

Murder By Death, That Crown Don't Make You A

All the drunks in the alleys
Are takin up arms
To undo thier whole lives in a day
If thier hearts don't change before long
In the heart of the beast they will lay

He peels the wood from the walls
To get to us
He steals the the good from this town
So wash the black from your fingertips
Give in
Give in
Give in

Raise up from the cellars
Fill the streets with his dead
This time
This time
This time