

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