

## 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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I don't want her  
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