

Seven Nations "The King of Oblivion"

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The King of Oblivion
(Written by Kirk McLeod, arranged by Seven Nations)

Between the refuge of the interstate overpass
And the Sun State building stretching twenty-four
stories to the skies
Car tires and cat's eyes sing a lullaby
He walks the sidewalk like he's dancing on fire
He climbs the fire escape like there's no place higher
than his room
He can feel all eyes upon him when he moves
If you see me I'll be hypnotized
From the fourteenth row I see rust on his hands
Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing
Hail to the King of oblivion

He's born on Friday but he's Saturday's child
From his room down the hall I hear his radio dialed to a
Broadway serenade
As ashes on beer cans make their promenade

If you see me I will be mesmerized
From my empty row I feel moved to my feet
Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing
Hail to the King of oblivion
And he looks around him
And he finds himself alone
But rewards of unconsciousness
Are yet to be had, to be had

If you see me I'll be hypnotized
From the fourteenth row I see rust on his hands
Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing
Hail to the King of oblivion

If you see me I'll be mesmerized
From my empty row I feel moved to my feet
When his song is complete I hear the people sing
Hail to the King of oblivion
Of oblivion

