

Dans Home Grown

"Tristesse"

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Blood red skies like a messenger of doom
Skeletons on parade in villages on fire
Divine maidens suffering from the plague
Apocalypse my friend put these cities into dust

Dust on coffin lits
Tales never told
Citizens living in cages of glass
Writing poetry in the fields of Bretagne
But hear the cries of a distant battle

Cardinals in decay and Gods who failed everywhere
Nero's fiddle distuned, Rome into flames

With wings wide spread I wish to fly
Like an eagle embracing the sky
Dying during a final flight
Oh deliver me from life

Plundering savages drunk with bloodlust
Knights in armour now long vanished

Jesters holding the crown
Noblesse fading away
Noblesses fading

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Tales never told
Citizens living in cages of glass

Writing poetry in the fields of Bretagne
But hear the cries of a distant battle

Cardinals in decay
Gods who failed everywhere
Gods who failed...

TRISTESSE!

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