

VERS 1

I used to rule the world, seas would rice when I gave the word. Now, in the morning I sleep alone, sweep the streets I used to own.

VERS 2

I used to roll the dice, feel the fear in my enemy's eyes. Listen as the crowd would sing "Now the old king is dead! Long live the king!" One minute $\rm I$

held the key, next the walls were closed on me. And I discovered that my castles stand upon pilars of salt and pilars of sand

REF

I hear Jerusalem bells are ringing, Roman cavalry choirs are singing. Be my mirror, my sword and shield, my missionaries in a foreign field.

For some reason I can't explain, once you go there was never, never an honest word and that was when I ruled the world.