

Hark to Rouault's white insanity
Clowns in drag concealing vanity
This is hardly Paradise
We're still in search of petty scorn

Images so dead, in mourning
Clap and cheer the man performing
This is hardly Paradise
We're still in search of petty scorn

Couch my disease in chintz-covered kisses
Glazed calico cloth, my costume this is
Come to Pablo Fanque's in indigo
We'll show you pastel shades of rhyme

It's okay to laugh in harmony
See the white-faced Auguste's army
Come to Pablo Fanque's in indigo
We'll show you pastel shades of rhyme

Take a letter Ophelia, write
'Sorry Desdemona', bright
Peeking through the nimbus covers
We see the twisted tale of man

Catch us in the cornfield hiding
Me, Maurice and moonbeams gliding
Peeking through the nimbus covers
We see the twisted tale of man

Careless, caress, curl up beside me
Visit, sleep and smile and drown me
We'll march together, slay like Nero
'Til they show something we understand

Oh, the clown, his stare is eyeless
Will he make you laugh or cry? Yes
We'll march together, slay like Nero
'Til they show something we understand

Is it time to hide my body?
Shall we start to speak of holly?
I don't wanna be that super-hero
'Til you have something we understand

Heard they're moving Pisces into June
Shall we put together a platoon?
I don't wanna be that super-hero
'Til you have something we understand