

## Sybil

### "Circus"

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Im a prisoner breaking away from myself  
Im a listener of things Im not supposed to hear  
Whats the reason you are knocking locked doors  
on this?  
The other side of the wall nobodys got the keys.

My confusion is so real, an arrow going nowhere  
Someone inside is trying to turn me against myself  
Im falling down cutting the air with my skin,  
Im trying to find myself,  
I dont know where else to search.

Every part starts to crack  
The pieces scattered on the ground  
Everything is going down  
My song starts to cry

Everyday I gotta die  
Get my crown, turnabout  
Split the floor, get my eyes  
Fit into me, drink the sun  
Who am I? where is the sky?  
I cannot see, Im almost blind  
Everyone is suspicious of stealing my life  
Im getting clown, Im overdrive  
Im nuts about you, Im my lie  
Im a slave of your desire  
Who is the puppeteer of my life?

My worlds are gonna crash  
My anxiety is driving me wild  
Breaking the mirrors I wont stop the past  
Who am I going to lie?

This is the circus of the explicit  
Just trust what you see  
My illusion is nude, Im exposed to you  
I cant hide the chains inside of me.

This is the circus of the explicit  
Just trust what you see

My illusion is nude, Im exposed to you  
I cant hide the chains inside of me.

My eyes, starting to bleed  
The clearness hurts me when its reson what should  
dream.  
I cannot feel free, I cant hide what you see:  
My soul is outta my body, its place is filled with tears.

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Indio te quiero  
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