

King Swamp "Wiseblood"

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We who control
information
Have the keys to the
house of the free,
Those who take their
hands from the wheel
Will be crushed
beneath the weight of
their own history.

At the heart of the
matter
where the
diamond shines,
At the centre of empire,
at the bottom of
the mine,
The hunters and
hunted,
the girls and the
boys,
Puppets of chemistry,
God's own toys.

Wiseblood
In the whispering
night,
Fold me into
The whispering night,
There's a ripple in the
silence,
It's Wiseblood
Pumping in the
whispering night.

With our hearts on fire,
and the body

electric,
We get soul to soul
hand to hand,
Come here lover, feel

like
the night is
bleeding,
Help me tie up the
wound,
help me
understand.

Wiseblood
In the whispering
night,
Fold me into
The whispering night,
There's a ripple in the
silence,
It's Wiseblood
Pumping in the
whispering night.

Tell me what your
mama give you,
Tell me what your
daddy give you,
Meet me on down by
the river
With your Wiseblood.
Tell me what your
mama give you,
Tell me what your
daddy give you,
Meet me on down by
the river
With your Wiseblood

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