

# 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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