

Gullinkambi's Return

The Venetia Fair

Fill their heads with bold assumptions thick with pantomime corruption .

Surely they proved more disruptive than these words are interruptive .

Painted visage veils intention, so I've staged this intervention .

Choking now on revelation, gasp for breaths of blind elation .

This is the recipe for breathing f**king fallacies:

a simple blend of fear and misdirection .

Crusted eyelids over every single rod and cone and twinkle in their eyes .

It's all been written in the scars !

So f**k what you've seen

We're at the end of our rope

without a second chance to leave a few more feet,
enough to wrap around our necks .

We'd hang our bodies from the clouds and tear
what's left of your paradise down !

This is the recipe for honestly and open sores:

a simple blend of painful complications .

Sick confessions cover every single wave of sound that echoes in my ears .

It's all recorded in these songs .

So tell me how I'd ever hear these words and I suppose I'll tell you

where we've stashed away those insolent freaks .

Here's your f**king hint !