

Lakaïen Deine

"Song For A Mad Choir Singer"

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A burning hand
A poisoned sleep
In front of me
A late regret
A token rest
You are too late,
Too late to fear
Too late, my dear
(rep 7)

(CHORUS)

Servants, extras, stagehands, listen:
We will learn the game
Fair words, vows and flattery, oh
We won't feel ashamed
Servants, extras, stagehands, listen:
We will learn the game, we will learn the game
Fair words, vows and flattery
We won't feel ashamed
We won't be ashamed

What did he say
You told him so
You need his vote
To change their minds
So run to him, to throw the dice
With faithful eyes
This my advice
(rep 7)

(CHORUS)

I'll give the Caesar
Like a man
I'll kill the beast
In foreign lands
I'll pull the strings
Of all intrigues
A hunter with
No pain, no fear
(rep)

(CHORUS)

We will learn the game,
the game (rep 12)

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