

Feeding graves for thirty years in Maine  
IT's shadow in mind is dragged in pain  
Like a magnet pulled to place you know  
And recalling memories  
It's right time for IT to eat

One strike's not enough to stop the clown  
To underground he'll fall  
In the circus lights his heart is beating one

Thirty year old promise kills at least  
Fear is the main menu of the beast  
As the circle ends he falls from grace  
The mask of IT is torn down  
And clown's revealing his face

Torches of death are disappearing  
Flames are fading down  
Circus lights are gone now, as IT finally dies.