

# Blinded

Falconer

Your wealth and your power  
Both increase with every day.  
Theory versus practice  
As the mould spreads it's way.

Ravens fill the sky  
Wolves start to cry  
And you shield your eyes.

Behold the throne of satin  
Far from where no hope is left.  
No royal tidings reach it,  
It's like talking to the deaf.

Blinded by gold are the knights.  
In spite of all the blinders you can wear,  
The rotten stench will still be there.

The castle of your glory,  
Embellished under your reign.  
The next throne possessor  
Must pawn his crown for your vain.