Toorali

Eleventh He Reaches London

He hates himself, but loves the robe he wears, he drapes himself, the cold has yet to come
His heart swings to the waves beneath the hull, he dreams of love, but love has left his world
He spends himself boiling his ethanol fine, he shares it all and leads us to sing...Toorali Oorali Oorali Oorali, ayeHe says "Dreams are richer than life, so sleep whenever you can," I know I shouldn't repeat this, but I'd love to take my Queen's neck and then shout "OFF WITH HER HEAD!"
And paint a cross with her blood
Comparing the one she drew with mine
Well they look the same, they'll always be the sameAnd we sang toorali addity and we sang toorali aye, I'm reborn in criminal empathy, or rather, a blade to the throat
Toorali Oorali Oorali Oorali, ayeDeath is my holiday from being alive, as I leave old England behind
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