

Titus Alone

Aldous Harding

I would rather die than sleep tonight
I would rather die than dream
But to this bed I'll bring myself
If that's what they want

Behind this house there lives a boy
I hear him cry at night
He sits alone and waits for sunrise

Follow me down for
Wine and tales of bravery
Follow us down for
Mead and songs of victory

He's running from the underworld
A moving beast of men
It's hungry for a fearful heart
But Titus, he's far away

Follow me down for
Wine and tales of bravery
Follow us down for
Mead and songs of victory

My king drinks from gold
My king drinks from gold
My heart needs no gold

My king drinks from gold
My king drinks from gold
My heart needs no gold