

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