

# Master of Disguise

Arcturus

("No! this face is only a mask a wicked ornament,  
Illuminated by an exquisite grimace,  
Look and see, atrociously contorted,  
The real head, and the sincere face  
Turned back under the shadow of the face which lies." -  
Charles Baudelaire )

He is profanity in sanctity's guise  
An alias assumed I do recognize  
In their eyes , his cause -  
when enticing and cunning in impact  
is still a criminal and evil act.

So look for him vainly, He,  
the incarnation of evil: And by  
arrangements of magickal nature  
He turns unrecognizable even to the  
experienced eye.

You obsessively pursue him  
Falling to see, that was why he came to be  
one who annihilates with such impunity

He appears your friend, but  
the Saint hides many Satans  
He's contemptuous, you know  
of your Godgiven stupidities  
He calls you in question which  
affected modesty and create  
of you an object of derision

You think him to be the pariah  
whom company does exclude  
But in the midst of all frenzy  
He is - feasting in a transitory mood

Passion is strict lord  
He is also its humble slave  
When bereft of common ways,  
He strides before you on water  
He makes clowns of kings,  
charms the guests, rides the ball -  
Is the master of disguise

Prince of the thousandfold face -  
the charming jester's smile  
which invites reason to demise,  
and imaginations rise  
Inscrutable yes, venting his spleen  
Somewhere night and day between  
Is the master of disguise