

## The Church

### "Kings"

Visit "[Kings](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

See history fade, it's crystal clear  
Aurora what you doing here  
Buttering the mouths of thieves  
Shutter speed your bleeding leaves  
In gardens in the orient  
Likelihood is good and spent  
Herod nods beneath the palms  
Holds poor baby in his arms  
Tunis and Sardinia  
The oceans growing hungrier  
Beneath these walls we'll sleep tonight  
Beneath this sky we'll glide so bright  
And kings will come, years will pass  
Stars burn cold beneath the glass  
And days will glow in distant time  
In this storied haze the zephyrs graze  
In deserts where the dust storm blows  
And lush black swamps where mandrake grows  
We're marching laughing to the drum  
Waiting for those kings to come  
And kings will come and years will pass  
Stars burn cold beneath the glass  
And days will blow in distant time  
In this storied haze the zephyrs graze  
An infant with the voice of a crone  
In Nebuchanezzars parking zone  
Calls out my lord your end is nigh  
I didn't mean to make you cry  
In deserts where the dust storm blows  
And lush black swamps where mandrake grows  
We're marching laughing to the drum  
Waiting for those kings to come  
The circus sun in Nero eyes  
The lions and the Christians rise  
Software sings and hardware hears  
We're destined babe to live these years

Visit [The Church](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

