

## King Of Days

High on Fire

A psychopath has found a sight and a way to be the king of days  
A rhyme without a poem and the luster of his last ways  
The angels of death had a right and a cause for a sorrow to say  
A mortal flight across a chasm and on to the underworld's grave  
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They sail a burning sun  
A war they never won  
They toss the fear aside  
Never to ask for - pride

The spirits flights into a valley, a darkness that led them ast  
ray  
An infant's eyes now open, with it a tempter, allude and betray  
You know your master's leash is tight and keeps your death and  
your children at bay  
The raging maniac aware and knows the cost of his earthly maze

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