

Here comes the circus now to steal your life away
Catch unwary children at their play
Disturb what was a peaceful island of calm
A storm is coming on the horizon
The traveller begs for you his words to heed
To fear the evil thing that he proceeds
Recruiting evil in the autumn times of sin
A mad collection of broken men

Thunder ripping out across the sky
Draw the lightning out of my mind
By the prickling of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

The house of mirrors is your place of play
Ten thousand faces driving you insane
A carnival of hate crawling through your mind
A gripping fear that leaves you paralyzed

Thunder ripping out across the sky
Draw the lightning out of my mind
By the prickling of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes