

The Silent Chorus

John Maus

This is the time for all but sunset
and this is the time to hang our sorrow up in cedar trees
this is the time for dreams procession
and this is the time to gather at tables aloud with memory
of our lost play and childish pageantry
This is the time for lost abandonment
and this is the time for stupid whores and drunken malady
forth earning keep through joyless tragedy
la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la la
la la la la la la
la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la la
la la la la la la
Other John Maus songs