

## Psycore "Circus"

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Behind every door there's a question  
And just around the corner  
There's a hole in the ground  
That someone forgot to fix  
But i'm still alive  
Still alive, still trying to sell my soul  
For a ticket to the moon and the stars  
Once in a while i have a life  
But somehow i always seem to mistake it for garbage  
And throw it away  
I must have messed up a million times or more  
I guess nothing is so good  
That you can't make it worse  
Nothing is so great  
That you can't mess it up  
Nothing is so perfect  
That you can't turn it down

It's always the same:  
When the wind of wealth, love and fortune  
Is blowing my way  
When my piece of reality  
Is becoming a butterfly  
That's when the circus arrives

Circus  
I always act the clown  
Circus  
Always on the way down  
Circus  
I drive myself insane  
Circus  
Why do i play this game

When i've turned water into wine  
Just when i've reached the shore  
To the river of a splendid future  
That's when the circus arrives

Circus  
I always act the clown  
Circus

Always on the way down

When life feels great  
That's when the circus comes to town

I've taught myself to die without a sound  
To live without a reason  
To smile without locking  
I have no interest in this world  
The universe inside my head  
Is bigger and better and nicer to me  
In the streets i dream  
You can walk around naked and drunk  
All the time  
At the end of the day the sun goes up  
Just because it wants to, and we dance  
Like water and children above the fire  
It's beautiful  
Not at all like the real world  
That claim exist  
Where living is like walking barefoot  
Over broken glasses  
With a baby dinosaur on each shoulder  
Where the only purpose in life  
Is to grow older  
That's not it, love is it  
Love is the tallest flower in your garden  
Love is a helmet and there's a war out there  
Burning flesh everywhere  
Unsecure elements of fear  
Lethal hunger for peace and tranquillity  
Question: how come you can't accept  
The fat sweaty person on the seat next to you  
On the concord to paradise  
Your world is too small  
You are too blind  
Your brain is too fat, that's why

Nothing is so good  
That you can't make it worse  
Nothing is so great  
That you can't mess it up  
Nothing is so perfect  
That you can't turn it down

Nothing is so good  
Nothing is  
Nothing

