

Gary Hughes, King For A Day

True Gods, they sleep
Locked in their mountain of dreams
They wait for the call: for the hunger
They must be freed.
Drive out the Christian seed
Lay waste; bring the storm and the thunder

There must be change
Or this land will crumble and decay
I must redeem them; somehow I
must free them,
Return what was lost once again

If I was King for a day
This land would burn in the mystical flames
Born through the fire
The Old Gods would reign
If I was King for a day

These words I speak
Let loose the dragon I seek
His breath will transform through the madness
Immersed, so deep,
Secrets the centuries keep
In death are restored in the vastness

Until that day
We must take their sanctuary away
Cast out the pieces, the Christian weakness
And build on the pyre that remains

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