

I used to be the king  
But they took everything  
They even stole my crown  
I'm gonna track you down

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Watch your back, my friend  
I'm about to kick start a cycle  
Of never ending revenge  
And this time it's primal, it's tribal  
All our drawbridges are up, is this a wind up?  
I used to be a charmer but now there's holes in my armor, fuck

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I can't walk away, I can't walk away  
I've got all this pride, all this shame, all this anger to obey  
Well if it's revenge you seek then be sure to dig two graves, why?  
One for my enemy and fucking one for you, preferably  
I just want to be adored and I'll die by my own sword  
Thanks I trust no one as I prowl under the amber street lamps  
All our drawbridges are up, is this a windup?  
I wrap my sword and swing but I go and pull my hamstring, fuck

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(I used to be the king)  
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(But they took everything)  
But they took everything  
(They even stole my crown)  
They even stole my crown  
(I'm gonna track you down)  
I'm gonna track you down

I'm gonna track-