

Condition Cadaverous

"The Once And Future King"

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It beckons to us all
Sometimes we cannot hide
It beckons us inside

Open the door, a knock so pure
In comes the seraphim
Teach me things, I already know
Filled with adrenalin
Cut him down, yet he grows back
And makes my blood sing

It beckons to us all
Sometimes we cannot hide
The most unusual thing
The once and future king

Wide open the door, a knock for sure?
In comes the seraphim
Leave me things I don't need
Like a life to begin
Cuts me down, cut, cut
In comes the new king

It beckons to us all
Sometimes we cannot hide
The most familiar thing
The once and future king

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