

Kent, The King Is Dead

Thin december air is like the dry ice smoke
You'll come to your senses or inhale and
choke
My IQ allows me to brush you aside
You're zeros and ones, you're wrong where
I'm right

Now, the tyrant is dead and his lady is free
I am going ahead with the reinvention of me
Now the king lies here dead, now the king
lies here dead

It's not as wet as the rain or
as cold as the snow
It drives him in hard to the sane and the
simple soul

I take a charge at my chance
you know how it is
Let go of my hand
you know how it is

Now, the tyrant is dead and his lady is free
I am going ahead with the reinvention of me

And my IQ allows me to brush you aside

Now, the tyrant is dead and his lady is free
I am going ahead with the reinvention of me
Now the king lies here dead, now the king
lies here dead