

Procol Harum, About To Die

About to die - the crowds applaud you
About to die - they'll resurrect you
Light a candle up in kingdom come
Light the way for the saviour's son
A candle burning bright enough to tear the city down

About to die - the crowds reward you
About to die - their cheers ignore you
Light a candle up in kingdom come
Light the way for the chosen one
No candle burned with fire enough to tear that city down

About to die - the crowds applaud me
About to die - they'll resurrect me
Light a candle up in kingdom come
Light the way for the savior's son
A candle burning bright enough to tear the city down