

# Hatred of Music I

Tim Hecker

I used to rule the world  
Seas would rise when I gave the word  
Now in the morning I sleep alone  
Sweep the streets I used to own I used to roll the dice  
Feel the fear in my enemy's eyes  
Listened as the crowd would sing  
Now the old king is dead long live the king  
One minute I held the key  
Next the walls were closed on me  
And I discovered that my castles stand  
Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand  
I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing  
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  
Be my mirror, my sword and shield  
Missionaries in a foreign field  
For some reason I can't explain  
Once you'd gone there was never  
Never an honest word  
And that was when I ruled the world It was a wicked and wild wind  
Blew down the doors to let me in  
Shattered windows and the sound of drums  
People couldn't believe what I'd become  
Revolutionaries wait  
For my head on a silver plate  
Just a puppet on a lonely string  
Oh who would ever want to be king?  
I hear Jerusalem bells a-ringing  
Roman cavalry choirs are singing  
Be my mirror, my sword and shield  
My missionaries in a foreign field  
For some reason I can't explain  
I know St Peter won't call my name  
Never an honest word  
But that was when I ruled th

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>