

The Great Juggler

Anata

Desperate to be admired
But in the eyes of others, another clown
Spending and spoiling his energy
Forever lost in reverie

Joined the circus at seventeen
For many years, lived his dream
But on the outside where time passes by
The circus performer is still a child

"Look at me now, using torches of fire
Look! Higher than anyone else
I am the great juggler!"
But in the end
When the circus days are gone
Who would dare to depend
On some great juggler?

Circus performers will be turned down
Juggler or not, still a clown
Small is his crowd
Compared to the outside world
Feelings of being left out of it
Always grow

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