

# The King Of Oblivion

Seven Nations

Between the refuge of the interstate overpass  
And the Sun State Building stretching twenty-  
four stories to the skies  
Car tires and cats' eyes sing a lullaby  
He walks the sidewalk like he's dancing on fire  
He climbs the fire escape like there's no place higher than his  
room  
He can feel all eyes upon him when he moves

If you see me I'll be hypnotized  
From the fourteenth row I see rust on his hands  
Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing  
Hail to the King of Oblivion

He's born on Friday, but he's Saturday's child  
From his room down the hall I hear his radio dialed to a Broadw  
ay serenade  
As ashes on beer cans make their promenade

If you see me I'll be mesmerized  
From my empty row I feel moved to my feet  
Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing  
Hail to the King of Oblivion  
Of Oblivion

And he looks around him  
And he finds himself alone  
But rewards of unconsciousness  
Are yet to be had, to be had

If you see me I'll be hypnotized  
From the fourteenth row I see rust on his hands  
Outside it's Church Street where all the people sing  
Hail to the King of Oblivion

If you see me I'll be mesmerized  
From my empty row I feel moved to my feet  
When his song is complete I hear the people sing  
Hail to the King of Oblivion  
of Oblivion