

No man's Land

Lacrimas Profundere

Born in peace and kind of
Undefined
Is it royal downtown?
Win against the cold
Mystified and old

And it's the echoes sound
Aching and breaking
I'm proud to wear my crown
I wish to rip it down
Law of forsaken
Your hands deep in my ground
Sun and moon and I'm not
Terrified
And in failing old
I beg for you
To play along