

# 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