

Masquerade

Corey Cyr

Greasers 'neath the streetlight
Through the break of midnight
Share a drink and sing a tune.
Speaking of their day
Trial and error of their ways
Of falling to the howler's moon.They are on the scene
Treating themselves to be
Jesters to the king and queen
While the gentile and blind
Slowly lose their minds
O'r the lies that they have foreseen.Like you they choose to smile
And of course all the while
They can't do what they please.
Their emotion is hidden
And their soul is forbidden
While they stray from their destinies.Inside your side-street booth
You pawn your lies off as truth
But I can see the black through the blue
Soon everyone will see
Like you've shown unto me
The color that lies inside you

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