

# Vice Squad, Rebels And Kings

From Rebels and Kings.  
Medieval writer can not hide  
the people fighting for their pride  
Northwind blowing through the skin  
planet of death, sun of ruin

The king hears the drums  
he can taste defeat  
Flames in the sky give a cold dark heat  
rhythm of revenge calms the savage beast  
Outside on the street  
everybody is dancing to the rebel beat

The beggars offer him their money  
his hounds are too afraid to bark  
Can't understand his loyal subjects  
fear holds the key and not respect

the king hears the drums  
he can taste defeat  
Flames in the sky give a cold dark heat  
rhythm of revenge calms the savage beast  
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Have I learned to fly now?  
As the king walks to the gallows  
the jester wipes away a smile  
A minstrel lurking in the shadows  
the guilty slain without a trial

the funeral tems becomes a rhapsody  
flames in the sky show the legacy  
rhythm of change a chance to meet  
meanwhile on the street  
everybody is dancing to the rebel beat