

Forgotten King

by Minstrel Elizabeth

Even Kings can be forgotten.

Chapter 1 of 1

Even Kings can be forgotten.

You will fall asleep
When the night grows weak,
With your crown askew,
When the dawn is new.
You will go away
When the skies are grey,
In your mantle torn,
When the Sun is born.
You will disappear
When the end is near,
Shrouded in a haze
Of forgotten days.