

# One King Down, In The Blood

you think that i'm worthless you call me different a useless being a waste, a loss i beg to differ from where i stand it is you who is lost a multitude of idiocy an army of weaklings and drones follow one other like lemmings over a cliff you all live your lives the same and you call me crazy poor misguided flock of sheeps i'm not locked in here with you you're locked in here with me i have my own identity who'd want to be like you trapped in a fantasy distortion of reality your manufactured world means nothing to me you think of me as an outcast i think of you as a lost cause i have my own sense of self in the blood