

# The Jester

## The Kilaueas

A jester of sorts, you stayed holding your court  
Over minions of Capitol Hill  
In a bath full of blood, I'm alone, standing still  
Under God you can fire at will  
Oh when the Devil's angels come  
To take your life and lead you to the flames beneath  
Your headstone reads, "Here lies the dead who was  
Hung by his head beneath us, laying in their graves  
    Damnation free-for-all"  
A prodigal son can't do what he's done  
A figurehead of capital crime  
With the light shining down as you fall to your knees  
To repent would be nothing but lies  
    One, two, three, four!

    Oh when the Devil's angels come  
To take your life and lead you to the flames beneath  
Your headstone reads, "Here lies the dead who was  
Hung by his head beneath us, laying in their graves  
    Damnation free-for-all"  
    Dead beat, six feet, dead underground  
    An eye for an eye, only leaves us all blind  
    Going once, twice and there goes your life!  
    Oh when the Devil's angels come  
To take your life and lead you to the flames beneath  
Your headstone reads, "Here lies the dead who was  
Hung by his head beneath us, laying in their graves  
    Damnation free-for-all"

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