

# No More Kings, This

When I walk without my feet  
And focus instead on blades of grass  
Finding faces in the trees  
And breathing in the poetry

Not after long my feet return  
Jealous perhaps  
Or lonely without me  
And I see I need them, too

And we walk home

What scares me most of all is me  
And still I want  
Not to be scared

When I learn to walk through walls and swim in the air  
I will be scared of me no longer

I asked the man what he wanted most  
I guess he wanted most of all to know  
Then he asked me what I wanted most  
And I answered, this

I asked the man what he wanted most  
I guess he wanted most of all to know  
And then he asked me what I wanted most  
I answered, this

And every now and again  
Though I sometimes fail to notice  
Life sneaks up and kisses my cheek  
And all I want is this