

Broken Fame

Fit for a King

(These words, these words
They are the only ones that I come back to
And with these hands
We'll move the world just to find you)

Here's to a life of a broken fame (caught in the motions)
You've been letting the world decide your fate
A weak man, in a stronghold
Consumed in all the things he needs
But it's never enough
It's never enough it seems

Some may call it the high life
But you took the easy way out
You had your moment to shine
But now it's wasted
You've done nothing but waste it

We've gotta find a way to show you how
To pull these words from the pages
To make this world your own

These words, these words
They are the only ones that I come back to
And with these hands
We'll move the world just to find you

You cannot find a way
When all you do is aim to accumulate
Reaching out for everything but the answers
We have gone astray
Here you are again
Struggling to stand on your own two feet
Why is this happening?
Your ambitions have made you blind
Just open up
It's not too late

We are the authors of our own demise
Feeding greed will only leave us dead inside

I stood my ground and I pushed you out
But I still couldn't find
What made me whole
What broke the mold
And without you
I'll never know
Without you I'll never know
I'll never know
I'll never know
Without you I'll never know

These words, these words
They are the only ones that I come back to
And with these hands
We'll move the world just to find you
These words, these words (just to find you)

These words, these words (just to find you)
And with these hands
We'll move the world just to find you