

The autumn howled around the heads  
That hung so slack with lips so red  
The blooms had withered leaves were shed  
Tongues stuck in jaws sad clowns parade  
The crushing whine began its call  
And pointed fingers at us

In Angle Park  
The lights are dim, the statues grim  
In Angle Park  
The fountains crack  
In Angle Park

The beaten cry behind white dress  
The clowns stuck fast upon the mesh  
While mothers wring their hands of tears  
The spelling books are in arrears  
The evil genius hugs his wife  
As tiles ring with fear of life  
The window fills with beating hearts  
Beat on blindly beat it

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