

## **Cursive**

# **"Carl Streator Might Have Been On To Something"**

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I've got to find a way to trick myself and think  
everything's OK.  
Until then, I will fool you all.  
The simple things, I'll never let you see.  
Impossible to get away from me.  
Way up close, I can see them all.

If a lie could save my sanity,  
Every thing I tell myself  
Is for the sake of saving me.  
Like a child, I must pretend.  
'Cause in a world of make-believe,  
This bullshit life comes to an end.

If I hide these scars,  
Would you see how happy all this makes me?  
I hope this mask is fooling you.  
Tricking myself is hard to do.

My face is battered

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