

Abandoned Masquerade

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The glitter on a paint and plaster face
Is covering desire and disgrace
We could be lovers
But no one suspects at all
Once you're inside that costume ball

And now I'm sitting here before the mirror
I have the skill still to disguise my tears
Then as the magic starts to fade
I find myself abandoning the masquerade

Even though you're suffering
You try to hide it
And pretend you're so nonchalant
You can cry a pool of tears
And sit beside it
Then perhaps you'll know what you want

I hope you never feel this much despair
Or know the meaning of that empty chair
As the illusions that we made all fall away
In this abandoned masquerade