

Skyclad, Deja-Vu Ain't What It Used To Be

Have you heard the one 'bout when a most unlucky fella,
Went visiting a fair-ground for to see a fortune-teller?

She said;
"Of all the palms I've read - yours is by far the worst.
I'm duty-bound to tell you,
you've been well-and-truly cursed."

Ill-fated was my selfless quest.
Blind-faith a grave mistake.
I'd strived to do my very best,
to serve a dream quite fake.

Just one more hapless sacrifice,
spilt tears in full-flood.
Ingenuous I've paid their price.
Not all vampires suck blood!

[Chorus:]
Gazed into a crystal-ball and watched its surface crack.
When I cut the Tarot deck; Death lay there grinning back.
I've been here many times before; again the joke's on me.
I know the score, but Deja-Vu ain't what it used to be.

*O well for him that lives at ease
With garnered gold in wide domain,
Nor heeds the splashing of the rain,
The crashing down of forest trees.

*O well for him who ne'er hath known
The travail of the hungry years,
A father grey with grief and tears,
A mother weeping all alone.

To tread an unshared path alone,
was my lot from the start.
So seldom fleeting solace known,
by this rent, careworn heart.

Watch the stand-up tragedy;
famous for fifteen minutes.
I glimpsed my future and decree,
saw dearth of purpose in it.

[Chorus:]
Gazed into a crystal-ball and watched its surface crack.
When I cut the Tarot deck; Death lay there grinning back.
I've been here many times before; again the joke's on me.
I know the score, but Deja-Vu ain't what it used to be.

*But well for him whose foot hath trod
The weary road of toil and strife,
Yet from the sorrows of his life
Builds ladders to be nearer God.

[* - Taken from the verse "Cry woe, woe and let the good prevail." By Oscar Wilde]