

Compos Mentis

"The 44 King"

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The ramparts are standing so frail tonight
Surrounding the pleasure of our play
This view feels so exposed and haunted
Now, hold me near to your heart

Oh listen, something's rustling at the door
Extended shadows looming tall
This night a cold breeze is greeting me
Now, hold me near to your heart

I'll drop my pants on King's New Square
To the Queen, the colours or any passing bore
Well, I am the king of sun and air
Yeah, I am the king but what-do-we-care?

I fell into your arms, and now I feel so weak
I fell into your arms, and now I'm repeating it
So please hold me near, my friend
Because I'm not feeling that very well
Or am I?

Oh, down into these peculiar heights I'm sinking again
Your soft and blurred voice
Your friendly face fades aside

I can endure the blow of any canonball
While keeping the blind eye shut
Pissing my signature in the snow
God bless the Realm of Decay

The night of thousands of suns ablaze
Scenes of dripping ink and the heavy blade
Hanging over our heads ready to give in
Can't you feel it's coming down, it's coming down for
sure

Now the curtain falls!

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