

# Smoke and Mirrors

Namelessnumberheadman

You're making great leaps, son  
You're taking great risks.  
There are a few things I haven't told you yet.  
Sit right down. I'll bear it all. It's time I should come clean,  
That it's all smoke and mirrors from here on out.  
Draw back the blinds, tear down the curtains  
There's nothing behind. They may tell you otherwise,  
and it may appear to be that way.  
But it just ain't so.

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