**A King's Plea**

Her beauty is intoxicating
glistening from the bath-she-bathes in,
and my eyes have been led to this very moment.

He appointed me King,
the conditions clearly state entitlements,
and who can deny what's conclusive?

For my case has been judged.
I have stood before the giant
and conquered the shadow of death.

As I rationalize the laws
this is what peasantry must feel like,
but in all my ways I have done it for the glory so
who can be against me?

I have heeded the ways of my ancestors,
laid down my life for the sheep,
and sat at the table with thine enemies.

Who am I but the popularly demanded?
The spoils of royalty run deep,
through war as also peace,
in death as in life.