

King of Song

Marching Church

I grew up like any boy-child
In modest, humble conditions
But now they gild the ground I have betrodden
The globe is spinning on my thumb
People will rise for me
Put out their eyes for me
Hey now
People will die for me
Fantasize about me
Hey yeah I am the king of song
Standing on top of heaps of bodies and piles of people
Waving my flag
Now the multitudes have gathered around me
Grateful for each word I preach
They will rise for me
Put out their eyes for me
He now
They will die for me
Fantasize about me
Hey yeah I am the king of song
He is rising
He is rising
The king of song

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