

Pain Confessor

"Thorn Clown"

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I dream my dreams at night - my life's a cartoon of
black and white
I'm sick of this paint on my face!
I'm always the one to make the show - a laughing
clown, wings black as a crow
I carry this large mind with pain
A mind in this world seems in vain

I remember all those years, running through the
freedom
What became of the child I used to be?
I remember all those tears, melting my own face and
now
It has become the one I thought was yours

Oh, look at this pityful young soul - is he beyond or
behind, who knows...
But there's no one to burn at his pace
Contemplating wave lengths in the bath while scorching
himself to make us laugh
The beckoning mind cannot be
Insanity might set it free

[Fredrik Hermansson]

I remember all those years when I was invincible
What became of the child that used to laugh?
I remember all those fears, bleaching this mild heart
and now
It has become the gray I thought was yours

If you'd just let him in, if you would just touch him
He would love, he would grow, he could rest his old
soul
Maybe he's difficult but he's beautiful
Wild at heart, troubled mind, torn apart, seeking his
kind

[Daniel Gildenlow]

