

Moderatto

"Fit For A Queen"

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We met half-way, between the headstone and your
grave,
Dance on the black and blue with tragic endings.
We race to break the silence,
Dirt covered fingers eyelids.
I've got bags of lust that are filled with death.

Now take your hand and get the gasoline,
Wave goodbye cause you know,
This tomb was fit for a queen.
I'll strike the match and you light her casket,
Inside a box, It's big enough,
This tomb was fit for a queen.
Fit for a queen.
This tomb was fit for a queen.

Her lips of death rushed in like a crash,
Fell down,
Went straight for the floor.
I know when I'm dealing with a liar,
Don't get burned with this desire.

Now take your hand and get the gasoline,
Wave goodbye cause you know,
This tomb was fit for a queen.
I'll strike the match and you light her casket,
Inside a box It's big enough,
This tomb was fit for a queen.
Fit for a queen.
Fit for a queen.
Fit for a queen.
This tomb was fit for a queen.

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