

# Salem Hill, All Fall Down

Paint me a picture that's deceiving  
Something that's not everything that it seems  
A portrait of decadent grandeur  
That hides the decay of contemptible dreams

A mask to display all the confident pride  
And tries not to show that there's nothing inside

Sing me a song if you can  
Sell me what soul that you have  
The curtain still hides what is left of your pride  
Til the wind blows you back home again

Put on a show of illusion  
Spectacular artifice, a clever disguise  
Fly on the wings of ambition  
And try not to be everything you despise

An ill-gotten piece of the succulent pie  
Try not to show that your world is a lie

And it's all just a show, for the seeds you have sown  
Will come to fruition one day  
Drunk on the power that soon will devour you  
And you'll find nobody cares anyway