Masquerade

Caedmon's Call

On an open stretch of freeway
Underneath the canvas clouds
The blackness after evening
Swallowed everything aroundBut just up ahead on the open horizon
We caught the faintest glow
And as we drew near
It seemed so clear that
The dark would have to goIn the center of the city
Comes the illusion of the day
When everything looks pretty
It's easy to think you've found the way
But it's all just a big masqueradeIt was thirty-six months earlier
On that same old lonesome road
And that same old darkness lingered
Just before the lightning showAnd the thunder cracked down
And His lightning conquered
Everything around
The dark had to flee
Now the light of the little town
Was as dark as the night
Compared to His lightIn the center of the city
Comes the illusion of the day
When everything looks pretty
It's easy to think you've found the way
But it's all just a big masquerade

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