

Valensia

"The Masquerade"

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No one ever will see me cry
No one ever will make me lie

A deja-vu, cyanic moon
I'm in a cocoon of irenical silk, tonight
of iridescent butterflies.

Down at dust under cumulus clouds
they start to form.

Twister dropping out of the sky.
I'm dreaming the day we die.

White whirling winds entwine
bursting out of the clouds

Temerarious tempest eyes.
Escaping the truth
as soon as the sun breaks through.

Behind the masquerade, no one ever will
see we cry,
no one ever will make me lie,
behind the mask I made.
Behind the masquerade, no one ever will hear me sigh,
no one ever will watch me die,
behind the masquerade
lies the truth.

Impious sights incredible heights
dazed by the deep when the shallow only shows

another white, withering rose.

Mean machines make you speak unclean
eating your cerebellum as the people
could only snide
while shadows are on they side.

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bursting out of the clouds

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Escaping the truth
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