

# 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