

## Ideas

### "King Of Swords"

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Frosty and ice-cold days  
A touch without senses  
Thus the king of swords  
Is waiting long for his pray

After all, king of every swords  
You cannot be the muse of my soul  
Don't even, it's all in vain  
There's no need for your heart's pain  
Hard game

Clever and willy conqueror  
Somehow it is suspicious  
My soul is freezing in your kingdom  
My ice king

After all, king of every swords  
You cannot be the muse of my soul  
Don't even, it's all in vain  
There's no need for your heart's pain  
Hard game

A living flower is blooming yet  
In the altar of my soul  
But my flower is dying, look  
If you're nearing with your frozen thoughts

After all, king of every swords  
You cannot be the muse of my soul  
Don't even, it's all in vain  
There's no need for your heart's pain  
Hard game

After all, king of every swords  
There's no need for your heart's pain  
Hard game

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