

The Emerald Piper

Tristania

From the backroom of my head I hear you shout
Through my animated state and sheets of late
I do my best to stay alive but from the backroom
of my head
I hear you shout
Through my animated state
Now the emerald piper plays
Inside the bar in which you stay
It's closing time
A blow to your frail ambitions
You act just like a dum dum boy
A child deprived of all its toys
Notorious
A man with no mission
In the sawdust from the past there is still room
For significant mistakes and muted hate
I hear a signal from the wire but from the backroom
of my head
I hear you shout
Through my animated state
Like a king without a crown
You rode high
Were turned around
Without a crown
Beyond recognition
You need protection from yourself
You have been slipping
Cry for help or let it bleed
In your private prison