

Psycho's, freaks, beggars and thieves  
The circus comes to town  
Ugly sick and unclean; Pretending  
That it is your own  
Silently withering from disease  
In arrogance  
I watch you struggle on your knees

So, go back to the cardboard city  
To the gutter and to your self-pity  
Your destroyed life and malfunctioning mind  
I won't enrich a contaminated swine

I'm never going to pity  
You, begging in the streets  
Living life in dream mirage disorder  
To fulfil your needs  
Desperately holding on to a vanity  
A distorted sanity

"Hope has always been a drug for the lost  
But the shattered remnants of life kill  
your enigmatic search  
As you wake up, the harsh truth contaminates  
you and destroys your vision of a better world"

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I am still to solve the riddle  
That shows itself all around  
Disclosure of the fragile human nature  
Failure's to be found  
Stern and proud you bear your cross  
Condemned to forever feeling loss

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