

Gregory Douglass "Harlequin"

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All the world is dim
According to the harlequin
Clamoring within, underneath the skin
Of a man recoiling

Outside the winter dies down
It's nearly time to leave this town
You'll sink until you drown the longer you're around
Until you're six feet underground

Silence, silence the clamor harlequin
Silence, silence the clamor
Harlequin, where have you been?
You better claim your place

Everyone in occupance
Who wonders of the valiant crusade
Toilsome and docile, doubtful all the while
Of a bona fide masquerade

While soldiers call on holy war-like hallelujahs
And pray every single day to the warfare ordinance

Oh god, what have we done?
You've got to distance the things you can't erase
Oh god, it's all the same
You better claim your shameless place

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