

Monks of Doom

"Flint Jack"

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Flint jack
He's a master of his trade
Oh young edward's twisted soul has finally come of
age
And from a piece of flint
An arrowhead was shaped
The only thing as good as gold is something that's as
good as old

Flint jack, you've gone and spent it all on drink again
Oh the prince of fabricators!
Who knows where you've been and where you will rest?

Flint jack
He's a master of his trade
Oh young edward's twisted soul has finally come of
age
And from a plate of tin
Was formed a roman breastplate
The only thing as good as gold is something that's as
good as old

Flint jack, you've gone and spent it all on drink again
Oh the prince of fabricators!
Who knows where you've been and where you will rest?

Oh the prince of fabricators, never will you be saved
Oh the prince of fabricators where are you now?
'cos this is your golden age
This is your golden age

Flint jack
He's a master of his trade
Oh young edward's twisted soul, never will it be saved
He's got a pack rat penchant for the precious things
And he will fool us yet
'cos the only thing that's good as gold is something
that's as good as old.

Flint jack, you've gone and spent it all on drink again
Oh the prince of fabricators!
Who knows where you've been and where you will rest?

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