

There's a place we hide true selves  
Shine them into golden awe  
Clandestine, I. Charade, shadow the midnight  
Hide, muddle the meaning. Hide, muddle the meaning  
The Plan: Clan and Hide. (show the way...)  
Motes protect honed purity  
Storm the heartened masquerade  
We all follow around the bend. (go astray...)  
We fear ourselves. We lock up in rooms  
We make not a sound beneath our shoes  
Hi, yes, we're fine...we act enthused  
Then dance with ourselves without any groove  
We're all out of might. We no longer strive  
We practice the art of 9 to 5  
Examples are cheap and talk is proof  
Do as I say, not as I do.....  
Na na na na....