

The Cry Of Eugene

The Nice

The cry of Eugene fills the air
His spirit can be felt to wander
Rends the atmosphere with despair
His sense of urgency asks who

Harlequin and Columbine speak as three
Their spirits can be felt to wander
The cry of three plus two times nothing at all
Splits all time's mine asunder

The cry of Margaret with the golden hair
Loves that of Eugene and soothes despair
The two in harmony of voice and mind
Asks who, why, what were once one of a kind

Harlequin and Columbine speak as three
Their spirits can be felt to wander
The cry of three plus two times nothing at all
Splits all time's mine asunder

The voice of Eugene cuts through air
His gaze commands everyone to wonder
The words he speaks dispel all care
But Eugene is always there

Harlequin and Columbine speak as three
Their spirits can be felt to wander
The cry of three plus two times nothing at all
Splits all time's mine asunder
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