

All Work And No Play

Howling Syn

gonna hang the Pierrot today
gonna lock the jesters' slay-room
make it all work and no play

then make the white of this groom
crimson the bloom and turn to gray
can someone shove me back soon?

summed-up friends, threw them away
released in sad rhymes from this tune
where do my hopes stand from that day

and no play... me back soon... from that day

comfort from my box or cheers from the crowd
I need a detox from those silent shouts
heaven or cell - the clown keeps the clouds
my orphaned hell is only ups and downs

returning I'm not yet gone
my ragged world from their pain
adds a water side to my sun

now all warmth is down the drain
the tourniquet can carry on
and maybe I can breathe again

the clown is back from Babylon
his makeup running through his veins
is this really where I come from?

to my sun... breathe again... I come from

all work and no play makes Jack a doll boy