

## 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