

Mask

Bauhaus

The man of shadows thinks in clay
Dreamed trapped thoughts of suffocation days
He's seen in iron environments
With plastic sweat out of chiseled slits for eyes

From the growth underneath the closed mouth
You'll catch if you listen rack trapped cubist vowels
From a dummy head expression
From a dummy head expression

Transformation is invested
With the mysterious and the shameful
While the thing I am becomes somethin' else
Part character, part sensation

The shadow is cast, the shadow is cast
The shadow is cast, the shadow is cast
The shadow is cast, the shadow is cast
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