

# King of Song

## Marching Church

I grew up like any boy-child  
In modest, humble conditions  
But now they gild the ground I have betrodde  
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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