

# Mister Mayor

## Innerspace

You own a palace that's as cold as you  
Where an eternal frost is king from the cave to the attic  
Steel walls with crystal windows  
Ironically the fantasies of all the villagers

They are dozens of puppets  
Fooled by your peddling influence  
All these people held by their throats  
And father Zweigart your prestigious talebearer

Hey mister mayor when you walk you seem so proud  
With your sharp chin fixed to the sky  
Narcissistic to the depths of your soul  
Your feet are nailed at the top of the ego's podium

The sky fills with more gray  
The air is more and more infected  
The rivers water now blurred  
You only care about your own benefits

You proudly display tremendous ambition  
As if it were your Babel's tower  
To kill time you isolate yourself in your hideout  
You roll the coins between your fingers

Behind the throne a masquerade exists  
A machine even more important than the king himself  
A world governed by characters so different from those  
Imagined by the people in front of the scene

Pig pens more dangerous than an army  
And you extras and slaves of financial cartels  
Until the day your children wake up  
Without a home, on a land taken over by their fathers

Trapped by democracy's murder  
Amputees of extorted power  
Black gold rivers flow straight into his pockets  
The world is at your feet, it's in the bag. You can sleep peacefully

Lyrics submitted by Roger Brown.

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