

The Red Chord

"Tread On The Necks Of Kings"

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Manipulate vulnerable minds with poison words and
unspeakable means.

Hand over your hearts.

This should be a time of celebration.

Reclamation.

Clear my throne I've come to cripple.

To paralyze.

I have come to tread on the necks of kings.

Upon my entrance it will be abrupt.

Run for your lives the king has returned.

This wont be a battle this will be a massacre.

You'll find out sooner than later.

We've come for there eyes and arms, but we'll settle
for there heads.

There's nothing you can say to save your hide right
now.

To make it right.

Don't you forget your roots.

You can just walk away unscratched.

I built the kingdom, now it's time to repay.

Did you for get who owns this joint?

I'll bet you did

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