

Across The Border, The King Is Dead

"Diese Krone gibt mir das Gefühl von Macht, MACHT! Verzeiht mein grausames Kichern... Macht..."

as he lay in the pool of blood
we heard a voice
we heard the devil sing

and now the tyrant knows
the holy king

shots howled out of the crowd

—

your king is what we need
and they all looked at me, they looked at me

they looked at me...

"[Refrain:]"

light the fires with joy and sing
the king is dead long live the king
dance in circles ring-a-ring
the king is dead long live the king

the king is dead long live the king
but who knows what he will bring?
who knows what he will bring?

they gave the sceptre in my hand
to people their land
I moved into the town
to wear a crown of gold
each night I kissed another girl
I knew my soul was sold

court
the royal money got real short
all of my
a new law to raise the royal tax and fill my bags

to fill my bags...

"[Refrain]" (2x)