Paolo Vallesi

"Tightrope"

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My words are weapons
In which I murder you with
But please don't get scared please do not turn your
head
We are the future the 21st century dyslexic, glue-
sniffing cybersluts
With homicidal minds and handguns
We are the insane
Nothing will change
We are the same
Nothing will change

CHORUS:
There is a thin line between what's good and what is
evil
I will tiptoe down that line
But I will feel unstable
My life is a circus
And I'm tripping down the tightrope
Well there is nothing to save me now
So I will not look down

And again and again and again
And it happens again and again and again
There's no beginning there is no end there is only
change
Progression backwards
Is this where we are heading
Take back your soul
Forget your emptines

CHORUS:
There is a thin line between what's good and what is
evil
I will tiptoe down that line
But I will feel unstable
My life is a circus
And I'm tripping down the tightrope
Well there is nothing to save me now
I'm falling to the ground
Falling to the ground

Down to the ground

I speak of madness
My heart and soul
I cry for people that ain't got control
Let's take our sanity
Let's take compassion
And be responsible for every action
Hell no, no how,
No way, no way, no way, no how
No way, no how

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Well there is nothing to save me now
I'm falling to the ground
Down to the ground

All the way down
Hidden in the dirt