

# That Golden Rule (Live At Wembley)

**Biffy Clyro**

Son of Henry, I'm the first in line  
To the throne, smell my mustard gas  
I slash swords through your wooden spine  
Well it cut my heart and it blew my head  
We made love at the side of the road  
Reflex, you better know this flows fast  
This river is particularly sinister  
Close your eyes and take my hand I wanna scream one last death medley  
I am looking for a reason to secure a forward motion Love that golden rule, that golden rule  
Need that golden rule, that golden rule  
Secrets are the truth, they are the truth  
We need that silver rule, that silver rule Face to face with the ball and chain  
I'll poke my head up till its red  
I tell my secrets and you took my pain  
About a broken heart and I will do it again  
Son of Henry, I'm the first in line  
To the throne, smell my mustard gas  
I slash swords through your wooden spine  
Well it cut my heart and it blew my head I want to scream one last death medley  
I am looking for a reason to secure a forward motion Love that golden rule, that golden rule  
Need that golden rule, that golden rule  
Secrets are the truth, they are the truth  
We need that silver rule, that silver rule

Songwriters

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