

Skyclad, No Strings Attached

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.

[CHORUS:]

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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