Painted Parade

Red Fang

Painted parade, a slave to the trade,
can't sleep in the bed that you've made
Daddy was wrong, you could have been strong,
but you've been alone far too longYou'll never be pure, yes madam, yes sir
you've always obeyed, to be sure
Feet to the fire, they call you a liar
this cannot be what you desireCouncil the weak, they think you're a freak,
a future that's hopelessly bleak
Confused by success, your life is a mess,
yet they can convince you you're blessedDon't come with me, I won't set you free,
'cause that's not where you need to be
And no, I'm not confused, although you're abused,
I see it's this life that you choosePainted parade, a slave to the trade,
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