

## The Great Sun Jester

Blue Öyster Cult

They have killed the great sun jester  
Who danced between the stars  
They have stripped him of his manhood  
Signs of venus and of mars  
The cynics left him weeping  
And the jackals left him torn  
And the jester reaches out bind hands  
He can touch the stars no more.

And he took the stars in his hands  
And as he scattered them he'd shout  
"i'm the joker of the universe  
I'm what it's all about."  
Now he's dying in his grief  
And the hard men dragged him down  
They have killed the wild-eyed jester  
They have killed the fireclown

Now his blind eyes seek the starlight  
And his fingers seek controls  
To take him into space again  
Where he was both young and old  
The dancers stiff with pain  
And they've made him kneel too long  
And the madness they have driven out  
They've left him cold and sane.

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And as he scattered them he'd shout  
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He'll never - sing his songs - again....  
He'll never dance between the stars - again....  
He'll never laught - again....  
No he'll never ever laugh again....  
Oh, no....