

## In Carcosa (The Yellow King)

Hackneyed

My whole world feels like fiction  
With only shreds of it left  
My search became an addiction  
Of clarity I'm bereft  
Darkness falling around me  
Black stars light up the sky  
I wonder: Why can I still see?  
Is this the end, is it nigh?

Now the twin suns have sunken  
I roam the rampant grounds  
My sorrows are redundant  
My grief - getting profound

A locked room, hollow  
A dream of man not meant to be  
Its path I followed  
Within the shadows hid  
A monster at the end of it

My voice is gone - my screams die unheard  
Where am I now - this is just absurd  
I run towards - the ruins at the shore  
And then I know - I've been here before

As the red dawn takes over  
I hear the voices ring  
I'm a man of Carcosa  
Under the Yellow King

A locked room, hollow  
A dream of man not meant to be  
Its path I followed  
Within the shadows hid  
A monster at the end of it

The moons above - sink into the sea  
And from afar - he is approaching me  
'Come die with me' - I can hear him sing  
Now I will bow - before my only King