

The Feast

The of lovers are like good
wine

They bring joy or also sorrow
Weakened by hunger I am
unhappy

Flying on the all that I
can

Because nothing is for free in
life

Hope is a plate far too quickly
consumed

I am used to skipping the meal
A solitary thief is sad to

In a so bitter I can't
succeed

Because nothing is for free in...



Life... Never
will they tell
me

That the course
of the stars: it's
not for me

Let me amaze you and and take
my flight

We can finally be

The celebration will finally
begin

Get out the bottles; end the strife
I lay the of my new life
I am glad about the idea of this
new fate

A life of hiding and then
finally free

The feast is on my way

A life of hiding and then
finally free

The feast is on my way



