

Abney Park, Child King

Cross from me sat the new emperor, hardly thirteen
And I asked him why he cried

No one stays around anymore, I cannot guess why
In my world they should try

I asked how loyal are your subjects
'Not' was the child king's reply, 'rarely will they comply'

'I always search for new subjects, still I'm loathsome to try'
'If they served me too long they would fortify'

'With all of my benevolence
There's still no obedience
Or is it just coincidence
That everyone here's indifferent
So I must move on'

'So I fear a dependence'
The Child King said
'Between my subjects and I
So if they leave me I won't die'

'I always search for new subjects
Still I'm loathsome to try
In my world they should try'

'With all of my benevolence
There's still no obedience
Or is it just coincidence
That everyone here's indifferent
So I must move on'