

Dismantled King Is Off The Throne

Felt

I was feeling desperate
Unable to decide
Between a life of misery
Or awful suicide
Then it came to rest by me
Like a cross that's hard to bear
Put death in my hands
And I will play with it for sure

Dismantled king is off the throne
There's nothing left
If you stand on your head too long
Then you'll just run out of breath

You're trying hard
But that's too bad
Because your voice is always sad

I was feeling out of touch
Unable to control
My mind was like a theatre
It was playing ten different roles
And I believed all the locked-up people
Held the key to the world
A land of heads in chained-in boxes
Just trying to be heard