

Halfman's Song

Miracle Of Sound

There are some who are born distinguished There are some who are raised in praise But me I was always the last in line A blot in my father's gaze

No cheekbones chiselled on a feline face No skill or savvy with a sword But this game we all play is won in wily ways And sly is this littlest lord

Cruel tricks of romance Degraded by their spite You snub your cub too many times You just might feel his bite...

Beware beware of the words I twist I am small but my reach is long And the ravens black against the winter's mist Are whispering the half-man's song Whispering the half man's song...

The land is a blooming orchard With fruits so juicy and ripe With a clink of a coin loose the lion's loin Play a tune on the half man's pipe In the arms of a whore I made a promise Sinking deeper into danger every day Cut through all their shit with a brazen wit Moulding puppets from their minds of clay

I'm no man of honour Myself is my true king But somewhere deep within me The bells of conscience ring

Beware beware of the words I twist I am small but my reach is long And the ravens black against the winter's mist Are whispering the half-man's song They're whispering the half man's song...

Whispering the half man's song...