

Pain Confessor, Poor Man's Crown

I love the rain
The tears heaven cries for I cannot cry myself
I gaze at the rain
And the pleasure pierces through my mind
The fall that sweeps away all woes off my troubled brow

In waiting my hopes lie
Hope to pass on my thorned crown
To another king of nothingness
To rule the court that suffocates their heirs

My soul wasn't worth much when
I sold it to become someone
Now all I have is a poor man's crown

They said he brought respect
One couldn't earn in a lifetime
They chased him down and drove their envy through his heart
They found no glory there, no wealth and no honor
Only a tired man holding on to his smile

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