

Piebald, The King

The king he sat in a chair of gold and let life let him be.
His daughter sat by his side most nights to keep him company.
The wise man and the alchemist looked over their charts and graphs,
"Inconclusive, they're inconclusive. Hopefully this will pass."
The jester said, "I tried to make him laugh."

A party was thrown for the king that night, and they tried to raise the dead.
The golden chair still occupied by the king's resting head.
The daughter danced with the alchemist, and of course the wise man spoke.
The jester said, "Hey king it's time for a little joke.
No response. I think the king is broke."

Some weeks had passed, and his subjects had all but given up.
People were tired of forcing the king to try and live it up.
The morning sun and the alchemist watched the king make his first move.
The king stood up, stretched a bit, said "I've got nothing to prove.
Listen up, I've got nothing to prove.

And I, I just need some time off.
I need some time off
from all of this.
Yeah.
And I, I just need some time off.
I need some time off
from all of this.
Yeah."