

# Masquerade

Persuader

As the hours are turning into days  
I pinch my skin, not sure that I'm awake or dead  
Emotions carved in stone we are  
Sons of the morning, daughters of the day  
Buried and fading

No more charades  
Love  
A masquerade

Another day to spend in silence  
Another way to do you wrong  
So many open wounds that're never gonna heal  
This is the time, the place, the hour  
Set me free

Sanity reformation, the shape I can't resist  
I close the door and open up the next  
I'm crawling back to nothing  
In hell I'm doing you right, wicked and cold  
The break of dawn relieves demise

No more charades  
Love  
A masquerade

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Another way to do you wrong  
So many open wounds that're never gonna heal  
This is the time, the place, the hour  
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Falling illusions  
A dream I can't forget  
Remembrance not enough  
I'll end it here right now

Let's have some Armageddon

The ashes of what once was  
Brings the torment to enslave

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Another way to do you wrong  
So many open wounds that're never gonna heal  
This is the time, the place, the hour  
Set me free