

# Charon, The King Is Dead

Thin december air is like the dry ice smoke  
You'll come to your senses or inhale and choke  
My IQ allows me to brush you aside  
You're zeros and ones, you're wrong where I'm right

chorus:

Now, the tyrant is dead and his lady is free  
I am going ahead with the reinvention of me  
Now the king lies here dead,  
now the king lies here dead

It's not as wet as the rain or  
as cold as the snow  
It drives him in hard to the sane  
and the simple soul

I take a charge at my chance  
you know how it is  
Let go of my hand  
You know how it is

[chorus]

And my IQ allows me to brush you aside

[chorus]