

Memphis May Fire "Therapy Caravan Of The Fair Room"

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She's got too many troubles on her mind. her father
told her to leave this was too much trauma. For a poor
widower's soul.

She was once happy, before she killed him and buried
him beneath the sand

God can't save her now she's going to the guillotine
[x2]

You can't save her now she's going to the guillotine
[x2]

Her soul can now be forever torched but her body will
remain here with me...

So I guess you can say I love a corpse but that's just
insane

I awoke last night to hear the screaming of a child but it
wasn't mine. I doubt this fairytale will put me back to
sleep, but what the hell...

I opened the bathroom door and there on the floor
wrapped in towels was a small child

So they say she was bearing a child when she was put
to death but now my imagination is going too far.

So I went to a man in white to ask for help.

He said move to the south to find redemption, why the
south I don't know but you must trust me... Then the
man in white fell to his knees...

To my former self this is my scrapbook

I'll paint my walls you'll see me there

I've seen a masterpiece covered in blood

He's a ghost a broken dream, access my mind make
me a believer, 'cause the four-horsemen of the
apocalypse are coming and they are not bringing
flowers

Keep me awake, you'll find we have something in
common

Yes sir

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