

Blinded

Falconer

Your wealth and your power
Both increase with every day.
Theory versus practice
As the mould spreads it's way.

Ravens fill the sky
Wolves start to cry
And you shield your eyes.

Behold the throne of satin
Far from where no hope is left.
No royal tidings reach it,
It's like talking to the deaf.

Blinded by gold are the knights.
In spite of all the blinders you can wear,
The rotten stench will still be there.

The castle of your glory,
Embellished under your reign.
The next throne possessor
Must pawn his crown for your vain.