

Thyne Scabbard "The King Of Abandon"

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In Selfishness I am the king of abandon.
While your still standing on the horizon.
Waiting with patience for my return,
Tears soak your robe for the lessons I must learn.
Take the money and run, Take the money and run.

Blindness from the warmth of the dawn,
Brittle bone are crushed to dust.
Suffocated and lulled to sleep
With loneliness I'm left to weep
They took it all as I gave it away
Living inside their mistakes
I'd Rather be a slave in your house,
No longer fit to be called your son.

Bedridden with sickness,
Confined in worlds of weakness.
Immobilized by disease,
Withered from starving with nothing to eat.
Depression the rope I'm hanging,
Torn out insides, wounds still bleeding.
Tumors burst fourth from within,
I'm the leper with burning skin.

As the world tears my flesh away,
Strength has failed me. (WEAK AND DYING).
False sense of security,
They all turned against me. (CURSED ARE THESE DAYS).
Drank my fill of insurrection,
Scour the land from my distractions. (DEBAUCHERY)
Blindfolds and nothing more,
Plagues and famines were my reward.

Father how can you love the disobedient son who
turned his face from you.
All his possessions were squandered away, while I was
here working like a slave.
I never left your side, the warmth of your embrace.
How can you forget my diligence? And your heart I will
always chase.

Son I'll never forget your loyalty, everything I have is

yours,
But your brother has returned from the dead.
Say goodbye to jealousy's hatred. (x2)

Forgiven son rest here with me now and forever

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