

# Negotiating the Clowns

Angelus Apatrida

One day you wake up dreamin'  
and think about two worlds colliding  
Where priests are furious leaders  
and politicians hand-stretching  
Back to the age of horror,  
where people live with hollow sorrow  
Forty years of stupid circus  
of psycho men and fans of Hitler.

It's hard to understand  
that we are living in this century  
I thought that we were free  
and it only seems our chains stay clean

I don't want your fuckin' Bible,  
your wooden god, your Christ or Jesus  
Eagles, yokes or flowing arrows,  
your homelands flagging superstitions.

This is the business of the laughing clowns  
the ones who try to save the world  
becoming dictators of an inner war  
The ones who stand alone

Our fists up to the sky,  
prepare to crush your face of sand  
A new church will burn today,  
the only one (that) will illuminate the way

Shot down the red-blue gull,  
I wanna hear you saying goodbye  
You thought we were afraid,  
and now you see we're here again.

This is the business of the laughing clowns  
the ones who try to save the world  
becoming dictators of an inner war  
The ones who stand alone

That's the way we build our world  
with blood and gold just cleanin' our shit hole.

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