Don McLean, Pride Parade

It started out quite simply, as complex things can do;
A set of sad transparencies 'til no one could see through,
But least of all the one inside, behind the iron glass;
A prisonor of all your dreams that never come to pass.
Alone you stand corrupted by the vision that you sought,
And blinded by your hunger all your apetites are bought,
But in spite of what becomes of you, your image will remain;
A reminder of your constant loss, a symbol of your gain.
CHORUS:
And your friends are together,
Where the people are all gathered,
All along the road you travelled all your days.
And soon you have succumbed to what the others all believe,
And though the lie affects them still it's you that they decieve,
And all at once you're lost within the emptieness of you,
And there's no one left who's near enough to tell you what to do.
You're left with nothing but your self-potential in the dark,
Like tinder resting on a rock, protected from the spark,
But your fire just consumes you, you alone can feel the pain,
And you stand in all your glory and you know you can't complain.
CHORUS
But you are surely just as evil as the worst my tongue can tell,
For you'll never face my heaven and I'll not endure your hell.
You have lost your chance to mingle with your constant quiet lies;
Deceptions hidden with your lips, but spoken with your eyes.
For I know you for what you are not for that's really all you are.
And your talents of a minor order seem to stretch too far.
And we both know that this masquerade can't carry on too long.
You're deep inside the Pride Parade, but where do you belong?
CHORUS