

Memphis May Fire, Therapy Caravan Of The Fair

She's got too many troubles on her mind.
Her father told her to leave, this was too much trauma.
For a poor widower's soul she was a child
She was once happy before she buried him beneath the sand

You can't save her now,
She's going to the guillotine
You can't save her now
You can't save her now,
She's going to the guillotine
You can't save her now

I awoke last night to hear the screaming of a child
But it wasn't mine.
I doubt this fairytale will put me back to sleep,
To put me back to sleep
But what the hell...

I opened the bathroom door
And there on the floor wrapped in towels was a small child
So they say she was bearing a child when
She was put to death but now
My imagination's going too far.
???

So I went to a man in white he said,
"Come to the south, you find redemption there"
Why the south I don't know why
But you must trust me...

To my former self
This is my scrapbook
I'll paint my walls you'll see me there
I've seen a masterpiece covered in blood
He's a ghost a broken dream,
Access my mind make me a believer,

I awoke last night to hear the screaming of a child
But it wasn't mine.
I doubt this fairytale will put me back to sleep,
To put me back to sleep
But what the hell...

'Cause the four horsemen of the apocalypse are coming
And they are not bringing flowers
'Cause the four horsemen of the apocalypse are coming
And they are not bringing flowers

Keep me awake, you'll find we have something in common
Keep me awake, you'll find we have something in common
Yes sir