

Solitary Shell

The Flower Kings

Shiny minstrels of worn out time
Look down upon you and me
Sing their praise of a time long gone
When freedom meant more than life

Kings would hold on to all Gods given
The swords and armour bright
Ground would shake below his feet
The day of the freedom call

It's all in the flow of the mysterious travelling show
It's all in the flow, this ever confusing show
In the end that's all I know

King is afraid to lose the grip
He's tired and not so well
He'll walk all night on shaky ground
And dine with the dogs of hell.
A single whisper will crack the wall
A song is a wrecking ball
Lost in the vortex of friend and foe
A solitaire in his shell

And it's all in the way that every kingdom fall
And it's all in the way all good men must go