

# Rentokill, Kingdom

The lights set low, the blinds pulled down. We learned the lesson.  
The candle center-spot replies to question asked repeatedly.  
A round of kings without a crown.  
Who's gonna be the last one?  
This extraordinary task has made us feel so lonely. Loneliness is just a momentary situation.  
Put the music on again!  
Probably your last chance to remove anxiety, everytime the music stops.  
The ground gets slippery with every new surprise.  
Chances reallocated just like rolling dice.  
Once more chances equalized, turn it up and take the pain away!  
Just as the seats become less we let the endorphin increase.  
This Kingdom is lost, we need an exit please.  
Tighten the noose on my arm to make this story complete.  
So long!  
She's singing  
She's screaming inside.  
Unnoticed attempts of regaining consciousness.  
It's just inevitability and you, and irony we fell into a life less ordinary.  
A second of silence is suddenly a second of eternity.  
The sky turned black, her head turned blue.  
Help me stop this, take the pain away.