

Marc Almond, Lord of Misrule (feat. Ian Anderson)

Lord of Misrule
Please come in in and sit you down
to partake of the feast
I count you all the friends I have
the one like the least
I'll shelter you from darkness
as it clouds over the Earth
for the world is in a turmoil
and life has lost it's worth

Black will be your Christmas
and sat tidings to you all
I'll put my gifts under the tree
wait for the ash to fall
I'll give you my military plans
I'll give you my machines
and a list of my demands

Lord of Misrule
Lord of the Feast of Fools
not mischievous, but cruel
Lord of Misrule

I'll bring you knees before festivities begin
I may be a Lord, but please don't let me in
I'll be the last one laughing at the ending of the world
I'll point my finger at you
and say you got what you deserved
take pleasure in your misery
I'll revel in your shame
a little festive schadenfreude
and wicked party games
so take your chances, dear
I'll let you covet every day
betray your friends and break their hearts
come on, and make a play
they'd only do the same to you
so don't regret a thing
bring your deceptions to the table
and let the feast begin!

Lord of Misrule
Lord of the Feast of Fools
not mischievous, but cruel
Lord of Misrule

I'll bring you to your knees before festivities begin
I may be a Lord, but please don't let me in
so face the sun until the shadow falls behind you
cause I am the lord and I will always find you
so face the sun until the shadow falls behind you
cause I am the lord and I will always find you