

## Bow To None

The Crown

Panic comes, something behind me,  
something above me sharpening its claws  
"Cover your hear, cover your heart, cover your hear"  
my logic says but always too late  
Bliss is at my reach again.  
But it always seeks to stab me from behind  
"Cover your heart, cover your heart, cover your heart"  
my logic says but once again late  
Let the endless deep devour.  
Bow to none in the final hour  
Pinned down, force-fed on truths.  
All sense destroyed only instinct prevails.  
"Cover your heart, cover your heart, cover your heart"  
mind divides - new ways find sides  
Pain, self-  
afflicted pain, is always there to pull me back again  
"Cover your heart, cover your heart, cover your heart"  
time goes on still scarred inside  
Let the endless deep devour.  
Bow to none in the final hour  
Let the endless deep devour.  
Bow to none, I bow to none in the final hour