

The King Is Dead

Charon

Thin december air is like the dry ice smoke
You'll come to your senses or inhale and choke
My IQ allows me to brush you aside
You're zeros and ones, you're wrong where I'm right

chorus:

Now, the tyrant is dead and his lady is free
I am going ahead with the reinvention of me
Now the king lies here dead,
now the king lies here dead

It's not as wet as the rain or
as cold as the snow
It drives him in hard to the sane
and the simple soul

I take a charge at my chance
you know how it is
Let go of my hand
You know how it is

[chorus]

And my IQ allows me to brush you aside

[chorus]