In the Twilight's Final Ember

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In the twilight's final ember
the jester sheds a tear
Then chuckles at his majesty
reclaiming all his fear

But in the night on mountains
of magic grounds so hallowed
The noot returned to his rock
and his majesty followed

And in the morning's purple sun
shadowed by a noose
Prodded toward the disonant gallows
that jester dances loose

Bouncing down the road with an
untimely laugh of time
Proving for the moment you don't
always redress the crime

Inside his Majesty's royal forest
resting by a stream
Listen to the water trickle
gazing at a dream

A tiny lizard on his chest
chanting on some gold
The King's crown, ring, and sceptor
where it is he is told...

Amid the granite cavern halls
guarded by a beast
Just like an ancient fairy tale
the fire and the feast

Dancing to the tunes of Time
weary in the night
He sleeps upon a bed of roses
when darkness turns to light

Across the stream of heat and color
will not be the man
The scavengers robbed the flesh
left the ring on his hand