

# Chelsea Wolfe, Kings

Kings have all lost their heads  
Somehow we, we lost our way  
We are running away  
Lost upon the lonesome winds  
The voice of god despairing him  
Then crept into the severed heads  
Of dreams we have forgotten and  
Lost upon the rotted minds  
Of unjust fools who've forgotten  
Lost upon the rotted hearts  
Of those who forgotten us  
Our frozen wills have melted down  
Into nothing they can help  
Into nothing  
All is nothing  
All is done  
All is over