

# The Game

## Poets of the Fall

She's plastic  
She's speed-read  
A classic line between the lines  
Fantastic and half-dead  
His tactic blind to warning signs  
Her clashes of colors  
Are flashes of society  
In ashes  
His dollars like posters of a tragic love story

See the puppet master laugh  
Astride a pale horse  
And take another photograph  
For selfie intercourse  
Reading out the epitaph  
Of our pointless wars  
For love we will tear us down

He's shooting at shadows  
Portraying a proper soldier boy  
She's thinking in logos  
Still searching for the real McCoy  
Broadcasters, they've got this  
Disasters a wasp of a satire  
Like actors who French kiss  
Right after someone stole their fire

See the puppet master laugh  
Astride a pale horse  
And take another photograph  
For selfie intercourse  
Reading out the epitaph  
Of our pointless wars  
For love we will tear...

Us down that beaten path she treads  
Mirage the blushing bride he weds  
Yesterday's diamonds and pearls  
Now worthless trinkets in their world  
The salty tang of blood  
Sensations running hot  
Snow blindness in pitch darkness  
Mindless rage  
And then you...

See the puppet master laugh  
And take another photograph

See the puppet master laugh  
Astride a pale horse  
And take another photograph  
For selfie intercourse  
Reading out the epitaph  
Of our pointless wars  
When love  
Love could be our crown  
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