

# Pain Of Salvation, King Of Loss

Mother, at my first breath  
Every paragraph was set  
As I inhaled the scent of debt  
Mother, that first stolen air  
On papers saying I'm not mine

We crown you, the King of Loss...  
Better get on your feet  
Best be one of us  
Better get yourself on the list  
For success  
Dress up as a State investment  
Charm the press  
A breed from the seed of only  
One short breath

Mother, hence we cry:  
Some of us are free to stand  
Most of us are bound to lie  
In those bloodstained beds  
No one can afford to pay  
The prices on their babies' heads

I am the King of Loss!  
For every dear smile I feel I'm not one of us  
An ivory coin for every plus on your stone

One more governmental blade  
Now drawn from its sheath  
Quite a bargain I'd say since either way  
You will live by the show of our teeth!

Mother, I wish that we could talk  
You see  
I'm not fit to play this game  
Bound by its rules just the same  
My talents turned to talons  
Every monetary pile  
Will buy me a precious smile...  
smile...

So smile for the King of Loss  
Feed from the juices  
Bleeding from this cross  
Then tell me our lives mean more  
Than this vain thirst!

A governmental blade  
Drawn from its private sheath  
Quite a bargain I'd say, since either way  
You'll be living by the show of our...

I hold up my head  
This was my life  
Now I'm with the dead  
So I lay my bare neck  
This is your call  
Dub a king or a wreck

(Mother, listen to me mother)

This was my life  
This is your call

Is this all I am? Is this all I'll be?  
This is not enough!

We're all crying for respect and attention  
We're all dying for a painless redemption!  
This is not what I wanted  
But for every drop of blood I lost myself  
I, too, lay bleeding on the sidewalk...

Mother  
Long live the dying king

A governmental blade  
Now drawn from its private sheath  
Quite a bargain I'd say, since either way  
I will live by the show of your teeth...