

The Masquerade

Pagan Altar

Think of the people you meet every day,
Think of the characters they try to portray.
They hide what they're thinking hide what they feel,
In an age of hypocrisy nothing is real.
Faces are just curtains of stone,
That hides their true feelings 'till they're alone.

Who can you say that you really know?
You see only the facade they wish to show.
Is it that they are weak or afraid?
They live out their lives in this masquerade.

They are all clowns behind a painted smile.
They tried to enchant, persuade or beguile.
Faceless with no thoughts or ideals,
Transparent reflections, nothing is real.

They cling to their idols echo their lives,
But it's only a front, a place they can hide.
Their own minds suppressed from birth to the grave,
Enacting their lives in this masquerade.

I look at myself am I the same,
I try to find out if I play the game.
Which side of my soul does everyone see?
The face that I show is it really me?

There's no way of knowing if I play a part,
Is my true self left in the dark?
Am I for real, or what I am made?
Or am I just part of this masquerade?