



## BORROWED TIME

Movement VI

### Kings without a crown

In a house of white, he plays his game,  
Pulling strings, but feels no shame.  
In the east, a king won't share,  
Claims the world, but doesn't care.

Behind red walls, they march in line,  
Blinded eyes, yet they call it fine.  
A tyrant's throne, a nation's cage,  
History turns another page.

Kings without a crown, ruling high,  
Spinning truth, feeding lies.  
They write the laws, they build their walls,  
But empires rise—and empires fall.

Gold and greed, the poison reigns,  
While the people bear the chains.  
They take, they burn, they call it fate,  
But justice never comes too late.

Kings without a crown, ruling high,  
Spinning truth, feeding lies.  
They write the laws, they build their walls,  
But empires rise—and empires fall.

The world keeps turning, time won't wait,  
Even power meets its fate.

You can rule with fear, you can silence the sound,  
But the voices rise—won't be kept down.

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Spinning truth, feeding lies.  
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