

Kings

Tribe Society

Running with all of my brothers
I always wondered how far we could go
If we could break through the ceiling above us
There'd be no point of us looking below

We could be free, we could be free
Finally, we could be free

I been through the darkest of caves and suffering
One hundred steps off the end of the road
Painted with passion, my favorite color
Hope I'm alive when the story gets old

We could be free, we could be free
Finally, we could be free

I ain't at home, home's where I'm going
I close my eyes to see
I'll take my throne, lay it on a mountain
And make myself a king
I said whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Make myself a king
I said whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Make myself a king

Lost in the world full of nonbelievers
Searching for smoke in a stillwater pond
A nothing king, they called a dreamer
This is my life and I call it a song

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Make myself a king

Kicked through the shackles, broke through the chains
There's no oppression, there's no one to blame but you
Kicked through the shackles, broke through the chains
There's no oppression, there's no one to blame but you

I said whoa-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
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