

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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