

Solitude in the ivory pool, with oily rags and painted hags
There is no soil in this tired soul
Just the thin breast bone of the invading stone
And out of the way, through the window deep in the clay
With slanted eyes and narrow hands
That gentleman's' face is sombre -caped
Snug and still with his drum and bill
Black as Death, and hot as Hell!
I came looking for you, in famous halls
With guns and celebration balls where
I dreamt I was a man, but now that dream is over
They numbered my bones and lest you forget
The Flim Flam Man is part of the plan
Fight all the goddams! Fight the Dancing Man!
Fading in the mirror, follow in the flame
And the blackness of your soul is the only goal you pay heed to
Master face, never let you down, we dream
Sorrow day is upon us now, we dream
Build it up then break it down, we dream
I dream