

# Karma

## SmokeBox

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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