

Checkmate

Let me carry on that lantern
Through the wind in your battalion
I will follow your old pattern
For a scruffy tin medallion

Let us fight as if this was
Our last day here on earth
We step across our fallen stars
On the edge of our nerves

I need some time now to ignore
What you have done to my king
I fold away that thought again
But for later it will be stored

He is weak he can barely stand
Locked in his royal strategy
Let me steady my own hand
To regain sovereignty

Do you think i did not notice
What is happening on the field
My bishop runs quick to give solace
To be my armor be my shield

While you invade my very thoughts
I can't invoke the next move you make
Was it pure luck or just fate
In any way you are checkmate