

1. 4/21/18

## "Mask's And Magic"

I may never understand it, this need for a facade, they accept that which they see,  
not knowing what they really applaud.

The man of a thousand faces and names, yet I know not who, I am.

I'm getting to where my identity mean's nothing.

All the lies I'm forced to live-up to, they create great, big illusions.

But they do less than nothing, for the pain I feel, my emotional contusions.

Everyone of us has secrets we try so, so hard to totally conceal.

Living in a make-believe wonderland, slowly losing sight of all that's real.

Always living in fear, that our secret evils, may one day be discovered, we trust  
nobody whole heartedly, not even our most intimate, cherished lover.

Using smoke and mirrors, half-truths and entirely red deceptions.

We vainly seek to protect ourselves, from scrutinting perceptions.

But what happens, when the image the mask offers, become our true name?

How can we even look at even the simplest things again as "All The Same?"

Make no mistake, nor nurture any doubt about it; Illusions and masks only last for so long,  
then you're stuck "Naked" without it.

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