

Masks

Orden Ogan

Be good, my love
Be strong, my love
Be fast

A garden deep, a garden dark
Through a white mask empty eyes
The day is just another mask
A mind so deep, a mind so dark
Through a white mask empty eyes
Where darkness blooms behind
They bled my light
They bled my light

SO NOW MY WOUND BREEDS LIFE
MY LOVE A BLOOMING NIGHT
ANOTHER DAY IS LEFT BEHIND
I SEE WE ALL WEAR MASKS
TAKE THEM INTO OUR GRAVES AT LAST
ANOTHER LIFE IS LEFT BEHIND

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