

Circus Without Clowns

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This is the night of living dead
They crowd the streets
In search of who they are
And when it's time to go to bed
You can hear them breathe
Like choking on a cigar

And though I'd like to pledge allegiance
I'm afraid it can't be found
So as they fire up their legions
I've got another plan
Some of you won't understand

This is a circus without clowns
Rotting in this town
I try to hold my ground
But that ain't right
That ain't right
We're in a circus without clowns
Rotting in this town
We try to hold our ground
But that ain't right
That ain't right somehow

This is the night of living dead
They watch the screen
But they don't know what it means
And when it's time to lift your head
You hear the scream
Sirens drag you out of your dream

And though I'd like to pledge allegiance
Well I'm afraid it can't be found
So as they fire up their legions
I've got another plan
Some of you won't understand

This is a circus without clowns
Rotting in this town
I try to hold my ground
But that ain't right
That ain't right
We're in a circus without clowns
Rotting in this town
We try to hold our ground
But that ain't right
That ain't right somehow

This is the night of living dead
They walk the ledge
And then they tumble over the edge
You know I'd like to pledge allegiance
But I'm afraid it can't be found
Now I've got another plan
Some of you won't understand

This is a circus without clowns

(Circus without clowns)
Rotting in this town
(Rotting in this town)
I try to hold my ground
(I try to hold my ground)
But that ain't right
(That's what can't be found)
That ain't right
We're in a circus without clowns
(Circus without clowns)
Rotting in this town
(Rotting in this town)
We try to hold our ground
(We try to hold our ground)
But that ain't right
That ain't right somehow

This is the circus without clowns
(This is the night of living dead)
Rotting in this town
I try to hold my ground
(They walk the lonely road in search of who they are)
But that ain't right
That ain't right somehow
We're in a circus without clowns
(This is the night of living dead)
Rotting in this town
We try to hold our ground
But that ain't right
That ain't right