

Sum 41, The Jester

A jester of sorts
You stand holding your court
Over minions of capital hill
In a bath full of blood
All alone, standing still
Under God, you can fire at will

And when (when!)
The devil's angels come
Take your life and lead you
To the flies beneath
Go ahead so we kill (hey!)
And lose the dead who was,
Above us and beneath us,
Waiting in their graves,
It's a nation free for all

A prodigal son
Can't undo what he's done
A figure head of capital crime
With a light shining down
As you fall to your knees
To repent would be nothing but lies

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To the flies beneath
Go ahead so we kill (hey!)
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la la la la la la la la la la... (hey!) (hey!)..

Dead beat
Six feet
Dead underground

An eye for an eye
All the leaders are blind
Going once twice and then it goes down

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