

## **A-Camp "The Crowning"**

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Brighten the corners and clear out the room  
Color the flowers in rose and maroon  
Light up the fires and season this wine  
we're gonna party like it's 1699

Slaughter the rabbits, the ducks and the boares  
And lay all the tables and open the doors  
Creme del a Creme will be waiting on one guest of  
honor

Oh up go the curtains and down go the virgines  
Oh no, mothers are crying  
Ladies of virtue, will stand to accuse you of heartbreak  
and theft

Bells are gonna ring, birds are gonna sing, let the  
people begin  
The crowning of your big head

Young drunken girls sit in hideous dens  
Sing a heart found a meant of a death of romance  
beautiful boys turning, offer their cheeks  
Preening and prancing, the outcome looks bleak

Good times are rolling but outside these walls  
Our houses will crumble, this city will fall  
But a few broken ponds, don't mean nothing to our  
guest of honor

So let's raise our glasses to murderers asses like you  
May you sleep soundly  
Once we had laughter, you got what you're after  
Oh you wear it well

Bells are gonna ring, birds are gonna sing, let the  
people begin  
He had the hearts of hounding  
We're all witnessing the crowning  
Of your big bleeding head

Bells are gonna ring, birds are gonna sing, let the  
people begin

He had the hearts of hounding  
Your eyes nothing but astounding  
We're all witnessing the crowning  
On your useless, ruthless head

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