

## Heir to None

### The Breathing Process

Majesty, call your silent court for thee  
Celebrate, prop foul pomp on wooden stakes  
Primacy, purge what's filthy in our streets  
Consummate, a posh dream of lunacy

Orations linger in empty halls  
I, the heir to none  
True heir to none, phantom acropolis  
True heir to none, phantom acropolis

Majesty, call your silent court for thee  
Celebrate, prop foul pomp on wooden stakes  
Primacy, purge what's filthy in our streets  
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Fabled king, hear those wailing horns sing  
Fabled king, stained throne of suffering  
Nigh it be, this lie is crumbling  
Nigh it be, your last offering

Exile's creation, self-imposed fate  
Ego's defacement, banished by hate  
False kingdom of no flag and no rule to keep  
Shunned sultan with no purpose, trapped in the bleak

Fabled king, hear those wailing horns sing  
Fabled king, stained throne of suffering  
Nigh it be, this lie is crumbling  
Nigh it be, your last offering  
Your last offering  
Bring them at once  
Can you hear me?  
Where hath thy hand?  
Need breeds necessity