The Prince

Metatrone

Now I see his face, I see his smile
Such a lonely place, no golden mile
Eyes tell of morbid tales, of his black heart
His deeds through ages past, tell of his part
See his face, see his smile
Time to die, yo, woah, no
Angel from below, change my dreams
I want for glory's hour, for wealth's esteem
I wish to sell my soul, to be reborn
I wish for earthly riches, don't want no crown of thorns

See his face, see his smile
Time to die, woah, oh, no
I was born a fool, don't want to stay that way
Devil take my soul, with diamonds you repay
I don't care for heaven, so don't you look for me to cry
And I will burn in hell, from the day I die
See his face, see his smile
Time to die, woah, no, no

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