

Amberian Dawn, Circus Black

Day and night, no matter where you go
They hold the mirror
For you to swallow
And there they are staring at you everywhere you go!

They are in your head, you are overpowered,
They are there like worms eating your guts.
Can you stop the Clocks? Tick, tick, tock, in your ears?
Stop the spinning of the psycho circus in my mind!

They are the voice of the conscience,
The voice of attrition,
Whispers in your prison.
They are there all the time
Until you find expiation of your evil deeds!