

## Mistaken identity

Pale Forest

Son, it's never as it seems  
the flowing of the silver streams  
Where people laugh and smile and say  
no day is as beautiful as today

I wear the mask of perfection  
whenever their heads turn my way  
Clutched in the embrace of rejection  
in a room where I must stay

In hiding  
It's where I keep my dreams alive  
residing  
It's the only place where I can survive

Even my mother never knew  
that the face she saw was never true  
In my room there lives no friend  
for whom I must pretend

My gleaming mask upon inspection  
is where a hundred diamonds lay  
and no one sees the true reflection  
where every stone is grey

In hiding  
It's where I keep my dreams alive  
subsiding  
to my place in their hive ...