

## Majestic Carousel

On this majestic carousel ride, you have to smile.  
As you spin round-and-round, you must laugh as you swallow bile.

When you're a child, the carousel gleams.  
It beckons you, giving you false dreams.  
And like a fool, you choose a horse.  
You grin unaware the ride gets worse.

Riding through many turns,  
the happiness burns,  
And it becomes panic,  
making you go manic.

"When will the ride stop?"  
You wonder until you feel a drop.

Just as you start to frown,  
the ride begins to go up-and-down.  
Now you are dizzily turning,  
and you are violently bouncing.

People want to get off,  
And the operator can only scoff.  
You chose to get on,  
And it won't stop 'til your innocence is gone.

The music screeches in your ear,  
eventually it's the only thing you hear.  
The lights make you sick,  
as they blink on quick.  
The constant motion makes you sore,  
Soon it's something you abhor.

When the ride slows,  
you are quick to compose.  
There are kids outside,  
your resentment you hide.  
They have to ride, it's only fair.  
Kids have to learn, you declare.

And so when the ride stops, you laugh and smile,  
And you eagerly welcome the kids to their trial.