

Crown Me King

I the Breather

We've become ill from the power constricted in our minds
We are a mark of the beast our father claimed us not to be.
Why must we take strength from a man so pure
And laugh at the words he claimed would set us assail?
A stranger, A man falling astray...
I know your screaming to help but somethings must be!
We are not good, We are not proud!
Move onwards and let your wings be our light
We have fallen into the arms of a bad man..
And we will weep until the light shines down!
Take the hand of this certainty
His vultures gather to steal every little piece of our souls..
The Rotten and decayed words ohh...
They speak.
"Crown me your king for all my wrong doings youve never seen my
purest actions"
We are a mark of the beast our father claimed us not to be.
My father please guide us in prosperity.