10,000 Maniacs, Poor De Chirico

Oh my dear friend My déar friend Giorgio How has this time Breton Discouraged your liaison with the Eye styled metaphysical Incongruous scenarios Dauntly jaunt about through nostalgic despair Within childlike renderings Of a nightmarish recall " All my images Fragments I've shored upon my ruins Pictor classicus sum I am pure" Step solemn with the Air of reluctant manes As rod and hoop shadow children Scatter through a henna arcade Figures indentured to a windless landscape Enduring silence and flame Da Da da No loyalty to the nonsensical Scorned their nihilist pageantry