

Versaemerge, Cities Built On Sand

The oh-so-familiar episode of induction of what he thinks is right -

How could this be proper?

She could be the one to make this story meet its end.

Throw away the masquerade.

Ok, ok. Let's not start a dispute.

You suppose a light solution just a simple explanation to this.

And he a man would love, just love to fill your mind with his.

And don't stop believing now, and don't stop moving now,

and don't be afraid to love for the way he makes you feel.

I'll just inter my feeling. No, just stop this right now!

It is not what makes you proud and it is far from what is real.

Your opinion has always just been, not much more than amusement to him.

(Dry your eyes. This is not a time for promises)

Throw away the masquerade, and don't stop fighting till they know you.

Go ahead and act as expected. An accurate presumption I had in mind.

What'd you feel? Tell me "how could this be proper."

This is the same mishap stuck on repeat.

It's going over and over with consistency.

It's the same mistake you made many times before and will once again.

You are losing miserably.

And don't stop believing now, and don't stop moving now,

and don't be afraid to love for the way he makes you feel.

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It is not what makes you proud and it is far from what is real.

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Throw away the masquerade, and don't stop fighting till they know you.

Now you're sitting at your candle-lit table...

Red dress and glass case, you're on display.

Now your customary conversation is right on track.

Are you nervous? Your lips are quivering with fear

of saying the wrong thing. Don't be afraid.

Please forget his name - His example of fear in men.

We can see you now. We can see your face in broken glass