

The Venetia Fair "Gullinkambi's Return"

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Fill their heads with bold assumptions thick with
pantomime corruption.
Surely they proved more disruptive than these words
are interruptive.
Painted visage veils intention, so I've staged this
intervention.
Choking now on revelation, gasp for breaths of blind
elation.

This is the recipe for breathing fucking fallacies:
A simple blend of fear and misdirection.
Crusted eyelids over every single rod and cone and
twinkle in their eyes.
It's all been written in the scars!
So fuck what you've seen

We're at the end of our rope
Without a second chance to leave a few more feet,
Enough to wrap around your necks.
We'd hang our bodies from the clouds and tear
What's left of your paradise down!

This is the recipe for honestly and open sores:
A simple blend of painful complications.
Sick confessions cover every single wave of sound that
echoes in my ears.
It's all recorded in these songs.
So tell me how I'd ever hear these words and I suppose
I'll tell you
Where we've stashed away those insolent freaks.
Here's your fucking hint!

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