

Paranoid Circus

Lyriel

Hands and fingers, arms and neck
For the promise to find out
What it is all about
It's already down to heads or tails

Moirra did belief in virtue and honesty but
You know innocence breaks so easily

So you can't choose it's not on you to know what's right
Everything is set for the final fight

Deep inside you know it's not just black or white
You are well prepared for the final fight

Every day is judged by the framework
Of your certain point of view

Life is change just like the withering truth

Truth is just a philosophic term
That doesn't serve the ways of life

Those who want to know bout life must
Find the trace of truth

I'm tired, would you take me home
Where I can rest in your arms
I don't need to make amends
But the streets where you take me home
Recall my paranoid circus of formative years

Playback life and anabolic arguments instead
Maybe that's it all about
It's already down to heads or tails

So she killed herself on a lovely morning
And the rising sun smiled in her numbly eyes

So please show me where the truth is in that sweet tale
You have to admit, it's nothing but a bale

Everything has failed if you can't see what's bright
What you see out there is just what you see inside

Reality is nothing than the register
Of crimes of a humankind

Now you agree it's up to us to do the what's right

Right comes along with fortune
But fortune is a furtive friend indeed

You can only find the key of fortune in yourself

I'm tired, would you take me home
Where I can rest in your arms
I don't need to make amends

But the streets where you take me home
Recall my paranoid circus of formative years
Of formative years
I'm so tired