

The End

Act

Not very far from the field, Verdell sat leaning against a tree. He had been sitting there all day thinking. And drinking, which was his favorite thing to do. From the huge tent behind him he could hear stupid music mixed with muffled applause. Idiots, he thought, and lifted the bottle to his lips. He had to end the misery today, he had had enough.

Suddenly the tent was all quiet. He knew that Louis was now standing in front of a huge cage that was soon to be opened. He probably stood with his eyes closed, looking concentrated. But Verdell knew that Louis was pretending, it was all part of a play, to him this was nothing.

A lonely snare drum began to patter in the air. Verdell stood up. "Idiots", he screamed and started running towards the tent.

The manager saw him coming
But he never had a chance to react

That was the day when he witnessed
How one of his own completely ruined his work

A clown that's filled with hate
It cannot be that great

He cries like a madman
He smells like a beer can
Intentions are good though
To finish a bad show
He tears down a wall, he smashes props to pieces
Jugglers join in, that's how the chaos increases
Everyone runs

And manager Leo went crazy
When Louis released all the animals free

That was the day when it happened
They fooled and screwed him in every single way

A face that's filled with tears
A dream that disappears

He cries like a madman
He smells like a beer can
Intentions are good though
To finish a bad show
He tears down a wall, he smashes props to pieces
Jugglers join in, that's how the chaos increases

Noble indeed, yes
They must be brainless
The band, they are staying
A.C.T keeps on playing
The show must go on, let's do a middle section
Time for the band to give you an er*****
Show must go on...