

## Favez "When We Were Kings"

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It's a planet of arsonists, cheap quarter artists  
Where you hardly remember names  
Where the heroes you once had are scarred and  
destroyed  
By the hollering mob of little boys

In the face of it all they say give me a man  
Who'll burn way better than me  
And I'll watch him descend on the needles, the models  
And I'll watch him go down for free  
Yeah I'll watch him drown for me

How the chords the howls the whispers  
That we built when we were kings  
End up washed upon the portals  
Of their aching personal skin  
I am not your next of kin  
And yes I care

And so what were the chances, a battle of mice  
And the death of rock and roll  
And we're all coming down  
Naked and stoned, bowing to those  
Who now rule the kingdom by self decree  
Cause the motion is theirs, even we  
Must be serving the mass, with an absence of class  
And a graceless mp3  
The only songs they love are free

How the chords the howls the whispers  
That we built when we were kings  
End up washed upon the portals  
Of their aching personal skin  
I am not your next of kin  
And yes I care  
Yes I care  
In your rgb e-world  
And yes I care

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