

# Emperor

## Wilson

Do you hear me dear?  
I'm calling for your words tonight.  
He's out by mountains with a new face at his side.  
The holes that he had looked to build,  
are wasted by his final will. She's been like this for years  
Dear, calling names crushing herbs.  
Gambling with the lovers and giving in to the dark.  
Now, he's coughing crimson on the floor.  
Oh, the emperor has come to fall.  
And would. You. Face?  
Face it now. That's all we wish.  
Would. You. Face?  
Don't weep for those years gone. Do you hear me dear?  
See, this is our final words.  
If it isn't now then when will hear the one to know.  
Oh, the holes that he had looked to build,  
are wasted by his final will.  
The emperor has come to  
fall.  
Now, he's coughing crimson kneeling on the floor.  
Now, he's coughing crimson kneeling on the floor. Would. You. Face?  
Face it now. That's all we wish.  
Would. You. Face?  
Don't weep for those years gone.  
Said it all before.  
Would. You. Face?  
Face it soon. That's all we wish.  
Said it all before.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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