

Pitchfork Project, Carnival

Wasted earth, yellow sand
No chance to live
Hopes have vanished
The drought makes me dream
The carnival is in our town
Hopeful eyes, children laugh
Vanished expectations
Vanished expectations

Carnival-it's simply uncontrollable
Moving on through the sand
Carnival-it's really unstoppable
Destructive tracks in the land

The gift of explosions
The happiness of death
Merciless it takes its way-big machine
And there it comes-massive like a mountain
The music invites us to join the parade
So join the parade

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