

Flames In "The Jester Race"

Visit "[The Jester Race](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rush faster on the one-way lane
the answers so silent
Rysty 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 step 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 silence and silence alone
Offering the tokens, the reliced idols
to the heirs of the newly raped ground
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

Gala impaled on their horns and lances
the fumes from her body give chase
as the strong 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

Visit [Flames In](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.