

# Peter Murphy, Confessions

I could use your gullibility  
Distort the painful truth  
Present a fear and laugh at you  
Leave you lost unsure removed  
The must I feel to put it right  
Put an end to naive faith  
In slick successes avenue  
The vacuum of save face

Direct words can turn lost minds  
Towards some monster seed  
Lyrics sung from pretty looks  
Can on the reader feed  
Be strong to check and recognise  
The pretty face is all  
But being used to sell you songs  
That never say it all

The incident meets the senses  
The illusions in a mask  
The sun of a summer afternoon  
Docility rocks the mask  
Broken loose from moorings  
In a flash the swell had passed  
Towards the beach with unabated speed  
Confessions of a mask