

I do not own the crown.

My place is low. Beneath the ground.

Through darkness and light, I shiver in fright.

That one day my loved ones will become royalty.

The eldest member at the most risk.

A fleeting phone call, the ending is brisk.

The absence of warmth, my isolation held high.

I hide myself from you, to avoid final goodbyes.

Despite the time passing, and the crown still harassing.

I pray you'll be exempt.

From paying a price, rolling the dice.

I hope you stay in contempt.

Against all odds, filled with uncertainty.

I say again with absolute courtesy.

Do not become royal, stay low to the ground.

I hope we never wear the crown.