

## **Jester's Funeral "Pilgrim's Path"**

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Music by Stefan Schmidt, Heiko HÄßhn, Bastian Emig,  
lyrics by Stefan Schmidt

The old man, in his oaken chair, he turns around, his  
eyes turn up to me. Older tales, many years engraved  
in him, mirrored in him, for all to see.

As I see him there, grey and empty, I know, I am still  
alive. My mind is full of little pieces, waiting to be  
found. All to be found, on my only human ride, all to be  
found, listen, one by one.

My body's roaming now, looking for ages to be found. I  
dream of valleys far beyond.

I will come again, like the storm I will return, I'll follow  
this pilgrim's path to the end

He knows everything, now that's too much for me,  
there's is so much left to see. I am not afraid when my  
end is near.

I'll murder the fear, because I will come again.

I'll murder the fear, when I become him.

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