

I used to be the king
But they took everything
They even stole my crown
I'm gonna track you down

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Watch your back, my friend
I'm about to kick start a cycle
Of never ending revenge
And this time it's primal, it's tribal
All our drawbridges are up, is this a wind up?
I used to be a charmer but now there's holes in my armor, fuck

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I can't walk away, I can't walk away
I've got all this pride, all this shame, all this anger to obey
Well if it's revenge you seek then be sure to dig two graves, why?
One for my enemy and fucking one for you, preferably
I just want to be adored and I'll die by my own sword
Thanks I trust no one as I prowl under the amber street lamps
All our drawbridges are up, is this a windup?
I wrap my sword and swing but I go and pull my hamstring, fuck

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(I used to be the king)
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(But they took everything)
But they took everything
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They even stole my crown
(I'm gonna track you down)
I'm gonna track you down

I'm gonna track-