

# 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 mans'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 an no honor  
Only a tired man holding on to his smile

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