

A Quest For The Crown

Falconer

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,
promissing rewards in silver, gold and pounds

When the kind returns from the crusades
there is no big welcome on the shore.
As he hear the new 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 reapers cold hand

The mission must succeed
or the kingdom will fall
with it falls the future if us all,

No crystal-ball mange to find
guidance in their holy quest.
God is the last hope for our nation
of earth, stone and damnation.

Many years had past since the kind died
when one day a young boy looked down
into the moat.
SOmething was gleaming deep down,
what could it be
if not the kings crown.