Circus

Tristania

Tied up and gagged
Hooded and tagged
They're all yours to commandI am corpse, I am carrion prey
I have a crow at each brow
plucking eyes in my mask of death
The darkness is completeWho's the hooded one, mother mine?
Who is gagged when all are silent?
and bitten when we moveInflamed! My mask is burning
The night is dead; dark, putrid flesh turning
'pon a chair in the dying corner
I am your bagful of fear
I'll commit, I'll admit
I'll be the dagger, drive me in
I'll be all motionless and still
My river runs within - still and deepI am beast, I am carrion prey to the Cyclops tribe
String me up to a cherry tree
come one, come all - and hang with me
I'm already hogtied - entangled in your marionette stringsI am dancing
the embodiment of fear
a shake for every fearful tear
a ruckus for the righteous
In the end
They no longer know
cast stones into mirrors - onto themselvesMother mine!
Stab yourself, mother mine
bleed your own river, dark and wide
Mine runs within, still and deep
Don't shake me so, it will overflow

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