

The Jester Race

In Flames

Rush faster on the one way lane
The answers so silent
Rusty Gods in their machine minds armors
Grind our souls in the millstone of time
The deathbed harvest is dead man's banquet
Of mold ridden bread and black poisoned wine

And we go and we go

And we go and we go

Our steps so silent

And we go and we go

And we go and we go

Our blooded trace

The jester race

Calling out to the gathered masses

Their answers silent

Their answers silent

And we go and we go

And we go and we go

Our steps so silent

And we go and we go

And we go and we go

Our blooded trace

The jester race

Embracing the tools of the neo wolf age

That speak of silence and silence alone

Offering the tokens the relixed idols

To the heirs of the newly raped ground

Inferior even to the transparent winds

Lesser in motion and sound

And we go and we go

And we go and we go

Our steps so silent

And we go and we go

And we go and we go

Our blooded trace

The jester race

There is no trace of me

In their altered blueprint's of life

Gaia impaled on their horns and lances
To fumes from her body give case
As the throng of blind mind savor the scent
Dream dead from prosaic and hate
Sunwind strokes the electro heart
Ignition roars through the corridors
Stream launching the binary vessels
Vanities in extreme formations
Ride into tomorrow's rigid futile
Scripts of our dying jester race
Of our dying jester race
Embracing the tools of the neo wolf age
That speak of silence and silence alone
There is no trace of me
In their altered blueprint's of life
Embracing the tools of the neo wolf age
That speak of silence and silence alone
There is no trace of me
In their altered blueprint's of life
Aaa

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