

The Church, The Disillusionist

In autumn he comes to this town
When the peoples guard is down
On a day like today
Overcast and gray
Bells were all ringing
The birds stopped their singing
The wind caught in the trees
Screaming to be free
He alights from the platform
In his usual uniform
His skin looks like he slept in it
Or had something rotten kept in it
And snakes stir in the thistles
Back of cats neck bristles
'Round vicious lips the fur is stained
The disillusionist is back again
They say that he's famous from the waist down
But the top half of his body is a corpse
His gold won't buy him sleep
His poverty runs so deep
In winter he cracks, in summer he warps

Hang around the backstage door
But he knows what you're waiting for
You rub yourself against his fame
Already ready to bear the blame
He asks you "Did you like my show?"
As if he really wants to know
Then doesn't wait for your reply
He just pulls you back inside
You've started feeling dizzy
It isn't you or is he
Persuade you mentally
Undress you incidentally
Down the swaying corridor
People you feel sorry for
But when he puts the gaze on you
You're amazed at what you'll let him do

He can turn wine into water
Mother against daughter
Juggles busy deadlines
Gets himself off headlines
Surrounded by his minions
Who never have opinions
Performing little tricks for you
Puts it in a fix for you
Smashes your watch with a hammer
Caresses you with camera
And says the magic words
That nobody's ever heard
Now the slur is fading
Reality all-pervading
It only makes you want him more
It only makes you fawn him more

And he does the Indian rope trick
The one that makes you seasick
And he keeps on filling up your cup
But you keep on filling up
And some of it's done with mirrors

And some of it's done with scissors
And some of it's done with cables
And his hands under the table
It doesn't matter you want to believe
It doesn't matter if you have to leave
You won't escape his orbit
And the things that you must forfeit
And the audience seems familiar
Some of them in particular
Bet you they are his plants
When he plays the game of chance
He reads the minds of jilted girls
And the story really unfurls
Cast a fortune for the man in the suit
Who's suffering is very acute
There's a rabbit in his hat
But I thought I smelled a rat