

## Painted Parade

Red Fang

Painted parade, a slave to the trade,  
can't sleep in the bed that you've made  
Daddy was wrong, you could have been strong,  
but you've been alone far too long

You'll never be pure, yes madam, yes sir  
you've always obeyed, to be sure  
Feet to the fire, they call you a liar  
this cannot be what you desire

Council the weak, they think you're a freak,  
a future that's hopelessly bleak  
Confused by success, your life is a mess,  
yet they can convince you you're blessed

Don't come with me, I won't set you free,  
'cause that's not where you need to be  
And no, I'm not confused, although you're abused,  
I see it's this life that you choose

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