

## Dethroned

### The Breathing Process

I gaze into the eyes of a man once exonerated from his future plans

He renders himself unworthy of this tranquility

The venom courses through, he is numb

Thrust your will upon the backs of giants,

In the process you've lost reverence.

Lay your kingdom down to rest

You'll pray for death, I'll pray there's nothing left

This is your degradation, all I see is red and exploitation

A core ridden with guilt a heart of darkness,

I hope the scars were worth it

The venom courses through, he is numb

Thrust your will upon the backs of giants,

In the process you've lost reverence.

Lay your kingdom down to rest

You'll pray for death, I'll pray there's nothing left

Hold on to what hurts the most, rid yourself of the ghost