

He holds court for the loyal subjects who pay taxes just to
Work the land. By his side slaves serve in soul like he had a
Crown of thorns upon his head.

And still they read with sorrow mother earth she
Yields no bread and still the king he remains well fed.
Winds blow and he speaks of thunder. He rules on high with
An iron fist. He takes the fruit from the virgin's hand and he
Steals the innocence from her lips.

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All below gonna feel his wrath none above or so he says
And all the while the serpent coils around him because he's
The king of the dead.

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