

# Thyrane "Sickening"

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A scream-like laughter echoes in your head  
As the cross-eyed dancers are capering  
They flash by you with twisted smiles  
Spinning around in odour, warm, repulsive, sickening

Been following this grotesque show  
Could never comprehend  
Seeing things clearer when standing aside  
Through the phony gestures, plays of pretend

Bunch of sheep in wolves' clothing  
You let them guide you, lead you astray  
Herb of warped minds, you put them in control  
'Til reality faded ...away

Seeing things clearer when standing aside  
Through the phony gestures, plays of pretend

Growing urge to reject the delusion  
Of the old world, safe and fake  
Years of surrender, living an illusion  
A freak show you can escape

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