

Caedmons Call, Masquerade

On an open stretch of freeway
Underneath the canvas clouds
The blackness after evening
Swallowed everything around
But just up head 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
That dark had to flee
Now the light of the little town
Was as dark as the night compared to the light