

# The Emperor's Son

Tub Ring

Worked all night for the emperors son  
And results had still escaped us  
It was it was not your head on the chopping block  
So your thoughts seemed so outrageous

Ooh, listen to me  
Ignore what you see  
And listen to me

Old fashion thoughts are fading fast.  
A simple process that escapes you  
You're still distracted by the past  
And now that simply wont do

The more i heard of your sacred rules  
The more i just ignored them  
Imagine the look on the emperor's face  
When a God stood right before him

Ooh, listen to me,  
Not what you believe  
Listen to me

Old fashion thoughts are fading fast  
A simple process that escapes you  
You're still distracted by the past  
And now that simply won't do

Speak my name to anyone, anywhere  
Get your vindication  
Answers known by everyone, everywhere  
Is of no consolation