

Tuatha De Danann

"The Emperor's Son"

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Worked all night for the emperors son
And results had still escaped us
It was it was not your head on the chopping block
So your thoughts seemed so outrageous

Ooh, listen to me
Ignore what you see
And listen to me

Old fashion thoughts are fading fast.
A simple process that escapes you
You're still distracted by the past
And now that simply wont do

The more i heard of your sacred rules
The more i just ignored them
Imagine the look on the emperor's face
When a God stood right before him

Ooh, listen to me,
Not what you believe
Listen to me

Old fashion thoughts are fading fast
A simple process that escapes you
You're still distracted by the past
And now that simply won't do

Speak my name to anyone, anywhere
Get your vindication
Answers known by everyone, everywhere
Is of no consolation

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