

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, T

The mime's conceit has conquered over real beauty
Grinning from a mask of hollowed bone
Where a human is somewhere to be found
But where I don't know
And things couldn't be better
From behind the halls we cannot pass
Hear the muffled traces of a boyish laugh
Hear the monster screaming "what have I become?"
Before his looking-glass
And things couldn't be better
This is one fine life
This is one fine wine
This is one fine wife
This is one fine lie
And things couldn't be better
They are the best