

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