

# The Game

## Poets of the Fall

[Verse 1]

She's plastic

She's speed-read

A classic line between the lines

Fantastic and half-dead

His tactic blind to warning signs

Her clashes of colors

Are flashes of society

In ashes

His dollars like posters of a tragic love story[Chorus]

See the puppet master laugh

Astride a pale horse

And take another photograph

For selfie intercourse

Reading out the epitaph

Of our pointless wars

For love we will tear us down

[Verse 2]

He's shooting at shadows

Portraying a proper soldier boy

She's thinking in logos

Still searching for the real McCoy

Broadcasters, they've got this

Disasters a wasp of a satire

Like actors who French kiss

Right after someone stole their fire[Chorus]

See the puppet master laugh

Astride a pale horse

And take another photograph

For selfie intercourse

Reading out the epitaph

Of our pointless wars

For love we will tear...[Verse 3]

Us down that beaten path she treads

Mirage the blushing bride he weds

Yesterday's diamonds and pearls

Now worthless trinkets in their world

The salty tang of blood

Sensations running hot

Snow blindness in pitch darkness  
Mindless rage  
And then you...[Bridge]  
See the puppet master laugh  
And take another photograph[Chorus]  
See the puppet master laugh  
Astride a pale horse  
And take another photograph  
For selfie intercourse  
Reading out the epitaph  
Of our pointless wars  
When love  
Love could be our crown

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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