

## A Whisper Rising

### "The King Is Dead"

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The knife or the rope or the lemon, this brain and I.  
The sight of the drop got me off the roof.  
Hey, the garage looks cleaner when you look at it  
sideways, from high.

To finally admit we are born alone  
And that your only one's got an only one of their own.  
We'll get the right sun block for the nice explosions.  
Oh, the king is dead.

To absolve the joy from me is to erase what made me a  
slave.  
I'm a king to be.  
I traded my life for art and the guilt is weighing down  
my arms.

Tell me again what a monster is, give me the words to  
describe.  
Can you tell me what the use of endorphins is when my  
city dies at night?  
Take away the sentence of house arrest and watch me  
ruin it right.  
Put me in the back of an ambulance cause my city dies  
tonight.

I see the levity of every meeting of the minds.  
I lie to myself.  
It's my right to do.  
I'm separated like an elevator door for privacy from my  
eyes.

To finally admit we are born alone  
And that your only one's got another robot to take the  
throne.  
Heartless of the world deny the king is dead.  
Fuck, the king is dead.  
Heartless with your burning eyes.  
The king is dead.  
Fuck, the king is dead.

To wade through the virus of your lies is to cheat it

through.  
Death is only in my eyes.  
And the sinking feeling came over me and it said,  
"never again, never again".  
The king is dead.  
Tell me again what a monster is cause my city dies  
tonight.

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