

Agnes Obel - Philharmonics

Guess who died
Last night
In grey stockings
In all might
It was no loss
The only God of mine

He fell down
Just to drown
In a sea
Of delight
To tame champagne
And creatures of the night

As the water
Took him over
Filled his lungs
Inside out
I sold his gold
For flowers and rice

Speaking fire
He would hire
Pawns and peasants
Just like me
To feed upon the conquered ones
But now we are free