid to bark
Can't understand his loyal subjects
fear holds the key and not respect

the king hears the drums
he can taste defeat
Flames in the sky give a cold dark heat
rhythm of revenge calms the savage beast
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Have I learned to fly now?
As the king walks to the gallows
the jester wipes away a smile
A minstrel lurking in the shadows
the guilty slain without a trial

the funeral turns becomes a rhapsody
flames in the sky show the legacy
rhythm of change a chance to meet
meanwhile on the street
everybody is dancing to the rebel beat