

High On Fire "King of Days"

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A psychopath has found a sight and a way to be the
king of days
A rhyme without a poem and the luster of his last ways
The angels of death had a right and a cause for a
sorrow to say
A mortal flight across a chasm and on to the
underworld's graves

They sail a burning sun
A war they never won
They toss the fear aside
Never to ask for - pride

The spirits flights into a valley, a darkness that led
them astray
An infant's eyes now open, with it a tempter, allude and
betray
You know your master's leash is tight and keeps your
death and your children at bay
The raging maniac aware and knows the cost of his
earthly maze

They sail a burning sun
A war they never won
They toss the fear aside
Never to ask for " pride

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