

Jon Storm

"The jester"

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My house stands upon a windswept moor
Nothing ever happens
Never - through all recorded time
Nothing ever happens

So why is the stream running red?
Why are there so many dead?
Why did they have to fight here?
Nothing ever happens here

I who have never seen anything at all
Stood on a hill near my home
Watched how the armies came together
Saw how the day was lost and won

In battle clash the demons gnash
You hide yourself away
It isn't like the legends I was taught
Ooh-ooh
Sing to me of glory
And I'll sing to you of pain
And screaming heroes
Dying in the dust

And when I tried to ask the question
Why here?
They looked at me like it was my fault
Wouldn't even tell me who they are

So where is the smile on my face?
I have committed no disgrace
Though the jester is my name
I will never laugh again.

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