Philarmonics

Agnes Obel

Guess who died, last night
In grey stockings, in all might
It was no loss
The only God of mine

He fell down, just to drown
In a sea of delight
To tame champagne
And creatures of the night

As the water took him over
Filled his lungs inside out
I sold his gold
For flowers and rice

Speaking fire, he would hire
Pawns and peasants just like me
To feed upon the conquered ones
But now we are free

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