

We meet with a handshake a smile and a sneer  
But the malice is lurking beneath the veneer  
As the light flickers out on the beacon of hope  
Throw a bone to the kid on the ropes  
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As the light flickers out on the beacon of hope  
Throw a bone to the kid on the ropes

You were briefly embraced by a spirit of trust  
But it soon blows away in a grey cloud of dust  
Now you're not really sure who to blame or to thank  
With your boat drifting into the bank  
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With your boat drifting into the bank

With a blanket of truth there to cushion your fall  
Now we both have our truths but yours ain't mine at all  
And without a foundation to hold it in place  
It disappears without leaving a trace

We peel back the skin on eve's apple of faith  
Let the curtain come down on this sad cabaret  
Just like prisoners rot in their cells with disdain  
We sit counting the ring on our chains  
We sit counting the rings on our chains  
Just like prisoners rot in their cells with disdain  
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