

Chasing Victory, Carnies

Weighed down like vultures circling the dead.
Pulling apart and embracing the life in the depths of this man.
Pulling teeth with sharpened beaks from the stones.
Raise your glass for the end is near.
Raise your glass to a life of fear.

The ghost is closing in on me.
What's the price of admission? No Gimmicks for one minute.
The ghost is closing in on me.
What's the price of admission? No Gimmicks for one minute.

You're building a circus, a haven
to shelter your deepest secrets and your darkest demons.
You're feeding a monster, but enough is enough.
You've taken this too far and I don't know who you are.

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What's the price of admission? No gimmicks for one minute.

You fall in love to feel part of the crowd.
You fall asleep to dream about yourself away from help.
All we have is who we are to someone else.
All we are is what we have when we're away from help.

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What's the price of admission? No gimmicks for one minute.

You fall in love to feel part of the crowd.
You fall asleep to dream about yourself.
Weighed down like vultures circling the dead.
Pulling apart and bracing the life in the depths of this man.
I'm not afraid of changing, but this addiction is in my blood,
and enough is never enough.