

# Conscience of Kings

The Icicle Works

Pathos is a special gift, it's all I've got to win you  
with

No excursion from the chosen way

Got no colour, got no creed, discontent is fuelled by  
greed

They'll kill you for your raincoat in this town

These may be the finest days we've ever come to know

You're as cautious as you are reckless, even so

VERSE 2

Proud possessions, head is home, lay the roots we're free  
to roam

Squander while our best friends keep loose change

I am the village idiot aspiring to great things

People love a trier and the hope that his kind brings

CHORUS

Here in seclusion, close to intrusion, my hope is pinned  
to her wings

Up there above you, waiting to love you, we'll share the  
conscience of Kings

OUTRO

More or less a wide slice of the action (to fade)