

# Dreams Of Sanity, Masquerade - Act 4

In which not only the mask dies.

So as the year has spent the meaning  
Of all the hopes - the bitter days.  
To learn the good within the grieving  
To hope the best as I start to sink.

Why did I have to leave my fears  
Behind the hills of loneliness?  
Why did I have to find her here,  
who loved the black behind my mask?

Hand scratching this face - for Christin and the days.  
Blood dripping on dust - for the love I have lost.  
My flesh and bones - for the fear and the moans.  
My life - my pain - to dream with her everyday.

This angels voice that fell upon  
My fading life my fading lies.  
Christine may you now mask  
This dying naked soul of mine.