

Meteors, The "King Vlad"

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Hi up in the mountains of old carpathia
Six hundred years ago
He ruled his world with a vicious hand
And he didn't fuck about oh no
Kings and queens and mighty rulers
Handed over money to stop him getting mad
And made sure they smiled has they handed over
money
And had a drink to the good king vlad

With his bold army from Transylvania
Nearly just as black heart as he
They slaughtered all nations that would not bow to him
It was a bloody sight to see
Prince and paupers sons and daughters
Show him respect or he'll nail on your hat
So give up your treasure and don't be sad
Just have drink to the good king vlad

Fly the dragon flag stained in blood
Impale people every day
Long live the legend of this great king
His memory will never fade away
All religions measured equally
Fell to nothing and gave all they had
So fill up your cup with the blood of his enemy's
And have a drink to the good king vlad

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