

# 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