

# Elegy, The Great Charade

[Van der Laars/Parry]

An' through the mist I see, an image standing there  
But do my eyes deceive me

I'm seeing what I see, what is reality  
It's just a game

The great charade, which we play  
Are we here, to pick out the clues

Opposites they always meet... try to focus try to see  
Nothing here is what it seems.. in this world, nothing's real  
Try to focus try to see... where opposites always meet  
Nothing in this world is real... nothing here is what it seems

A concept so surreal, this abstract world in view  
With no beginning or ending

Our rationality, we think therefore we are  
If it's a game, who makes the rules

An' now the mist has cleared, thyn eyes the truth they see  
Beneath the mysteries, the magic  
Our future is in our hands, if we are who we are  
The choice is ours, if we choose