



Your Result:

The King

"There will come a ruler Whose brow is laid in thorn Smear'd with oil like David's boy" Duty. Strength. Resignation. You were told to do things and you did them. The world is something that was put into your hands and that you must deal with - so you will. You have a rigid back and steady hands, either metaphorically or physically. Is it nature or nurture ? You don't know. You are tired of being steady. You dream of feeling alive. Not that you aren't, but, sometimes, it's hard to remember that there is a heart between your ribs. Your love is where you breathe. Come on, breathe. In. Out. It starts now. Art : St Catherine of Alexandria, Guido Reni

