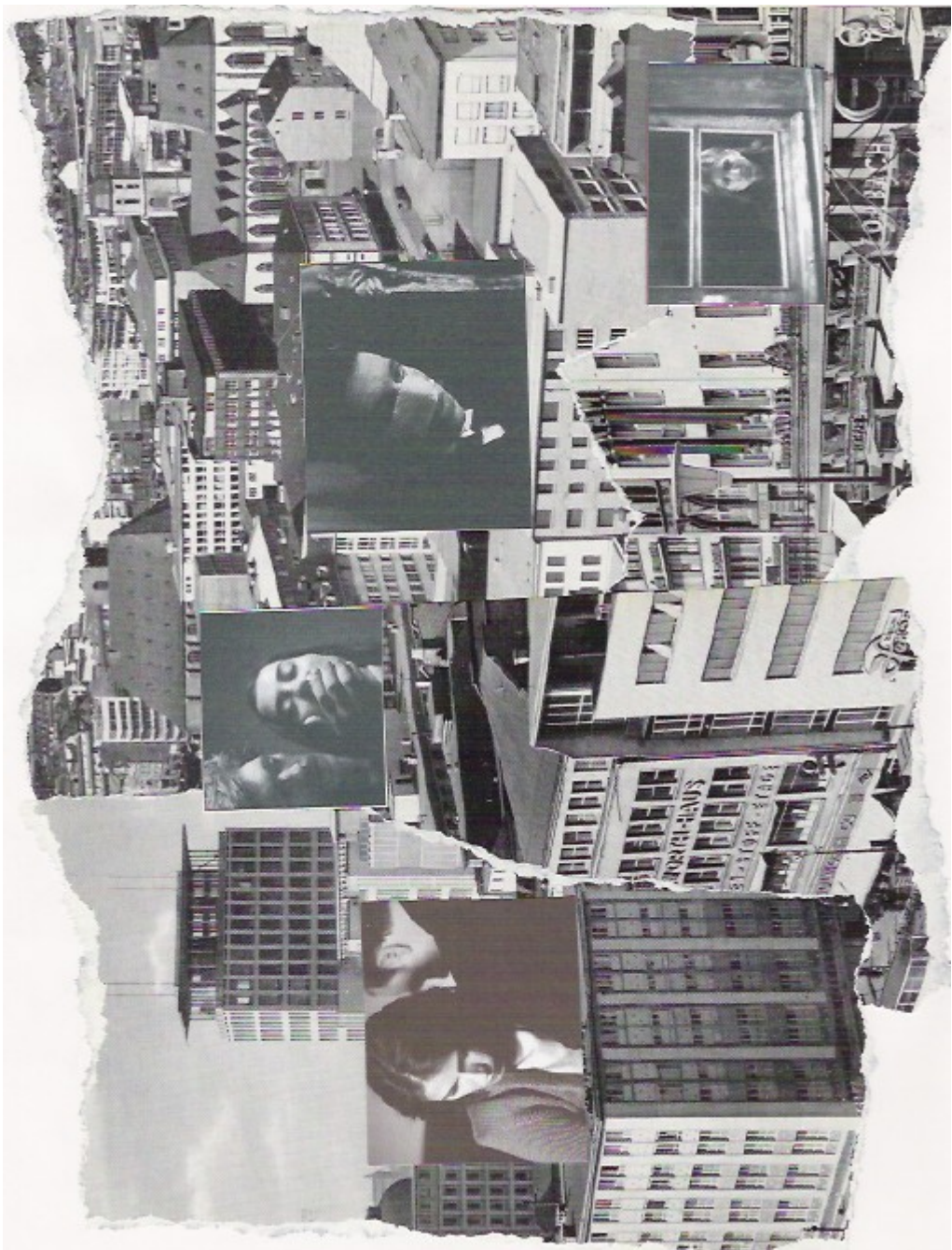
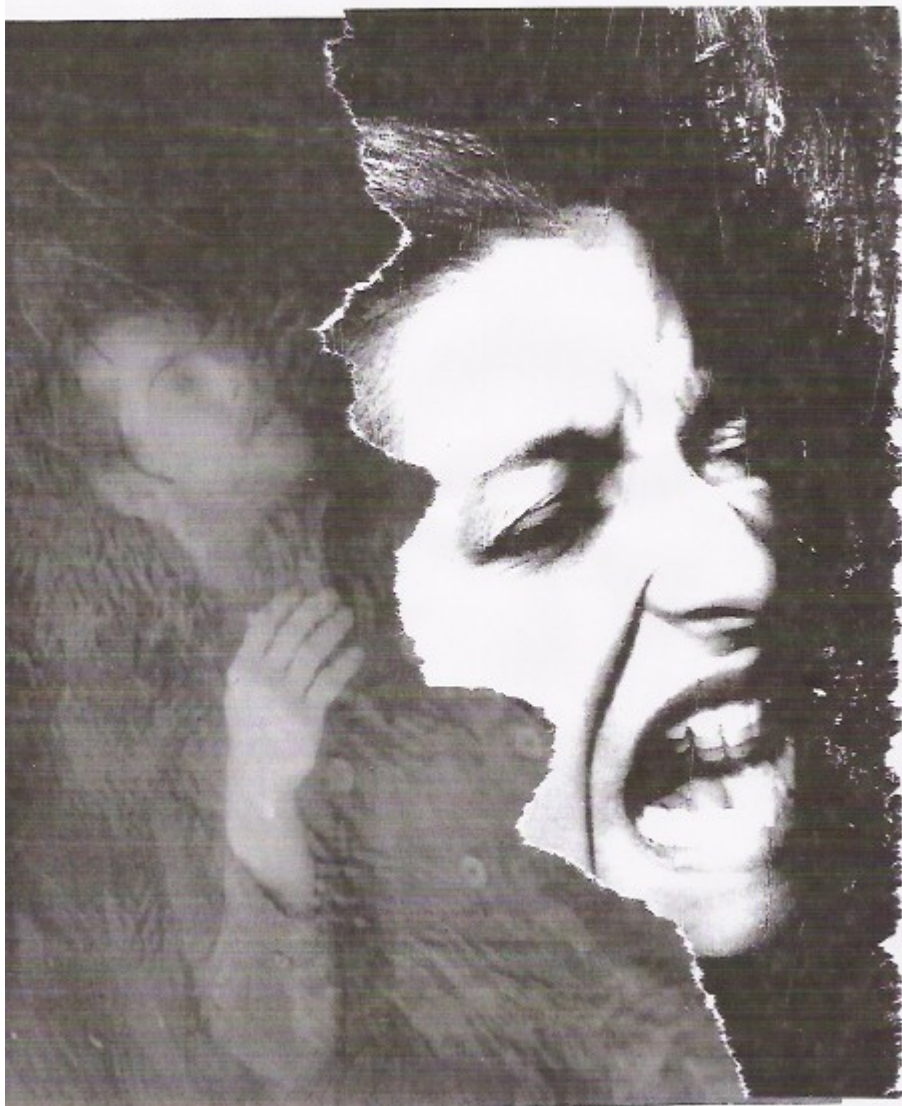


M.A.C.A.R.E.N.S.E.S

ISSUE 5: 2004: 'SHUT UP AND KEEP SERVING THE CAUSE!'
(Contact macarenses@yahoo.co.uk)





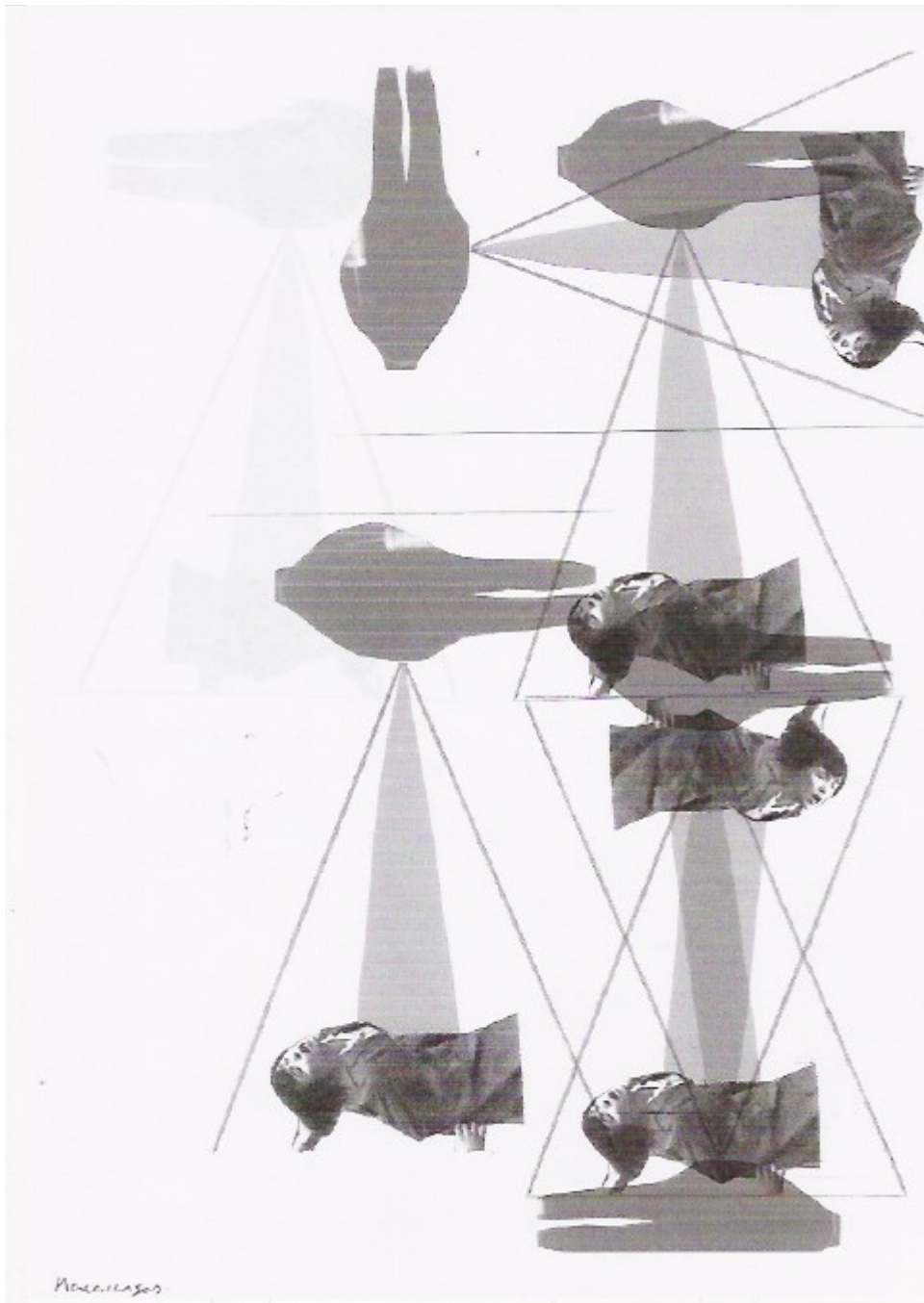


Mancoske



Museum

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DOMESTIC SCENE

by **Ruaraidh Wishart**

Never heard, never seen
It's cleaner than it's ever been.
You're trying to keep a calm appearance
In your secret world, domestic scene.

Your clothes stay in the wardrobe,
The pictures on the wall.
At the back of your mind, the secrets stay,
They won't get out at all.

You're waiting for the end.
There's no time left for you to spend together.
You're waiting for the parting of the ways.

You're waiting for the end.
There's no time left for you to spend together.
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You search in his eyes, you look in his face,
For a sign of love, a look of grace,
But you know you'll get the usual sight:
A look of hate, a look of spite.

There's nothing here to keep you,
But the fear that's locked the door,
And the hope that kindness might return,
And bring joy to you once more.

But you're waiting for the end.
There's no time left for you to spend together.
You're waiting for the parting of the ways.

You're waiting for the end.
There's no time left for you to spend together.
You're waiting for the parting of the ways.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How did those bruises grow?
"With sticks and stones, that broke my
bones.
Please don't let them know!

"I've more to lose from speaking out
And less to lose from lying.
Leaving'll only make things worse,
There is no use in trying.

"I'm waiting for the end.
There's no time left for us to spend together.
I'm waiting for the parting of the ways.

"I'm waiting for the end.
There's no time left for us to spend together.
I'm waiting for the parting of the ways."

Tomorrow never comes along.
Hope is for another day.
You'll live your life just the same,
You'll never change your ways.

Your clothes stay in the wardrobe,
The pictures on the wall.
At the back of your mind, the secrets stay,
They won't get out at all.

You're waiting for the end.
There's no time left for you to spend
together.
You're waiting for the parting of the ways.

You're waiting for the end.
There's no time left for you to spend
together.
You're waiting for the parting of the ways.