

Jester's Funeral, Graveyard

music by Stefan Schmidt & Bastian Emig, lyrics by Stefan Schmidt

The western sky is already darkened, the air is gloomy, the wind is black. The ice-cold hand of darkness
Feel the coldness filling your body, above your head the moon shines bright. It's painting the scene

As the clock strikes twelve you find yourself in an empty room, staring upon the graveyard, your feet

All your nightmares lie in the dark, I feel sorry for thee.

They were prisoned too long, my son, now they won't let you be.

Try to hold them down on the ground, try not to listen to them.

Your inner voice is talking to you, trying to drive you insane.

It's not the fear of what is beyond, what might come in your way.

Kill the fear of everyone, who tries to kill your day, come on, no one's in your way.

This night isn't what it used to be before the storm came up in the sky, before the rain washed away