

Pale Forest, Mistaken Identity

Son, it's never as it seems
the flowing of the silver streams
Where people laugh and smile and say
no day is as beautiful as today

I wear the mask of perfection
whenever their heads turn my way
Clutched in the embrace of rejection
in a room where I must stay

In hiding
It's where I keep my dreams alive
residing
It's the only place where I can survive

Even my mother never knew
that the face she saw was never true
In my room there lives no friend
for whom I must pretend

My gleaming mask upon inspection
is where a hundred diamonds lay
and no one sees the true reflection
where every stone is grey

In hiding
It's where I keep my dreams alive
subsiding
to my place in their hive ...