

Silence, The Player

I forgot the lines
and for a moment there
I stood paralyzed
I realized
it was time to improvise
I started to fake
no-one could tell
The audience was pleased
I was as well

People believe
what they want to

After the play
A girl came up to me
and gave me
that certain look
She was an open book
An easy prey to hook
I started to act
once again
Who I am not
is who I am

But then, one night
I realized all this roles
Strange and picturesque
can't provide
a face beneath the mask

But then, one night