

Misery's King

Septic Flesh

Winds listen to me
And carry my voice as far as there are ears to hear
Clouds lift my spirit to the open doors of heaven
Eleven times the earth has offered a ring to her beloved
since the day I reached this lonely place.

Now I am Misery's King

These rocks became my Palace
I am King without one subject
Hallucination is my faithful servant
When I feel sad I am dancing with my thoughts
I tried to lock inside me
Something young, Something vivid
But in vain.

Now I'm Misery's King