

Sick Little Masquerade

Hundred Reasons

I was three days back
From the city of fire,
When we heard the news
And collapsed in the corner crying.

They drove you away,
Thought that you'd come back
And turn it around.
Free to alter every past mistake.
But here they come,
parading like they knew who you were.

They came out to play
And acted like they were hanging around
At a sick and twisted fashion show.
A stab in the back, despicable joke
That you thought were friends.
Never cared while you were breathing,
But here they come,
parading like they knew who you were.

So, we all walk side by side
In this sick little masquerade.
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In this sick little masquerade.

Look at the mess with a callous heart,
As if you were proud.
Is that the best that you can do with it?
If you've learnt a single thing from it all,
You would never stand too close to me.
But here you are again.

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