

# The King of the Dead

## Memory Garden

Born out of happiness, a child so innocent  
Crawled so blind into this world  
From a young boy to a cynical man  
Tried to deal with both pleasure and pain  
Years passed by, winter by winter and fall by fall  
Tears passed by, one by one and still they fall

I slowly awake, as dreams start to fade, and I clear my head  
I rise from myself, so still  
As I welcome the King of the Dead

The lust found in sorrow, the seeking of Gods  
In memory scattered, betrayed by life's odds

An emptiness so deep, from all that was lost  
Insignificance grew larger, life raised the costs

Denial fed weakness, it's food for the vile  
Rest under dark skies and cry with a smile