## 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, bitternesss, 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