

Requiem For My Harlequin

Poets of the Fall

This is a requiem for the harlequin
The great pretender crashing down with style
Here's to the fall of man, fame to dust, 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 oh

Oh oh oh yeah
Oh oh

This is a requiem for the comedian
The one who used to deftly dodge in time
You caught a sparkling gem, never heeding 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 oh

Oh oh oh yeah
Oh oh

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 is 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 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 oh