

Philharmonics

Agnes Obel

Guess who died, last night
In grey stockings, in all might
It was no loss
The only God of mineHe fell down, just to drown
In a sea of delight
To tame champagne
And creatures of the nightAs the water took him over
Filled his lungs inside out
I sold his gold
For flowers and riceSpeaking fire, he would hire
Pawns and peasants just like me
To feed upon the conquered ones
But now we are free

Songwriters

AGNES OBELPublished by

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