

# 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 should'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  
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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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