

There Will Be Blood

Sum 41

The little ones
We gotta control all the little ones
All the little ones
We'll take the souls of the little ones
And that might be you

Confess your sins of sorrow
Get on your knees and pray
Don't sell your souls on the open market
'Cause there will be hell to pay

We're gonna burn
We're gonna burn this down
There's no return
In all the words we vow

If I am the king, then you might be my fancy

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We don't believe it's over
The seasons of the dead
Just sell your souls for the lowest bargain
The price will be on your head

We're not alone
We're gonna bring you down
We'll take control
The new king is crowned

If I am the king, then you might be my fancy

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