

The Crown of Treason

Crimfall

Foul is the sin as feat left undone
Words belied by deeds no grace will atone
Are you not your father's son
Hence talons are fashioned in your crown

Woe sworn on visage adored
Woe sworn upon sheathed sword
Woe sworn and no longer ignored
Thorns circling your palatine reward

So the blame was yours and yours alone
Lies for child mundane is yet treason
Are you not your mother's son
Hence talons are fashioned in your crown

Woe sworn on visage adored
Woe sworn upon sheathed sword
Woe sworn and no longer ignored
Thorns circling your palatine reward

Woe sworn on visage adored
Woe sworn upon sheathed sword
Woe sworn and no longer ignored
Crown sharpened in cold ashen forge