

Freak Show

¡Mayday!

I wake up on a rock, that spins like hands on a battered clock
Insomniac, who'd rather watch his tattered watch turn afterthoughts

In-into a little back of props, that I'd gladly toss in shallow drops

For a chance to stop another tragic loss;

Basement words that turned astronaut

Got a black box inside my head, if I show up dead break the padlock

Give you every last thing I got, pack the box

Fax some thoughts, plus the have-nots

Tuned into the radio, what a cool and fucked up way to go

Thinking somebody might even come and save me though

I know the way this shit's sold, and it's cold

So, we go - round and round this freak show

We know, there's more than one way we can go - seems cold

But I believe the path is chosen, chosen, I'm hoping

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Ina-Ina-In a carousel, everything around me repeats itself

But, we don't need no help

We don't need no assistance to lead the rave - JUMP!

Will the beats prevail? And when it's all said and done will I cheat myself?

Will I leave my cell?

Or will I stay inside and pray to leave studs in my safety belt

I can't tell - If it's true what "they" say?

Is it written in the stars in God's paint?

Is it mine for the take, or is it just fool's gold that I chase?

Placed, my faith in the Ace. Down to the river and I still ain't phased

My-my-my momma said everyday, don't fret

What's yours they can't take away now

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