

White Eyes

Black Peaks

Cards come tumbling down
Who shall strike the crown
For a queen finds a rook not a fairy tale, not a book
And the kings of old have their stories told
long agoJust read their lips, they'd be anywhere with anyone else
Just to hold their throne
So you fill their veins with anything A to H
Just to hold their throneCards come tumbling down
Who shall strike the crown
For a queen finds a rook not a fairy tale, not a book
I don't want herAnd the kings of old have their stories told, like a fairy tale from long ago
Open up, its just a game
Close your eyes
It won't change
Open up, its just a game
Close your eyesIt won't change
Cards come tumbling down
Who shall strike the crown
Cards come tumbling down
Who shall strike the crownFor a queen finds a rook not a fairy tale, not a book
I don't want her
And the kings of old have their stories told, like a fairytale from long ago

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