Ain't Dead Yet

Anana Kaye

The moon in the sky, and the stars on high
They shine for you
The naked winter trees, shivering in the breeze
They sigh for you
The midnight river, flashes gold, flashes silver
And dances for you
The cold old owl, 'neath his sorcerer's cowl
Hoots for you

The King is sick in bed
His crown is falling from his head
But he ain't dead yet

The princess in the tower plucks petals from a flower
And thinks of you
All those maidens writing letters fighting 'bout who loved you better
They stink for you
The dead man on the rope shoud've checked his horoscope
He swings for you
The widow dressed in lace needs to rearrange her face
Almost sings for you.

The King is sick in bed
His crown is falling from his head
But he ain't dead yet

The braids of your sweet daughter fall down when soldiers slaughter
more men for you
They have agents at your table, they're effortlessly able
to keep eyes on you
Your High Priest is crazed, just a smattering of days before he dies on you
The dust in the cathedrals, on the golden pulpit eagle
Is disturbed for you

The King is sick in bed
His crown is falling from his head
But he ain't dead yet

Lyrics Submitted by Dillon Gabriel courtesy Anana Kaye

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