

# Caedmon's Call, Masquerade

On an open stretch of freeway  
Underneath the canvas clouds  
The blackness after midnight  
Swallowed everything around

But just up ahead on the open horizon  
We caught the faintest glow  
And as we drew near  
it seemed so clear that the dark would have to go

In the center of the city  
Comes the illusion of the day  
When everything looks pretty  
It's easy to think you've found the way  
But it's all just a big masquerade

It was thirty-six months earlier  
On that same old lonesome road  
And that same old darkness lingered  
Just before the lightning show

And the thunder cracked down  
And His lightning conquered everything around  
The dark had to flee

Now the light of the little town  
Was as dark as the night compared to His light

In the center of the city  
Comes the illusion of the day  
When everything looks pretty  
It's easy to think you've found the way  
But it's all just a big masquerade