

Murphy Peter, Confessions

I could use your gullibility
Distort the painful truth
Present a fear and laugh at you
Leave you lost unsure removed
The must I feel to put it right
Put an end to naive faith
In slick successes avenue
The vacuum of save face
Direct words can turn lost minds
Towards some monster seed
Lyrics sung from pretty looks
Can on the reader feed
Be strong to check and recognise
The pretty face is all
But being used to sell you songs
That never say it all
The incident meets the senses
The illusions in a mask
The sun of a summer afternoon
Docility rocks the mask
Broken loose from moorings
In a flash the swell had passed
Towards the beach with unabated speed
Confessions of a mask