

## Psycore

### "Carnival Of Vulgarly"

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There's a town somewhere inside someone's dreams  
A place where nothing is as it seems  
There's no record of it in any book  
For those who go (there) never return  
In this place, there's a fairground run by clowns,  
Controls the town  
Don't try to run- the clowns will come  
Many people pass through here as they chase their  
destiny  
They will stop and never want for things of life again  
The fairground it costs no-one, blindly inside they are  
drawn  
People driven by a call  
Come, come inside, come inside, come inside, come  
Like moths that are drawn to flame  
These people enter the grounds of pain  
From outside they see such fun  
If they knew how would they run  
What they see (is) illusion, blinded by this desire  
They wish to laugh and scream  
Welcome to the Carnival of Vulgarly  
It will reinforce the existence of evil in this world for  
them  
They will cry tears- of- Blood!  
It seems tame 'til they're chained  
By the clowns that are holding their kids  
They're led down into the ground  
Minds drowning in pools of fear  
Down they go, there's a hall  
Rowed with seats, they've placed before  
The overlord of the fair. He says this-  
"You know that you're going to be here forever.  
Your children will be used for breeding, to sustain the  
system. You will  
Learn to suffer silently- for this is your fate."  
They are told their golden rules  
And guided to their new abode  
Used for the purposes of old, to attract the new  
Tied to rides and nailed to ferris wheels  
The pain it seeps, the screams so real.

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