Black Jester
"The Tower And The Minstrel"

This silent night,
while the eyes of the world look at me,
has no reasons to believe
what is right or what is wrong.
And the kingdom will fall.

Clear winter morning
and the knight will be killed
Clear winter morning
and I'll become the justice wind.
A storyteller of the plough and the bread
Another hero with the light in his heart
But the king is dying in a veil of solitude
All the heroes are lying and I'm drowning in truth...
I'm drowning in truth

This silent god,
while hunger and pain clash behind
the golden-bloody wall
just a prayer for all,
for the rulers too

Mild winter morning
and the knight will be lost
Mild winter morning
and ambition will be dust

A storyteller with no saints in his tales
A thousand answers for a trip with no return
The king is dying in a shiver of fear
Heaven's gate is barred.
Not even the stars have the key...
...a broken key

Chorus
Empty rage,
Storm and flames in my head,
bursting wave on my dreams.
Where's the fiddle of the oppressed?
Just a torn flag...

...fades in my hands,

nothing to clasp,
I'm giving up the game
And the kingdom will fall.

One winter morning
and the knight will be naked
One winter morning,
crucifixion without applause.
Timeless tower with a man on his knees,
another hero mantled in frost and wind.
Bohemian tower, last prison of my days
in a foreign castle,
while rustling trees whisper my name...
no other name

Chorus

I know...the king will die
- and the minstrel is being born
Take care of my notes
- in the jewel-case of wisdom.

I'm watcher of a real story,
dripping face of misery

Lost pieces of story
scattered in daily muddy wakes

I heard low voices
old chants of suffering men

All sons of shadow
waiting for a nevercoming spring.