

Stockholm

Fit for a King

Bow down to the enemy
Spineless now, you kiss the ring
Welcome insecurity
Proclaiming your own defeat
Words spread like bleeding rain
Lies injected straight to the vein
Vow to authority
To never wake up, never question their lead

No one's gonna save your soul
Devoured, then you're thrown to the wolves
No one's gonna save your soul
Devoured, then you're thrown to the wolves

Bow down to the enemy
Spineless, now you kiss the ring
Welcome insecurity
Proclaiming your own defeat
Waiting for them to save
Caving, you found your place
Found your place and you swear that you're heard
But you're a sheep in the herd
With your face in the dirt

They want it all
They don't want peace
They will bury you six feet deep

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