

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.

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
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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....