

Torn Curtain

The Proletariat

Torn curtain, reveals another play
Torn curtain, such an expose
I'm uncertain when beauty meets abuse
Torn curtain, loves all ridiculeTears, tears
Rolling back the years
Years, years
Flowing by like tearsTears, tears
Rolling back the years
Years, years
The years I've seen beforeTorn curtain, giving me the glance
Torn curtain, it's bringing on the trance
I'm not hurting, holding to the thread
Torn curtain, lifts me on the treadTears, tears
Rolling back the years
Years, years
Holding back the tearsTears, tears
Rolling back the years
Years, years
The tears I never shedTorn curtain, feels more like a rake
Torn curtain, how much does it take?
Burn it downTears, tears
Rolling back the years
Years, years
Holding back the tearsTears, tears
Rolling back the years
Years, years
The years I've seen beforeTears, tears, years, years
Tears, tears, years, years
Tears, tears, years, years

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