

Rush

"Carnies"

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Under the gaze of the eight elms,
A spectacle like you've never seen:
Spinning lights and faces,
Demon music and gypsy queens!

The glint of iron wheels!
The bodies spin in a clockwork dance!
Oh, the smell of flint and steel!
A wheel of fate, a game of chance!

How I pray just to get away,
To carry me anywhere.
Sometimes the angels punish us
By answering our prayers,
By answering our prayers...

The face of naked evil
Turns a young boy's blood to ice;
The daily confrontation;
Such a dangerous device.

The glint of iron wheels!
The bodies spin in a clockwork dance!
Oh, the smell of flint and steel!
A wheel of fate, a game of chance!

Oh, shout toward the crowd;
Laughed elation ringing loud!
(Indistinguishable) marks in the hands of the innocent.
The angry crowd moves towards him with mal-intent.

How I pray just to get away,
To carry me anywhere.
Sometimes the angels punish us
By answering our prayers,
By answering our prayers...

The glint of iron wheels!
The bodies spin in a clockwork dance!
Oh, the smell of flint and steel!
A wheel of fate, a game of chance!

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