

Campfires and Masquerades

Jason Upton

I remember the story
The story of the little boy
The story of the mother's child
The story of all
And I remember the middle of the darkness
Reaching out for a hand to hold
Reaching out for anything
That'll lead me back home

I'm still here
I'm still waiting for you
After all these years
After all these years

I remember the shadows
On the walls of my memory
They move around like reality
In this prison that we've made
And I remember the first born sunrise
Couldn't stand to open my eyes
Like a blind man wandering
On the edge of this grave

I'm still here
I'm still waiting for you
After all these years
After all these years

Campfires and masquerades
Come and go like cheap parades
When nothing's lost and nothing's changed

We like it that way
Our politicians have to lie
Because if they opened up our eye's
We'd kill then just like just like the others who tried
To pull us out of this cave

Maybe that's why we're so shaken
When our questions have the courage to
Come and drag us from our fiction
Those who fear the grave
Never find the truth
But everyday begins at midnight
And if we're ever gonna see the sunrise
Somebody's gotta wake up
Before the morning comes

Somebody's gotta wake up
Gotta wake up
Somebody's gotta wake up
Before the morning comes
Somebody's gotta wake up
Gotta wake up
Somebody's gotta wake up
Before the morning comes
Gotta wake up

Gotta wake up, wake up
Before the morning comes