

# Gardenian, As A True King

Closer to the future flying rapidly  
I've been damned to breathe what I hate to see  
Forcing me to act what I can not be  
Impurity is when you're pulling strings to see

I'm rising up I'm flying higher  
How would it feel if I touched the sky?  
Can't you see I'm rising higher  
Rising free towards purity

Lashing down on my trust try to make me feel  
Calm, at ease I'm feeling nauseous see  
What kind of man do you want from me?  
One for slavery, or a king that rules you  
nice and free

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Can't you see I'm rising higher  
Can't you see I'm rising higher  
As a true king