

# *Hail the King*

*Tom Mody*

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From the lap of luxury  
To our wanting hand  
We lap danced with devil  
And never paid the band  
Sold our souls to our brother  
To reap his eye in the sky  
Cut the cord from our mother  
Once we bled her dry

Everyday we crown a new prince  
From our zombie state  
For kingdoms in the clouds.  
As our flesh decays  
Back to our savage ways

[chorus]  
Hail, Hail  
The king is dead  
Hail, Hail  
Off with his head  
The queen supreme stripped his motor clean for sure  
Hail, Hail  
Hail  
The king is dead  
Hail, Hail  
Off with his head  
The joker wild is the golden child once more

In the days of discovery  
All the answers in hand  
Still couldn't tell what's real  
Believed it all instead.  
On the way to recovery  
The masses do resist  
Addicted to the throne  
Of what might not exist  
Now the mighty have fallen  
From their clouds like rain.  
But no bodies were found  
No false prophet remains  
And the masses go insane

[repeat chorus]

Sold our souls to our brother [x6]  
To our brother

[repeat chorus]