

Black Jester

"Diary Of A Blind Angel"

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Walking all alone
on twilight's boulevards,
Still picking up
tears of mother pearl
from the cold ashes
of my uselessness,
Dressin' in dark,
the dark evening's cloak
Waitin' all alone
with new curiosity,
That's my heart of silk
tumbling on roaring streets.

Eyes of stone for a little universe
of bleeding stars and crowded wilderness
Siren screams, the call of the crowd
Siren screams, seduction of the strong

Chorus

My wings are broken and I can't
join you on the grand highway of the laughing sun.

Against the wind of your certainties,
just a losing sun and his haltin' gait
I still fall down, but I'll shout again
my need to live, outside your fortress.

Chorus

It still rains on the blind angel's diary and the words will
slip away

If only I could
I would climb your mountains
to find a nest hanging on my horizon
If only I could
I would swim through
the entrails of your glad surface-reality
If only I could
I would take part
in the ritual of your obstinate normality
Angel of outskirts

the night saw you dying
and the day had never been your friend

Like an old man
with Pierrot's gaze
I know his soul, thrown in a corner...
...and his eyes of stone for a little universe
of bleeding stars and crowded wilderness
Against the wind of your certainties
just a losing son and his haltin' gait

Chorus

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