

London in Springtime

To Kill a King

London in springtime
The first hint of sunshine
After winters claws
Release their grip once more

London in springtime
All is quiet, all's fine
No signs of rush
No cars, no crowds, no fuss

And high above it
Eagle eyed above it
The city awakes, colours blaze
Green, red and amber flames
Echoing the tick, tick boom

London in springtime
The quick creep of young vines
As they climb up high
To touch that pale blue sky

London in springtime
All the click, click of a bent spine
As that fresh wind blows
Over old forgotten stones

And high above it
Eagle eyed above it
The city awakes, colours blaze
Green, red and amber flames
Echoing the tick, tick boom

And the world wakes up like it always would
Brushes them off like unwanted bugs
Just an awkward phase with some growing pains
Not a moment too soon, well the concrete blooms

And the world it turns in the same old way
Just a cosmic dance spinning in space
Just a failed romance with a violent past
It's a brand new tune as the concrete blooms

High above it
Eagle eyed above it
The cathedrals that shine
Conquering the skies
Despite all our might
Well the concrete blooms