

White Eyes

Black Peaks

Cards come tumbling down
Who shall strike the crown?
For a queen, finds a rook, not a fairy tale, not a book
And the kings of old, have their stories told, long ago

Just read their lips, they'd be anywhere with anyone else
Just to hold their throne
So you fill their veins with anything from A to H
Just to hold their throne

Cards come tumbling down
Who shall strike the crown?
For a queen, finds a rook, not a fairy tale, not a book
And the kings of old, have their stories told, long ago

I don't want her
And the kings of old have their stories told long ago
Open up
Open up, it's just a game
Close your eyes
It won't change
Open up, it's just a game

Close your eyes
It won't change

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