The clown of the town

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A girl was crowned the clown of the town

Now crowned, she was bound

Now bound she frowned

When she frowned

The mountains painted the sky brown

The clouds would cry with forces profound

These storm shook their souls

Molding and upholding

The curse by which she was bound

Was now her newfound freedom

And now they would plead her

To leave the crown

For now hounds had killed these people

And how the bled

And how they fed

And now the children were no longer tucked into bed

This girl cried

As she woke from her dream

Knowing what it means

Because in reality all that she had been

And all that she had seen

Had led her to believe

That she was not free

But she was wrong

And that dawn

She stood strong

Singing a new song

A song unheard.