

## The Jester

## The Lathums

The jester knows his place  
To entertain your grace  
Shackled by a chain  
Using breath to make a flame  
And it burns  
And it burns

A fool or a mage?  
The use of masquerade  
In the castle walls 40ft tall before the use spades  
Or the ace up his sleeve

You are perfect cannon-fodder for their games  
Feed you to the gators, they'll enjoy you, they're depraved

In a world of kings and queens  
Where laughter reigns supreme  
There's a jolly jester jiving and performing like a dream  
And dances  
And he twirls

With a smile upon his face  
Bringing joy and merriment  
His jokes are sharp, his wit is keen, a jest for every need  
But underneath  
The painted face

Is a heart that  
Truly, truly bleeds  
For though this wretch of a being brings blithe  
There's a sadness in his eyes, oh

Yearning for acceptance  
Underneath the painted guise  
Still he jests and frolics, bringing joy to all their lives  
But in a world  
Of chaos  
He's a light that  
Never will retreat

For though this wretch of a being brings blithe  
There's a sadness in his eyes  
You are perfect cannon fodder for their games

He's a heart that  
Truly, truly bleeds  
Truly, truly bleeds