

# Kotipelto, King Anti-Midas

It seems to fall on darkened ways  
Like trials of the sinner  
A thousand and one hundred ways  
Just a question of when

All that I put to rest  
My deepest desires  
Like dreams now put to rest  
All brought to an end

Time and again it burns my head  
Frustration, the demon of ego  
Losing my grip, the ultimate slip  
Dragging me deep down below

(Chorus)  
Look at me, King Anti-Midas  
High Upon My throne  
Always reaching, not succeeding  
Falling to capture the gold

Setting out to rule them all  
Falling short of glory  
A king with no distinct resolve  
Only seemingly strong

Once had such golden dreams  
Fueling my desire  
Like the Silver of the stars  
Soon faded by dawn

(repeat)