

# Poets Of The Fall, Requiem for My Harlequin

This is a requiem, for the harlequin  
The great pretender, crashin' down with style  
Here's to the fall of man, fame to dust  
To fortune, to sand  
The great surrender finally arrived

This is how the requiem loves the harlequin  
Wake up, your chains are porcelain  
Like a phoenix from the ashes we will rise again  
This is what the requiem loves to hear you sing  
To the beat of your fool heart hammering  
One more time, we'll cry into the night again, woah

This is a requiem for the comedian  
The one who used to deftly dodge in time  
You cut a sparkling gem, never heedin' the warning  
Of the silver glint of knives in hungry eyes

This is how the requiem loves the harlequin  
Wake up, your chains are porcelain  
Like a phoenix from the ashes we will rise again  
This is what the requiem loves to hear you sing  
To the beat of your fool heart hammering  
One more time, we'll cry into the night again, woah

So how does it feel now?  
Tell me can you let it go?  
The wrong you can't undo  
So how does it feel now?  
Tell me can, you let it go?  
The wrong you can't undo

This how the requiem loves the harlequin  
Breaking up this heart of porcelain  
From the ashes we will rise again  
This is what the requiem loves to hear you sing  
To the beat of your fool heart hammering  
One more time, we'll cry into the night again

This is how the requiem loves a harlequin  
Wake up, your chains are porcelain  
Like a phoenix from the ashes we will rise again  
This is what the requiem loves to hear you sing  
To the beat of your fool heart hammering  
One more time, we'll cry into the night again