Kicking

Torche

Lights on in the kingdom
Useless deed of the dead ones
Kicking

My bow shoots the arrow
Into deep crack the marrow
Kicking

Sailing on the sea
Changing our beliefs
Onward for the stone
Laying out alone
Alone

Begging for supplies
Season now gone by
For now

Learning to pass this by
We'll believe our own lie
Exposing only you
We own the room and you, and you

Lights off in the kingdom
Kicking

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