

Thousand Kings

Shakra

It's like a dream where you can watch yourself
Falter between the day and night
It is not real you hear some voices yell
And others force you to hold tight

This is the lost fight in the mighty ring
And it decides upon your fate
This is the last fight of the thousand kings
And only one will celebrate

Those little evils in your head pretend
To let you choose between the things
And all the angels, may be heaven sent
They'll give you shelter with their wings

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