

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
As a true king