

Kings Fall

Michael Kiske

Can get a long way to the top
If you don't wanna rock n' roll
The party just don't stop
And all their beats won't go

I can breathe on my own
There's no need to pitch along
Here's my breed, a silent tone
And I please no one, no!

I can reach all night
I hear them preach all right
But the prayers fall back
On the senders selfish neck
And there's what I get:

It's nearly almost there,
Without a leave
And as much I want to share,
It's still a: not much me

In a while it's close to gone
Inappropriate and fun
Was it you, who said it's wrong?
If it's true, I might be done!

I can reach all night
I hear them preach all right
So my prayers fall back
On the senders selfish neck
And here's what you get:

I'm sad and out of love
We never love enough
A wounded heart plays rough
And out of touch

[solo]

I can reach all night
I hear them preach all right
But the prayers fall back
On the senders selfish neck
And you get yours yet!