Coulrophobia

Hackneyed

You slash the truth and I slash your neck
And – bring – the circus back
You stink of fear, you feel my hate
Cause I'll bring the circus back to town

Nevertheless, I'll take your flesh
And for the show you'll give the rest
Nevertheless, I tell no lies,
This is the start of your demise

You slash the truth, and I slash your neck
And – bring – the circus back
You stink of fear, you feel my hate
Cause I'll bring the circus back to town

Feed frenzy. In this town – it's getting bad
Blade falling – crown calling – demanding –
You're dead.

DEAD

I'll bring the circus back to town
Bring the circus back to town

BACK – TO – TOWN

You slash the truth and I slash your neck
And – bring – the circus back
You stink of fear, you feel my hate
Cause I'll bring the circus back – Back to town

I'm cold as ice
And now I realise that blood is richer that none
And now we come. Blood for money is more fun!

BRING IT BACK TO TOWN

The circus back in town
Back in town!