

The Venetia Fair

"The Day I Set Them Free"

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It's in his brain
A clot that travelled through his veins and settled in
"And what a simple stroke of genius" he thought
To kill the part of him that's good
And feed his ego the remains
Dressed up at all the masquerades he throws himself
He wears the youth he stole from us,
But he's just another crooked suit beneath tattoos

And though there's people at the wake there's no
mourning to see
The sounds of empty halls seem sweeter to me
But I wake every morning to find
His legacy still haunting all of the songs I'd like to sing
So here's to the day I set them free.

But we can't escape!
We clawed and picked apart the chains we forged
ourselves
'Cause he's a sad, pathetic, washed up, old,
delusional, perverted, stubborn fool

Ohh! Let me set them free!
Ohh! I just needed the freedom to stand and watch as
my words cave in
To bury me for

All my sins
All the roads I let you lead us down
You're mistaken
We don't owe you a single thing
'Cause you took the best of all our years
and I'm sorry this won't bring yours back
You're mistaken.
We don't owe you a single thing
'Cause we've got nothing left.

So here's to the day I set them free
And watch as my words cave in
To bury me in this

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