

Child Of Innocence

Falconer

Hold the sceptre to the sky,
hold it high to be cleansed.
Climb the ancient stone,
you child of innocence.

Take the sceptre
you who didn't crave it,
reach to the heaven
and let it be blessed.
Cherish the throne
of blood with your purity.
Crowned by us,
estates in unity.

We chose the boy to be king,
there is no blood in his crown.

Remember the past
and bear it inside.
Witness the end
of the deceiving ride.