

The Old Man Is Dead

Deine Lakaien

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It was beetle number 607 Who tweaked him in the ass: "Time to go to bed!" The old man is dead

Decorations on red velvet Medals of World War One Memories of the Great War Sweets to die for Remedy for his tired head Fountain of youth Melted in lead The old man is dead

World War Two was not of his taste The parvenue talked too loud
Cut potatoes with his knife Ate the fish with a knife Yet the
hunting came alive Yet the killing did revive The old man is dead

Words like silver columns In front of an empty temple Wisdom of
a Warhead By the grace of his Godhead Yet the days are long
we're here Und jetzt, kleiner Krieger ist es spät Time to go to bed
The old man is dead