

Falco**"A Quest For The Crown"**

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Many men are sent on a quest
For the crown
Searching all corners of the great land
The minstrel tries to sing as before
But the jester he laughs no more
Many men are sent on a mission of hope
Asking fortune-tellers and the wise men
Where the royal crown is to be found
Promising rewards in silver gold and pounds

When the king returns from the crusades
There is no big welcome on the shore
As he hear the news of the missing crown
He shouts at the sky
Have I ever let you down
The elderly call it a sign as famine
Strikes the land
Caught in the grip
Of the reapers cold hand

The mission must succeed
Or the kingdom will fall
With it falls the future if us all

No crystal-ball manage to find
Guidance in their holy quest
God is the last hope for our nation
Of earth stone and damnation

Many years had past since the king died
When one day a young boy looked down
Into the moat
Something was gleaming deep down
What could it be If not for the kings crown

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