

The Illusionist

Birds in Row

With my hands tied up and my body sinking into the sea.
I'll still escape from this. Put me in a box, and I
disappear, I'm the illusionist. Beware of your pockets,
I'm not the one who can be trusted. Just a pretender what
you are sure to see, what I give you to believe. A wall
of smoke to hide the fact that I don't even believe in
magic. But the important thing is to show people way more
than you know. With a hand moving and good piece of
plastic I'll make you believe in anything. And I already
love the image of myself you reflect every night of my
life, I'm fake it seems I like it.