

In Flames "The Jester Race"

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Rush faster on the one-way lane
The answers so silent
Rusty gods in their machine-mind armours
Grind our souls in the millstone of time
The "deathbed harvest" is a dead man's banquet
of mould ridden bread and black, poisoned wine

And we go... our steps so silent
And we go... our blooded trace
The Jester Race

Calling our to the gathered masses
Their answers so silent

And we go...

Embracing the tools of the neo-wolf age
that speak of a silence and silence alone

Offering the tokens, the reliced idols
To the heirs of the newly raped grounds
Inferior even to the transparent winds

Lesser in motion and sound

And we go...

There is no trace of me
In their altered blueprints of life

Gaia impaled on their horns and lances
The fumes from her body give chase
As the throng of blind men savour the scent
Dream-dead from Prosaic and hate

Epilogue

Sunwind strokes the ElectroHeart
Ignition roars through the corridors
Stream launching the binary vessels

Vanities in extreme formations

Ride into tomorrow's rigid great face
The machinery outlives the futile scripts
of our dying jester race

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