

# Memphis May Fire, Therapy Caravan Of The Fair

She's got too many troubles on her mind.  
Her father told her to leave, this was too much trauma.  
For a poor widower's soul she was a child  
She was once happy before she buried him beneath the sand

You can't save her now,  
She's going to the guillotine  
You can't save her now  
You can't save her now,  
She's going to the guillotine  
You can't save her now

I awoke last night to hear the screaming of a child  
But it wasn't mine.  
I doubt this fairytale will put me back to sleep,  
To put me back to sleep  
But what the hell...

I opened the bathroom door  
And there on the floor wrapped in towels was a small child  
So they say she was bearing a child when  
She was put to death but now  
My imagination's going too far.  
???

So I went to a man in white he said,  
&quot;Come to the south, you find redemption there&quot;  
Why the south I don't know why  
But you must trust me...

To my former self  
This is my scrapbook  
I'll paint my walls you'll see me there  
I've seen a masterpiece covered in blood  
He's a ghost a broken dream,  
Access my mind make me a believer,

I awoke last night to hear the screaming of a child  
But it wasn't mine.  
I doubt this fairytale will put me back to sleep,  
To put me back to sleep  
But what the hell...

'Cause the four horsemen of the apocalypse are coming  
And they are not bringing flowers  
'Cause the four horsemen of the apocalypse are coming  
And they are not bringing flowers

Keep me awake, you'll find we have something in common  
Keep me awake, you'll find we have something in common  
Yes sir