

He says he looks in the mirror
He can't tell anymore
Who he really is and who they believe him to be
And he says he walks a thin line
Between what is and what could be
He's getting closer
To something he can't understand

Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown
And his throne of ice is melting
He climbed his ladder
There was nothing there
And now it's a long way down

Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive
On and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs
And castles made of sand

He says his head is filled with
Cartoons and fairy tales
And he's trapped inside a dungeon of dolls
With smiles on their faces

He's built a pretty cage
Hit shows on a beautiful stage
With candy coated prison bars
And chains that look like jewellery

Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown
And his throne of ice is melting
He climbed his ladder
There was nothing there
And now it's a long way down

Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive
On and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs
And castles made of sand

Cause he lives inside
Of fairy tails and castles now
And there's room inside
For false expectations and illusions

Cause there's a crack in his plastic crown
And his throne of ice is melting
He climbed his ladder
There was nothing there
And now it's a long way down
It's a long way down

Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive
On and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs
And castles made of sand
Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive
On and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs
And castles made of sand
Cause on and on and on he goes dancing on the grave
Of what he thought was still alive
On and on and on he goes
Dancing in mansions made of twigs
And castles made of sand