

Dolly The Sheep Meets Frank The Stein

Rough Silk

Dolly the sheep meets Frank the Stein
- the brave new world's made of cocktailed genes
let's mix some DNS with some DNA
- looks a little bit strange, but that's o.k.
'cause the greatest wedding you've ever seen
is when Dolly the sheep meets Frank the Stein.

In the secret caves of yesterday
my last word's echoes fade away
and tompstones of my burning past
erase my thoughts now slowly fast
'cause the greatest wedding....

the roaring calm before the storm
kills those who keep you dry and warm.
The old ones sleep and the young ones fail.
The moon shines bright and cold and pale.
Hold on, my friend, behind the iron gate
the world's a melting pot so wait
for the wizzard's slime and the dark Lord's knights.
They bring the truth and some neon lights.
Before the black dressed widdows cry
maybe you should ask for a reason why
the game is lost and the losers still play
to win another dream's decay
'cause the greatest wedding

She looks so innocent and lovely - holy-mountain shy
- faithfully offensive when it's time to say goodbye.
She goes to church on every Sunday - guys like us she wouldn't
even see
but you'll never have a clue of what she does for charity:
She gives a helpin' wank - down at the local spermbank.
Sometimes she uses her lips - or she just swings with her hips.
She's like the sweetest melody
and in the name of sanity
she caresses your hank
down at the local spermbank

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