

Cradle for a King

Light This City

Everyone sees through you
How do you sleep at night?
Translucent eyelids don't keep out the light
Eyes that bulge apathetically
From your engorged (yet empty) head
Resting on a pillow bursting with dreams that will
never take flight
Songs that one time soothed their weary minds and tired
limbs
Become hauntingly, disturbingly, and loudly chanted
hymns

Frozen-hearted martyr-maker
What keeps you safe and warm at night?
A blanket woven with the flowers of forced labor
Dyed and colored with the blood
That you robbed from prisoners and slaves
Admit it, you get off more when they are fighting to
escape

And what holds you up there,
High above the rest of us?
Mighty only if the sheets weren't pulled over your head
The posts of your bed carved
From the bleached bones of your dead
The faces of your apparitions dripping with the tears
they shed
This is where majesty lies awake feeling corruptly
luxurious
Is this where dignity lies awake? In a cradle fit for a
king?

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You are not my hero; you're only my sovereign
I'm not encouraged to follow in your noble, shallow
footsteps;
Just expected to obey
And even though you're the one that represents all of
humanity
You are still only human
The backbone of immortality breaks every time:
Our fatal flaws turn to fatal lies