

Solas, The Poisonjester's Mask

There was tear gas in the poisonjester's mask
Shed a tear, dear, for the clown
Who tried to fight fire with water
It went down on the ten o'clock news

I bought the paper and walked back to where I parked
The man on the movie theater steps
Can always find his needle
But I wonder where's the thread

"Chorus"
How much more can we bear
Till the way is paved
For the revolution
There'll be nothing left unchanged

Tonight I'm tired and I'm worn, so I consent
To cede control to the remote
To wrap me in its airtight void
And keep me from my own

"Chorus"

We fight just wars and we build just walls
We raise cities and make cities fall
We raise children and we write their names
On granite walls, we don't like losing games

"Chorus"