

Madhouse

Eloy

Madhouse, isolation
Madhouse, in desolation
A house of silence during the day,
Seems bewitching
How everyone stays away, no-one dare go near
Madhouse, night-time nearing
Madhouse, lights appearing

They're turning night into day
Freak musicians
Smoke, drifting slowly away with the music
Maybe all the people on the outside looking in
Don't understand the life that's there inside is not all sin
Musicians make their music, smoke, make love, so if that's bad,
Who outside could claim that they've got happiness like that?

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