

Carnies

Rush

Under the gaze of the angels
A spectacle like he's never seen
Spinning lights and faces
Demon music and gypsy queens
The glint of iron wheels
The bodies spin in a clockwork dance
The smell of flint and steel
A wheel of fate, a game of chance
How I prayed just to get away
To carry me anywhere
Sometimes the angels punish us
By answering our prayers
By answering our prayers
A face of naked evil
Turns the young boy's blood to ice.
Deadly confrontation
Such a dangerous device

The glint of iron wheels
The bodies spin in a clockwork dance
The smell of flint and steel
A wheel of fate, a game of chance
Shout to warn the crowd
Accusations ringing loud
A ticking box, in the hand of the innocent
The angry crowd moves toward him with bad intent
How I prayed just to get away
To carry me anywhere
Sometimes the angels punish us
By answering our prayers
By answering our prayers
The glint of iron wheels
The bodies spin in a clockwork dance
The smell of flint and steel
A wheel of fate, a game of chance

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