

# 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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