

Cannibals With Cutlery (Reprise)

To Kill a King

A cannibal with cutlery is a cannibal still
Though you choose to forget that
You're banging rectangular in circular holes
Oh you never learn do you lad

Oh now tell me what should I do
Normally I'd just talk things through with you
But it's you who is making me blue
It's you who is making me blue

Alcohols a lubricant,
Surely you should use it to slowly fuck yourself
All those years I cry without tears
And you're thinking of somebody else
Cards on the table, cigarette burns and all
Scars on your arms and whiskey flavours your soul

And it's you who is making me blue
No it's you who is making me blue
Its you who is making me blue
Its you who is making me blue

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