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Crimfall "The Crown Of Treason"

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Foul is the sin as feat left undone Words belied by deeds no grace will atone Are you not your father's son Hence talons are fashioned in your crown

Woe sworn on visage adored Woe sworn upon sheathed sword Woe sworn and no longer ignored Thrones circling your platine reward

So the blame was yours and yours alone Lies for child mundane is yet treason Are you not your mother's son Hence talons are fashioned in your crown

Woe sworn on visage adored Woe sworn upon sheathed sword Woe sworn and no longer ignored Thrones circling your platine reward

Woe sworn on visage adored Woe sworn upon sheathed sword Woe sworn and no longer ignored Crown sharpened in cold ashen forge

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