

Dans Home Grown

"Jester's Farewell"

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All who still remain
Are leaving their shelter
One by one
The King leads his court

The sun seeks it's own reflection
On their clothes that shine like Gold

I speak the language of the colourless present
My words do not reach their ears anymore

A quest in vain
Trying to hold on to my youth
But still I remember those princes and wenches

He tries to tell me reality took over my soul
The walls behind which I wish to dream
Are coming down

Those princes and wenches
Visiting the castle
Represented my infant years
They flee into eternal woods
Only the jester turns around
One last time
Now I recognise my sad companion
Who kept me company
Countless times

The Jester kept me company countless times
In hours that seemed darker than these

He tries to tell me reality took over my soul
The walls behind which I wish to dream
Are coming down
He tries to tell me reality took over my soul
The walls behind which I wish to dream
Are coming down down down!

