

## The Church

### "The Disillusionist"

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In autumn he comes to this town  
When the peoples guard is down  
On a day like today  
Overcast and gray

Bells were all ringing  
The birds stopped their singing  
The wind caught in the trees  
Screamin' to be free

He alights from the platform  
In his usual uniform  
His skin looks like he slept in it  
Or had somethin' rotten kept in it

And snakes stir in the thistles  
Back of cats neck bristles  
'Round vicious lips the fur is stained  
The disillusionist is back again

They say that he's famous from the waist down  
But the top half of his body is a corpse  
His gold won't buy him sleep  
His poverty runs so deep  
In winter he cracks, in summer he warps

Hang around the backstage door  
But he knows what you're waitin' for  
You rub yourself against his fame  
Already ready to bear the blame

He asks you, "Did you like my show?"  
As if he really wants to know  
Then doesn't wait for your reply  
He just pulls you back inside

You've started feelin' dizzy  
It isn't you or is he?  
Persuade you mentally  
Undresses you incidentally

Down the swaying corridor  
People you feel sorry for  
But when he puts the gaze on you  
You're amazed at what you'll let him do

They say that he's famous from the waist down  
But the top half of his body is a corpse  
His gold won't buy him sleep  
His poverty runs so deep  
In winter he cracks, in summer he warps

He can turn wine into water  
Mother against daughter  
Juggles busy deadlines  
Gets himself off headlines

Surrounded by his minions  
Who never have opinions  
Performing little tricks for you  
Puts it in a fix for you

Smashes your watch with a hammer  
Caresses you with camera  
And says the magic words  
That nobody's ever heard

Now the slur is fading  
Reality all pervadin'  
It only makes you want him more  
It only makes you fawn him more

They say that he's famous from the waist down  
But the top half of his body is a corpse  
His gold won't buy him sleep  
His poverty runs so deep  
In winter he cracks, in summer he warps

And he does the Indian rope trick  
The one that makes you seasick  
And he keeps on filling up your cup  
But you keep on filling up

And some of it's done with mirrors  
And some of it's done with scissors  
And some of it's done with cables  
And his hands under the table

It doesn't matter you want to believe  
It doesn't matter if you have to leave  
You won't escape his orbit  
And the things that you must forfeit

And the audience seems familiar  
Some of them in particular  
Bet you they are his plants  
When he plays the game of chance

He reads the minds of jilted girls  
And the story really unfurls  
Cast a fortune for the man in the suit  
Who's suffering is very acute

There's a rabbit in his hat  
But I thought I smelled a rat

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