

Hail the King

Tom Mody

From the lap of luxury
To our wanting hand
We lap danced with devil
And never paid the band
Sold our souls to our brother
To reap his eye in the sky
Cut the cord from our mother
Once we bled her dry

Everyday we crown a new prince
From our zombie state
For kingdoms in the clouds.
As our flesh decays
Back to our savage ways

[chorus]
Hail, Hail
The king is dead
Hail, Hail
Off with his head
The queen supreme stripped his motor clean for sure
Hail, Hail
Hail
The king is dead
Hail, Hail
Off with his head
The joker wild is the golden child once more

In the days of discovery
All the answers in hand
Still couldn't tell what's real
Believed it all instead.
On the way to recovery
The masses do resist
Addicted to the throne
Of what might not exist
Now the mighty have fallen
From their clouds like rain.
But no bodies were found
No false prophet remains
And the masses go insane

[repeat chorus]

Sold our souls to our brother [x6]
To our brother

[repeat chorus]