

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
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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
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Set me free