

Anjali, Mistress of Disguise

How many times does it take to say goodbye?
How many moves has the mistress of disguise?
And if a cyclone rules my heart
Deceit is sure to loot the past
How many times for every single day?
We're lost in the sea solely left just to pray
And if she ever could control
I'm swimming in the green and gold, I am
It's a pagan lust, I'm your brown cocoa
Silver glistens as the palm trees
Whisper your name, your hand in my heart
Beat until there is no time just space
How many times does it take?
How many moves does she make?
And if that cyclone rules my heart
Let it all just drift away
Just left this ceaseless life and tell me what to say
And it seems that I will never get it right
And it's all because the mistress of disguise