

## Deicide

### "Song For A Mad Choir Singer"

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A burning hand  
A poisoned sleep  
In front of me  
A late regret  
A token rest  
You are to late  
Too late to fear  
Too late my dear  
Servants, extras, stagehands listen  
We will learn the game  
Fair words, vows and flattery  
We won't feel ashamed  
What did he say  
Who told him so  
You need his vote  
To change their minds  
So run to him To throw the dice  
With faithful eyes  
This my advice  
Servants, extras, stagehands listen  
We will learn the game  
Fair words, vows and flattery  
We won't feel ashamed  
I'll give the Caesar  
Like a man  
I'll kill the beast  
In foreign lands  
I'll pull the strings  
Of all intrigues  
A hunter with  
No pain no fear  
A  
Servants, extras, stagehands listen  
We will learn the game  
Fair words, vows and flattery  
We won't feel ashamed...

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