

# 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 reliced 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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