

## 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.