

David Sanborn

"Masquerade"

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Hidden beneath a fanciful sheath
A mistress of mayhem and strife
With the promise of heavenly bliss you'll forfeit your
sight
Sheltered below this sham curio
Meticulous in it's design
There in your dream, a poisonous rose on the vine

She's got a:
Evil heart - drawing you into her web
Evil mind - you might just be better off dead

Masquerade
Tailoring charms to persuade

Many you know have lost all control
Entranced by her comic ballet
Look to the flash in her eyes, it gives her away
Passions will rage, mimic a cage
Enwrapping you into her spell
Prepare for the fight of your life in love's citadel

She's got a:
Evil heart - drawing you into her web
Evil mind - you might just be better off dead

Masquerade
Tailoring charms to persuade
It's a masquerade

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