

A Flamboyant Flim Flam: M. Giles

Don't you listen to the haters, the nay-sayers, second-raters,
Don't need their validation, for the new world that we're makin'
In their boots we hear them quakin', while the ground below is shakin'
And the revolution's comin' so they better all start runnin'
Now the fire has been lighted, see their faces all affrighted,
Cause they know their end is near, in their eyes you see the fear,
And the meaning is so clear, they may not even last the year;
Hear O Lord, the tale we're tellin', all this anger has been wellin'
In our hearts and in our minds, now at last this is our time,
We will shatter all their dreams, destroy all their mad schemes
Expose them for what they are, just a meaningless bazaar,
A façade of faceless lies, once we rip off their disguise,
And we see beneath the masks, the ugly truth at last
All this horror, all this hate, this world they did create,
But we will mend the scars, and steer a path towards the stars,
We have learned our lesson well, what is Heaven, what is Hell,
And we will make this world anew, once we've paid them out their due,
Peace will reign again for all, once their backs' against the wall,
And if you don't want to hear, you can simply block your ears,
So, you won't hear their screams;
But all of this is but a dream,
And when we wake, there's been no change;
The carousel just goes around,
Again, and again, and again.