

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Glory Kingdom"

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I am a man who hunts at night
I am a man who bathes in tiger blood
I am a man with daggers in my smiles

Only the wise speak of a place with such elegance and
grace
In a crumbling civilization there is only one place to
journey to
With my dogs I will search

Mosh mosh mosh mosh
Mosh mosh mosh mosh
Pray for the kingdom
Pray for the kingdom
Pray for the kingdom
Pray for the kingdom

A dream of running freely through the buttery nipple
mountains
My sword longs to be wrapped with flesh

Pray for the kingdom
Pray for the kingdom
Pray for the kingdom
Pray for the kingdom

I climb up ropes of leg, knots of skin for my feed
The kingdom lies just beyond the horizon

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