

Pain Of Salvation, King Of Loss

Mother, at my first breath
Every paragraph was set
As I inhaled the scent of debt
Mother, that first stolen air
On papers saying I'm not mine

We crown you, the King of Loss...
Better get on your feet
Best be one of us
Better get yourself on the list
For success
Dress up as a State investment
Charm the press
A breed from the seed of only
One short breath

Mother, hence we cry:
Some of us are free to stand
Most of us are bound to lie
In those bloodstained beds
No one can afford to pay
The prices on their babies' heads

I am the King of Loss!
For every dear smile I feel I'm not one of us
An ivory coin for every plus on your stone

One more governmental blade
Now drawn from its sheath
Quite a bargain I'd say since either way
You will live by the show of our teeth!

Mother, I wish that we could talk
You see
I'm not fit to play this game
Bound by its rules just the same
My talents turned to talons
Every monetary pile
Will buy me a precious smile...
smile...

So smile for the King of Loss
Feed from the juices
Bleeding from this cross
Then tell me our lives mean more
Than this vain thirst!

A governmental blade
Drawn from its private sheath
Quite a bargain I'd say, since either way
You'll be living by the show of our...

I hold up my head
This was my life
Now I'm with the dead
So I lay my bare neck
This is your call
Dub a king or a wreck

(Mother, listen to me mother)

This was my life
This is your call

Is this all I am? Is this all I'll be?
This is not enough!

We're all crying for respect and attention
We're all dying for a painless redemption!
This is not what I wanted
But for every drop of blood I lost myself
I, too, lay bleeding on the sidewalk...

Mother
Long live the dying king

A governmental blade
Now drawn from its private sheath
Quite a bargain I'd say, since either way
I will live by the show of your teeth...