

Carnival of Vulgarity

Psycroptic

There's a town somewhere inside someone's dreams
A place where nothing is as it seems
There's no record of it in any book
For those who go (there) never return
In this place, there's a fairground run by clowns,
Controls the town
Don't try to run- the clowns will come
Many people pass through here as they chase their destiny
They will stop and never want for things of life again
The fairground it costs no-one, blindly inside they are drawn
People driven by a call
Come, come inside, come inside, come inside, come
Like moths that are drawn to flame
These people enter the grounds of pain
From outside they see such fun
If they knew how would they run
What they see (is) illusion, blinded by this desire
They wish to laugh and scream
Welcome to the Carnival of Vulgarity
It will reinforce the existence of evil in this world for them
They will cry tears- of- Blood!
It seems tame 'til they're chained
By the clowns that are holding their kids
They're led down into the ground
Minds drowning in pools of fear
Down they go, there's a hall
Rowed with seats, they've placed before
The overlord of the fair. He says this-
"You know that you're going to be here forever.
Your children will be used for breeding, to sustain the system. You will
learn to suffer silently- for this is your fate."
They are told their golden rules
And guided to their new abode
Used for the purposes of old, to attract the new
Tied to rides and nailed to ferris wheels
The pain it seeps, the screams so real.

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