

A Quest For The Crown

Falconer

Many men are sent on a quest for the crown
Searching all corners of the great land
The minstrel tries to sing as before
But, the jester, he laughs no more
Many men are sent on a mission of hope
Asking fortune-tellers and the wise men
Where the royal crown is to be found
Promising rewards in silver and gold and pounds
When the king returns from the crusades
There is no big welcome on the shore
As he hear the news of the missing crown
He shouts at the sky, "Have I ever let you down?"
The elderly call it a sign
As famine strikes the land
Caught in the grip
Of the reapers cold hand
The mission must succeed
Or the kingdom will fall
With it falls the future of us all
Many men are sent on a quest for the crown
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The minstrel tries to sing as before
But, the jester, he laughs no more
The elderly call it a sign
As famine strikes the land
Caught in the grip
Of the reapers cold hand
The mission must succeed
Or the kingdom will fall
With it falls the future of us all
No crystal ball manage to find
Guidance in their holy quest
God is the last hope for a nation
Of earth, stone and damnation
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The minstrel tries to sing as before
But, the jester, he laughs no more
Many years had passed since the king died
When one day a young boy looked down into the moat
Something was gleaming deep down
What could it be if not the king's crown

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