

## A Sleeping Throne

Lacrimas Profundere

I didn't want to know  
Where your sweet love flows  
And I don't want to leave  
This bright kingdom of my grief

I didn't understand  
Why every king must end  
Why all this blood must flow  
And that we must leave in dust

And I sit enthroned  
On my knees  
And I lick my wounds  
In great halls  
And I wear a crown  
Made of stone  
Which is only there  
To bow me

I will not leave my hate  
Will not congregate  
I'm the king of my alone  
And I want me to be gone

And I sit enthroned  
On my knees  
And I lick my wounds  
In great halls  
And I wear a crown  
Made of stone  
Which is only there  
To bow me