

# The Emerald Piper

Tristania

From the backroom of my head I hear you shout  
Through my animated state and sheets of late  
I do my best to stay alive but from the backroom  
of my head  
I hear you shout  
Through my animated state  
Now the emerald piper plays  
Inside the bar in which you stay  
It's closing time  
A blow to your frail ambitions  
You act just like a dum dum boy  
A child deprived of all its toys  
Notorious  
A man with no mission  
In the sawdust from the past there is still room  
For significant mistakes and muted hate  
I hear a signal from the wire but from the backroom  
of my head  
I hear you shout  
Through my animated state  
Like a king without a crown  
You rode high  
Were turned around  
Without a crown  
Beyond recognition  
You need protection from yourself  
You have been slipping  
Cry for help or let it bleed  
In your private prison