

# Sing to the Jhemani

The Jokerr

Here I come, here we go, everybody gather all together 'round the floor  
Listen to the strings and the drums and bellows of the baritones and trombones  
They go with stomping of my, with the beating of my, and it never gets old  
But hey, I never would imagine that I would be living in a world so absent  
Of the things, that it took so long to learn  
And I try my best to practice but as fate would have it, it all  
Seem to happen, now I-where to go from here I don't know  
I'm buried up to my neck in the problems I inherited from my father like a scarlet letter in a rope and a noose and I  
Wear it like a collar I don't know if I should bother  
Let's give a toast in his honor and it's "Here's to the sins of my soul"  
Hey, but despite all the madness, I know I wasn't down in that labyrinth  
All of those nights that I sat in sadness  
Thinking of the freedom that I took for granted for none  
I know what has to be done, now that the laughter and fun is all over  
Sing to the Jhemani

You are the one  
And they try with all they have to not believe  
It's such an exception  
What can you do  
When you've tried it all before and they refuse  
If they only knew

I had a whole lot of time to [?] in the introspective look that I took to see  
a lot about myself and the [?] of the hands I shook, but no  
It was nothing but a show, just disgusting, what a  
Perfect delusion for the jester  
I took it on all of my own with a little bit of hatred alone  
From the weeds that were grown in the soil of my soul  
And the king who would call in with [?]  
The Harlequin standing with a scepter  
Now in the night, looking up to the moon I stare (I wonder  
How can I be so) truly divided, holding a losing hand  
I don't know where I am going or who I am, so far from what I am  
Where did my sanity go?  
So I guess I'll stand here and smile with the sentiment they're giving into  
my trial  
And scream at the top of my lungs while it re-re-resonates like a silo  
Here we go, here we go, here we go  
Sing to the Jhemani

Now sing at the top of your lungs with me  
Let's give a call across the wondrous sea  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
From high on the cliffs where we often stand  
I'd raise a couple for the lost of the lands  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
Like ash on the wind from the fire's plume  
Reminiscent of the memories there entombed  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo  
We'll sing at the top of our lungs indeed  
At the altar where the offerings be heyeyeyeah hey yo  
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo

[?]

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It's such an exception  
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