

Arena, Opera Fanatica

Gather close my friends - Attend to my confusion
These thoughts till now have been too far for you to reach
Gather close to me - My students of delusion
Listen carefully to what I have to teach

So finally, you will walk with me - As an equal in the heart of my prophecies
No struggle now, and no falling down - No hiding from the attitudes and jealousies

The King is dead, so worship me - No voices in my head, so worship me!

Then hand in hand, we will make that stand
I was once myself, but now I am another man

There's a sense of urgency - Flawed invisibility
The negative converge - feel the synchronicity
A union of consequence beyond this lost adversary

The King is dead, so worship me - No voices in my head, so worship me!

There's nothing more to fear - A question of a few degrees
From sane to maniac - We're feathers on a dying breeze
You trust your life to float - Across the gentle ebb and flow
And on the random whims - A God that no one really knows

The King is dead, so worship me - No voices in my head, so worship

There's nothing more to fear - A question of a few degrees
From care to negligence - In freedom or captivity
Perhaps there is a place - Far outside these prison walls
Where I may live your life - A cleaner slate, a stronger cause

The King is dead, so worship me - No voices in my head, so worship me!

So I exist in this fragile equilibrium
Which glues the substance of the universe to me
The stars they're falling down, drawn to me in millions
Only I can set them free set them free

Set them free! Only I can set them free!

You try to live without me by your side
You try to live without me now but
I will always be there, just a single breath away
And I will always be there I will share your fate again

The King is dead, so worship me - No voices in my head, so worship me!
The King is dead, so worship me - No voices in my head, so worship me!