Project Pitchfork "Circus Of Death By Human League"

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Nine o'clock flight from Hawaii

The Trident is just touching down

We're waiting here on the tarmac

McGarrett is wearing a frown

He's here to help with a problem

A blood-spattered curse on our land

Please cast your eye over this map, sir

This business is quite out of hand

The circus of death is approaching

Its pathway is painted in red

Before it the frightened and helpless

Behind it a trail of the dead

The narcotic that forges their union

Is a substance known only to one

To the clown it is known as Dominion

It's a secret that he'll give to none

The drug which gives the clown power

Means the circus can never be stopped

And his dream can go on unhindered

Till the last human being has dropped

Spare me and my family

I've done you no wrong

Go away, please let us be

I've known you for too long

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