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Blyss

"Fairytales And Castles"

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He sighs and looks in the mirror He can't tell anymore Who he really is and who they believe him to be And he sighs and walks in a thin line Between what is and what could be He's getting closer To something he can't understand

Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown And his throne of ice is melting He climbed his ladder And there was nothing there And now it's a long way down

Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave Of what he thought was still alive On and on and on he goes Dancing in mansions made of twigs And castles made of sand

He sighs his head is filled with Cartoons and fairy tales And he's trapped inside a dungeon of dolls With smiles on their faces He's built a pretty cage Hit shows on a beautiful stage With candy coated prison bars And chains that look like jewelry

Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown And his throne of ice is melting He climbed his ladder And there was nothing there And now it's a long way down

Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave Of what he thought was still alive On and on and on he goes Dancing in mansions made of twigs And castles made of sand Cause he lives inside Of fairy tails and castle lands And there's room inside For false expectations and illusions

Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown And his throne of ice is melting He climbed his ladder And there was nothing there And now it's a long way down

Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave Of what he thought was still alive On and on and on he goes Dancing in mansions made of twigs And castles made of sand (3x)

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