

That Crown Don't Make You a Prince

Murder by Death

All the drunks in the alleys are takin' up arms to undo their whole lives in a day if their hearts they don't change
before long in the heart of the beast they will lay he tears the wood from the walls to get to us he steals the good
from this town so wash the black from your fingertips and fight raise up from the cellars fill the streets with his
dead this time.

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