

Darklands

"The King Of Crows"

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[music: sanga | lyric: barthold]

Out in the wastelands they circled above
On that cold Septemberday
Had a good taste of evil and contempt
The scapegoat never gets away
Crown the king of crows
Crowned by misery
Crown the king of crows
The wretch on a throne

And their fangs dug deep into him
King of sundown, prince of the weak

The small bitches stung hard I can tell
'Cause the crow, that's me
Crown the king of crows...

Wanted to feel somekind of love
He found it nowhere
Where is the shelter of God
He found it nowhere

Crown the king of crows...

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