

The Last Baron

Mastodon

I'd guess they would say we could set this world ablaze

Please, please take my hand

Please take my soul to rest

So we can always be around

It is hard to see

Through all the haze at the top of the trees

Hold my head on stable ground

Watch as the earth falls all around

Please, please take my hand

Please take my soul to rest

So we can always be around

Faltering footsteps, dead end path

All that I need is this wise man's staff

Encased in crystal he leads the way

I guess they'd say we could set this world ablaze

Please, please take my hand

Please take my soul to rest

So we can always be around

I guess they would say we can set the world ablaze

Hold my head on stable ground

Watch as the earth falls all around

Take my black soul

Arrive in the fires that burn my skin

And guide my eyes all through this maze

I guess they'd say we could set this world ablaze

All that I have seen standing on the edge

The foot of precipice floating in the sea

Past the king of swords quickly to the shore

The last baron, the last baron

Ghost of man surround me in my slumber

I have no fear as your wing is my shelter

Cyanide he craves, coursing through his veins

Providing him with strength to see this to the end

Afraid of psychic eyes, faith in mystic power

The last baron, the last baron

Will he save me? Will he save me?

I was standing staring at the world and I can't see it

I was standing staring at the world and I can't see it

I was standing staring at the world and I still can't see it

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All that I have seen standing on the edge
The foot of precipice floating in the sea
Past the king of swords quickly to the shore
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Cyanide he craves, coursing through his veins
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Afraid of psychic eyes, faith in mystic power
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