

The Tea Party, Touch

Catatonic listless creature
Try to comprehend
Everything you've ever wanted
Is around the next bend

Don't try to fake it
I see you shaking
It doesn't mean a thing

Look at you, the freak attraction
In this carnival of souls
Failing all negotiations
You'll be the next sold

Don't try to fake it
I see you shaking
It doesn't mean anything

Now love, don't make a sound
Reach down and touch the ground

Emptiness is almost certain
Like an automatic dream
You're closing in on the final curtain
You're on the next scene