

# No Strings Attached

## Skyclad

Now the final curtain's fallen,  
For no show goes on forever,  
If the world's a stage - mine's empty.  
Whilst upon it you'll tread never. As the instruments lie silent in their coffins made of wood,  
I rest assured they'd say these words - If say these words they could;  
Whatever happened to the songs - the music that we made,  
And the joy we shared together as on me your fingers played? Are those symphonies forgotten - with our cases  
closed and latched?  
Dreams now dusty, old and rotten - empty shells (no strings attached).  
Amidst the dying candle-light,  
I sit forlorn, alone, A space once filled with laughter bright,  
The place my heart called home  
Now the puppets are my company - but wood and straw can't speak;  
Though it by chance they came to life I'm certain they would weep; "What am I without your tender touch -  
The hands to hold and guide me,  
What purpose has a puppet with no puppeteer beside me?  
I do not care I have no hair - my painted face is scratched. But fear my wooden heart will shatter with no strings  
attached. [Chorus]  
No mourners assemble in this white-elephant's graveyard,  
A dearth of bloom upon my tomb - an absence of forget-me-nots.  
For Romeo I understudied - this sepulchre dark and bloodied,  
It's my final resting place - amongst these "cloak-and-dagger" props.  
Your kiss turns princes into frogs - and passion-plays to monologues. Now last and least- the minstrel-takes his  
bow upon the stage,  
He's played a fool and played the prince - (but never acts his age).  
And If for once not lost for words- I wonder what he'd say,  
To win fair maiden, slay the dragon, keep dread foe at bay? "Though I am not a wealthy man, my heart is pure  
and true,  
And the only riches that I have, the love I feel for you.  
Now my life is robbed of meaning  
Like a purse of hope that's snatched.  
Must I spend my whole time dreaming  
Living life no strings attached?" [Chorus] No mourners assemble in this white-elephant's graveyard,  
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