

Horrible Histories

"Wicked Days"

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Hey come away
What see my eyes
Thoughts on my mind
Bitter days

We move undercover
As crows deliver
The crown to the foul and the dumb

Dead come again
Present my soul
Trapped and begone
Wicked days

The masses that cradled their faith
They long lost the use of their head

We are fading fast
Numbers are failing at last
So let's kill the king once again

Speak, not again
No human heart
Stands once apart
Troubled days

We are fading fast
Numbers are failing at last
So let's kill the king once again

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