

## The Silent Chorus

John Maus

This is the time for all but sunset  
and this is the time to hang our sorrow up in cedar trees  
this is the time for dreams procession  
and this is the time to gather at tables aloud with memory  
of our lost play and childish pageantry  
This is the time for lost abandonment  
and this is the time for stupid whores and drunken malady  
forth earning keep through joyless tragedy  
la la la la la  
la la la la la la la  
la la la la la  
la la la la la la  
la la la la la  
la la la la la la la  
la la la la la  
la la la la la la  
Other John Maus songs