

## **Eleventh He Reaches London "Toorali"**

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He hates himself, but loves the robe he wears, he  
drapes himself, the cold has yet to come  
His heart swings to the waves beneath the hull, he  
dreams of love, but love has left his world  
He spends himself boiling his ethanol fine, he shares it  
all and leads us to sing...

Toorali Oorali Oorali Oorali, aye

He says "Dreams are richer than life, so sleep  
whenever you can," I know I shouldn't repeat this, but  
I'd love to take my Queen's neck and then shout "OFF  
WITH HER HEAD!"

And paint a cross with her blood  
Comparing the one she drew with mine  
Well they look the same, they'll always be the same

And we sang toorali addity and we sang toorali aye, I'm  
reborn in criminal empathy, or rather, a blade to the  
throat

Toorali Oorali Oorali Oorali, aye

Death is my holiday from being alive, as I leave old  
England behind  
Well they look the same, they'll always be the same

And we sang toorali addity and we sang toorali aye, I'm  
reborn in criminal empathy, or rather, a blade to the  
throat

Toorali Oorali Oorali Oorali, aye

Death is my holiday from being alive, as I leave old  
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