

Jester's Funeral, Pilgrim's Path

music by Stefan Schmidt, Heiko Hhn, Bastian Emig, lyrics by Stefan Schmidt

The old man, in his oaken chair, he turns around, his eyes turn up to me. Older tales, many years e
As I see him there, grey and empty, I know, I am still alive. My mind is full of little pieces, waiting to

My body's roaming now, looking for ages to be found. I dream of valleys far beyond.
I will come again, like the storm I will return, I'll follow this pilgrim's path to the end

He knows everything, now that's too much for me, there's is so much left to see. I am not afraid wh
I'll murder the fear, because I will come again.
I'll murder the fear, when I become him.