

Carousel

Fog Lake

Cut away the ropes to this puppet I made
The host that got carried away
As my carousel keeps spinning round
Yet again

Holy light in my room
Keeps me humming as I spin to my doom
Off the rails and still out of tune with you
Tired and nauseous round yet again

Take me back to the time
I convinced myself that you were truly mine
But I lost myself long down the line
To my grave down yet again

Now hear as the sound
Of my carousel spins around
To the day I'll never be found
I will be drowned, drowned, drowned, drowned, drowned
In the end