Portrait

Unprocessed

I've been crowned king from when I was born
I'm in constant struggle to stay clear
From my cheeks roll golden diamond tears
Diamonds

You are born to make me feel my power
Amuse me with your unpretentious arts
Draw my face and make up for my scars
My scars

We walk the earth on sullen ground
Come wipe the dust off from my crown
You paint me with a brush of gold
Paint my portrait
Before I go

Don't you see me sitting on the throne?
Can't you feel your worth it's in your bones?
Mix your colours like you did before
Before

Bow down slave
I believe it's time to change
The colours on the canvas
Don't let them see I'm anxious

We walk the earth on sullen ground
Come wipe the dust off from my crown
You paint me with a brush of gold

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