Poets Of The Fall, King Of Fools

I worry that I can't give you what you need That you'll find nothing underneath the peel That I can't undo the times we disagreed That I can't ignore the way I feel

Cos what I feel is the only truth I know And I get by on this naivete of youth

If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up what I'll receive
Can I leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe?
I believe

Could you hold us up if I would drag us down? Resurrect emotions from our past N' if they had a king for fools would you wear the crown? Build us up again and make us last

Cos what I feel is the only truth for me And I get by on this naivete of youth

If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up what I'll receive
Can I still leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe?
I believe

And if we don't worry about a thing Will we be sorry when the rain is falling again And what does it matter If fortune should favor It's never the final amen

If what I feel is the only truth
And what I give out will make up what I'll receive
Can I still leave behind my naivete of youth?
Will I be crucified for wanting to believe?
I believe