

Skyclad "No Strings Attached"

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Now the final curtain's fallen,
for no show goes on forever,
if the world's a stage - mine's empty.
whilst upon it you'll tread never.
As the instruments lie silent in their coffins made of
wood,
I rest assured they'd say these words - If say these
words they could;
Whatever happened to the songs - the music that we
made,
and the joy we shared together as on me your fingers
played?
Are those symphonies forgotten - with our cases
closed and latched?
Dreams now dusty, old and rotten - empty shells (no
strings attached).
Amidst the dying candle-light,
I sit forlorn, alone,
a space once filled with laughter bright,
the place my heart called home
Now the puppets are my company - but wood and straw
can't speak;
though it by chance they came to life I'm certain they
would weep; "
"What am I without your tender touch -
the hands to hold and guide me,
what purpose has a puppet with no puppeteer beside
me?
I do not care I have no hair - my painted face is
scratched.
but fear my wooden heart will shatter with no stings
attached.

No mourners assemble in this white-elephant's
graveyard,
a dearth of bloom upon my tomb - an absence of
forget-me-nots.
For Romeo I understudied - this sepulchre dark and
bloodied,
It's my final resting place - amongst these "cloak-and-
dagger' props.
Your kiss turns princes into frogs - and passion-plays to

monologues.

Now last and least - the minstrel-takes his bow upon the stage,
he's played a fool and played the prince- (but never acts his age).
And If for once not lost for words - I wonder what he d
say,
to win fair maiden, slay the dragon, keep dread foe at bay?

"Though I am not a wealthy man - my heart is pure and true,
and the only riches that I have - the love I feel for you.
Now my life is robbed of meaning
like a purse of hope that's snatched.
Must I spend my whole time dreaming -
living life no strings attached?"

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