Karma

Bowhill

I am the king of honor, gold and glory
But every king must also die
Have I been just and righteous, what is glory?
I know I've torn and taken life
And here I stand a small and simple man
Who will trade his karma for my kingdom?
A sacrificial rite to render truth
The fire in my soul rejects my wisdom
'Cause all you do in life comes back to you
I am a king in crisis counting minutes
There is an ending to my reign
My sins have come to face me, I can feel it
That I have lived my life in vain
And now I know I'll reap the seeds I've sown

Who will trade his karma for my kingdom?
A sacrificial rite to render truth
The fire in my soul rejects my wisdom
'Cause all you do in life comes back to you
Am I mad? I feel so void and cold
Who can tell, who holds the stories untold?
Tired, trembling, I am descending
Will I have to stay here and live this life again
Who will trade his karma for my kingdom?
A sacrificial rite to render truth
The fire in my soul rejects my wisdom
'Cause all you do in life comes back to you

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