

The King

Matt Holubowski

I err, aimlessly in falling towns
Looking to trade some time for some way to get around.

Hold fast to my paper crown
As the howl of the wind, it blows it all to hell.

I am the king of the ancient town,
I am the reign of the young,
But I have been told I'm the only one.

But I am
No I am not, but I am
No I am not, well, I am
No I am not, but I am, I am, I am

I am the fault of the clerics pen
I am the joke without, within
I am the call for righteous living.
I am the spawn of a drunken vision
I am the hope that drives the dread out of the slums for miles ahead
I am the ad that sold the mould
I am the billboard for the soul

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I was produced by old machines,
Rusted and worn by centuries.
I was entailed by sullied laws,
And now I am caught between its jaws.
I am the scar of my descent,
Destined to be the same again.
I am the circle viciously
Complete and closed like history.

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I am the reign of the young,

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