Forgotten King

by Minstrel Elizabeth

Even Kings can be forgotten.

Chapter 1 of 1

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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.