

King Of Nothing

Corroded

You got to climb up on your high horses, decide over air
You're the ruler of a void, there is no need to be fair
In an invisible robe, sitting on a throne of sand
As a real prince of blank, nod to the people and wave with your hand

With your back all straight, satisfied that you are right
Convinced that it is simple, everything is black or white
With your ruler to measure, it always shows in your favor
Feeling self-indulgent, the taste is the sweetest of flavors

On your head sits a crown of lead
And your life is just days that have fled
You are truly the King
You are truly a King Of Nothing
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In a world of make belief, your word is the law
Your voice sounds like thunder, everyone listens in awe
You are laying down the rules, on a tablet of stone
We bow to your wisdom, adore what you have shown

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