

False Kings

Poets of the Fall

Getting lost singing their song
Caught up in all I've done
It's all I know, but not what I need
Cut by my love, cut till I bleed

So I want to run to your shelter tonight
Run to the shelter tonight
United in silent resistance
Of bowing to false kings
So let me run to your shelter tonight
Run from this meaningless pantomime
I'll swallow my pride, give up the pretence
Of bowing to false kings

Bought their smiles, liquid and smooth
Took their words for the truth
Edge of light and shade
My broken soul once more enslaved

So I want to run to your shelter tonight
Run to the shelter tonight
United in silent resistance
Of bowing to false kings
So let me run to your shelter tonight
Run from this meaningless pantomime
I see the false kings
I see that all this
Must end

When there's no love in my embrace
Cold blood runs through my veins
If I soar without grace
Do I still soar
I need the love in your embrace
Open doors, brand new ways
End my wars and erase
And I'm yours

So I want to run to your shelter tonight
Run to the shelter tonight
United in silent resistance
Of bowing to false kings
So let me run to your shelter tonight
Run from this meaningless pantomime
I'll swallow my pride, give up the pretence

Yes, I wined and, and I dined on, on that cyanide