

Project Pitchfork, Circus Of Death By Human Lea

Nine o'clock flight from Hawaii
The Trident is just touching down
We're waiting here on the tarmac
McGarrett is wearing a frown

He's here to help with a problem
A blood-spattered curse on our land
Please cast your eye over this map, sir
This business is quite out of hand

The circus of death is approaching
Its pathway is painted in red
Before it the frightened and helpless
Behind it a trail of the dead

The narcotic that forges their union
Is a substance known only to one
To the clown it is known as Dominion
It's a secret that he'll give to none

The drug which gives the clown power
Means the circus can never be stopped
And his dream can go on unhindered
Till the last human being has dropped

Spare me and my family
I've done you no wrong
Go away, please let us be
I've known you for too long