

Anvil, Senile King

Times are changing and you'll soon have the power
The weak before the strong will break down and cower
Decrepit choices made for you and me
Archaic ploys with no future there to see
Selling arms to support the contras
Runs the world just like the Costra Nostra
Times are changing
Rearranging
Senile king
Senile king
And when you disagree and rally in protest
Who will win this death-defying contest?
Tables turning
Bridges burning
Senile king
Senile king
Will destroy
The more I think about it, less sense of it I make
They'll never pay for deeds made in aged haste
No, instead they'll die high up in ivory towers
But just how old will you be in your finest hour?
Tides are shifting
Sands are sifting