

## Dead King

Espers

Take this scarred body  
Anoint his heirs  
Take a dollar for the crossing  
From coins in his meal  
souls slight of coin  
Slight of name  
Then I'll meet you at the back gate  
And greet you just the same  
take to my side  
And we'll walk on  
To where the frost of the dead king  
Weigh heavy on the vine  
long it's been said  
That the worlds  
Of a man be his woman  
And his lands have retainers