

Hieronymus

Eleven

Sitting on the tree of knowledge
Even madness has frustrations
Flowers but no grass in Holland
Full of twisted inspiration
On the third day of Creation
All that was had never been
Feathered beast of dark mutation
Living in a fountain and watching the streams

Hieronymus are you sure you were one of us?
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Living in musician's hell
Sharpest ears you've ever seen
In the pumpkin bridal chamber
All distortion makes it clean
Boys and Girls have got their own rock

Solid ground for flying fish
Come and join the celebration
Take the brush and make it all
Become as you wish

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