

# The Crown of Treason

Crimfall

Foul is the sin as feat left undone  
Words belied by deeds no grace will atone  
Are you not your father's son  
Hence talons are fashioned in your crown

Woe sworn on visage adored  
Woe sworn upon sheathed sword  
Woe sworn and no longer ignored  
Thorns circling your palatine reward

So the blame was yours and yours alone  
Lies for child mundane is yet treason  
Are you not your mother's son  
Hence talons are fashioned in your crown

Woe sworn on visage adored  
Woe sworn upon sheathed sword  
Woe sworn and no longer ignored  
Thorns circling your palatine reward

Woe sworn on visage adored  
Woe sworn upon sheathed sword  
Woe sworn and no longer ignored  
Crown sharpened in cold ashen forge