

Decameron, Le Roi Triste

I am lost, in never, neverland
I can see and feel my darkness descent
I am the king the ruler of my thousand years
My world of pain, bitterness, grief and rain.

King over nothing, mind goes black
I am the sad king, Le roi Triste
A Cold wind of pain and grief
Slowly sweeps over the ground

No one lives here because it's so cold
No one lives here because it's so dark
I live here because it's so dark
I live here because it's so cold

Where deep inside of me is the true dreamer
Who am I, where am I
I am the son of the earth and the starfilled sky but from hell alone is my house

King over nothing, yet i'm feared
I am king over my death
Am I called, will I die
As i fall to sleep my kingdom fades away

No one lives here because it's so cold
No one lives here because it's so dark
I live here because it's so dark
I live here because it's so cold

So fucking cold

I am lost in never, neverland
My world of pain, bitterness, grief and rain