

# No Use For A Name, Hail To The King

She loves him just enough, to be laid there  
Spread eagle exposing her love  
Her sighs and moans meant nothing to him  
But a girl must do what she must do.

Hail To The King

And his court of love

Was it love? Or self-imposed lust.

Hey, it's not your duty to me

I'm just a boy, not a king

It never felt right from the start

Speak to me, I'll understand

Now it's over and in the past

About the future, should we laugh?

Regret it, try hard to forget it

Learn by our mistakes and try not to forget.