

# Falconer, A Quest For The Crown

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 in pounds.

When the King returns from the Crusades,  
There is no big welcome on the shore.  
As he hears 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 Reaper's 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.  
Searching all corners of the great land.  
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 Reaper's cold hand.  
The mission must succeed, or the kingdom will fall.  
With it falls the future of us all.

No crystal ball managed to find,  
Guidance in their Holy quest.  
God is the last hope for a nation,  
Of Earth, Stone, and Damnation.

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 in pounds.

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 years had passed since the King died.  
But 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.