

# Heavy Is the Head That Wears the Crown

Ignitor

A god size man  
The pressure of his duty can be crushing  
Those who stand in the way of his talents  
Are only judging

His power of reason has done his legion  
And armies very well  
To gain respect of the nobles  
Can almost turn to his hell

Dark is the heart seeking revenge  
Your sense of pride will meet death  
Not knowing where or when  
Shattered are the lives  
You have burned to the ground  
Heavy is the head that wears the crown

A weary life of catastrophe  
A reckoning with no remorse  
Sickening floods and of fire  
Will take its natural course  
The cleansing of his soul  
With sage and bermagat is such a waste  
The lords are unaware  
The master is wearing a shroud of grace

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His seers and his jesters cannot  
Lift his spirits at all  
As tribes of the ferals are  
Policing themselves  
Once he stood as a mountain  
Now his pride seems to crawl  
Like a witch at the stake  
He hears the funeral bell

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