

# 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