

Iluvatar

"Marionette"

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Same sad excuse
Same boring lies
I can blame it on everyone else
Until the humor in it dies

It can't be my fault
But then who's to tell
A victim of circumstance
Swinging madly from his bells

Some days it's all behind me
But still I hear these things
The conscience that reminds me
Of just who pulls the strings

Cruel laughter from above me
A patronizing stare
I've reached into my soul
And pulled it out without a care

Ask me again
Night after night
They round me up and then
Shove me into the light

The thoughts which sit
And pull my strings
They stretch the rope so tight
That it might break when my bell rings

But don't you dare remind me
'Cause I know that they are there
When I run they always find me
And yank me into the air

Performing on a soap box
Playing many tired scenes
And I wear a wooden smile
For all who care to see

