

That Crown Don't Make You A Prince

Murder by Death

All the drunks in the alleys are takin' up arms to undo their whole lives in a day
If their hearts they don't change before long in the heart of the beast they will lay

He peels the wood from the walls to get to us
He steals the good from this town

So wash the black from your fingertips
And give in
Give in
Give in

Raise up from the cellars
Fill the streets with his dead
This time
This time
This time.