

BoyWithUke, King Of Nothing

Can you hear
The church bells ring?
Here he comes
It's the king of kings

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Here he comes
It's the king of kings
His hotel burns
Made of ash and strings
He's got all he wants
And lost everything

Tell me how to stop, I want to get off
Nervous when I talk about it, see I'm struggling with thoughts
What I used to love, losing patience and the passion
Used to think about my younger self before I had the wealth, back when we got donations
Just a kid feeling what he felt, dealing with the issues that he manifested
Tried his best with what he got, but he got lost in what he's not
No, he's not a singer, and he doesn't talk, he just got caught in a subplot
Soon the shot was over, turned into a loner
Started losing power in his own songs
He was just a poser, losing his composure
Looking for the closure that he never got

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Everything about this life don't feel the same as your hazel eyes
Alone, I would rather be at home
And I could laugh and I could try and live this lie for a thousand times
I know I would rather be at home