

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