

Psycore, Circus

behind every door there's a question
and just around the corner
there's a hole in the ground
that someone forgot to fix
but i'm still alive
still alive, still trying to sell my soul
for a ticket to the moon and the stars
once in a while i have a life
but somehow i always seem to mistake it for garbage
and throw it away
i must have messed up a million times or more
i guess nothing is so good
that you can't make it worse
nothing is so great
that you can't mess it up
nothing is so perfect
that you can't turn it down

it's always the same:
when the wind of wealth, love and fortune
is blowing my way
when my piece of reality
is becoming a butterfly
that's when the circus arrives

circus
i always act the clown
circus
always on the way down
circus
i drive myself insane
circus
why do i play this game

when i've turned water into wine
just when i've reached the shore
to the river of a splendid future
that's when the circus arrives

circus
i always act the clown
circus
always on the way down

when life feels great
that's when the circus comes to town

i've taught myself to die without a sound
to live without a reason
to smile without locking
i have no interest in this world
the universe inside my head
is bigger and better and nicer to me
in the streets i dream
you can walk around naked and drunk
all the time
at the end of the day the sun goes up
just because it wants to, and we dance
like water and children above the fire
it's beautiful
not at all like the real world
that claim exist
where living is like walking barefoot
over broken glasses

with a baby dinosaur on each shoulder
where the only purpose in life
is to grow older
that's not it, love is it
love is the tallest flower in your garden
love is a helmet and there's a war out there
burning flesh everywhere
insecure elements of fear
lethal hunger for peace and tranquillity
question: how come you can't accept
the fat sweaty person on the seat next to you
on the concord to paradise
your world is too small
you are too blind
your brain is too fat, that's why

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that you can't make it worse
nothing is so great
that you can't mess it up
nothing is so perfect
that you can't turn it down

nothing is so good
nothing is
nothing